EXCITING BOOK BONUS

THE DEPRAVED ONES

"A rogue cop, a hot-blooded blonde and a twisted killer chase $250,000 in dead man's loot..."
—The Telegram

AUG.

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"NO LIMIT" NUDE BEACH

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How They Make Our Hero POW'S "Confess" In Viet Nam

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MR. OLYMPIA

Larry Scott, Mr. Olympia," was a 136-lb. skinny weakling. He wrote for my free information—**just as you should**—and now weighs 205 lbs. with 20-inch arms! One of the world's best-built men ever! **How about you?**

MR. UNIVERSE

Dave Draper, "Mr. America," once was a fat slob—weighing 255 lbs. Then he wrote for my free information and now weighs 235 lbs., 20½-inch arms, a 55" chest, 32" waist. A real champ! **Why wait? Rush!**

MR. UNIVERSE

Reg Lewis, "Mr. Universe," was kicked around because of being skinny. only 138-lbs., and weak. But he sent for free information, now weighs 205 lbs. and is a real champ! **Why not you!**

THEY ANSWERED A WEIDER AD— GAINED 3 INCHES TO THEIR ARMS —4 INCHES TO THEIR CHEST— IN 7 SHORT WEEKS! YOU TOO?

You, too—just like these champions—can now own a handsome, muscular body—fast! You, too, can now finally follow the exact same instructions these champs did, and in just 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own home, you can instantly slap on 4 inches to your chest and 3 inches to each arm, give yourself lifeguard shoulders, musculanize your waist, get speedy legs, and exercise your body. The techniques are simple, there's nothing complicated, just downright enjoyable!

I don't care if, today, you own the scraggiest, flabbiest or funniest body—whether you're tall or short, young or not-so-young. If you send, under no obligation, for my absolutely free 32-pages of muscle building information, I guarantee you that virtually over-night you will experience a muscle-building miracle; before your eyes, you will see handsome muscles bursting out all over you. They will ripple with power, burst with energy—and for the first time in your life men will envy your body, women admire it, because at last you own a body that brings you fame instead of shame. Let me help you as I did these champions—who were also weaklings—to put an end to your weakness and shame. Write now for my free information—you'll be so happy you did! After all, you have nothing to lose but your weakness!

A-C-T-I-O-N is the key to strength—make your first He-Man Decision N-O-W! Fill out the coupon right now, rush it to me, and in hours I will send you absolutely free—at my own expense—the exact same muscle building information I sent to these and numerous champions, and to over 5 million other successful students. I am known as the most successful trainer of champions. I have been turning weaklings into "Mr. America's" and "Mr. Universe's" successfully since 1936. Don't pass up this once-in-a-lifetime proven successful offer to trade in your body for the one you always dreamed of having. Remember, you will be following in the proven, safe, scientific footsteps of the World's Best Built Men. So hurry! Put an end to your weakness now. Send for my sensational free offer—good only to males between 13 and 75 in normal good health. This is the most time-tested, results-producing course of all time!

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NO OBLIGATION! NOTHING TO BUY!

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- ☐ Bigger arms
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- ☐ Broader Shoulders
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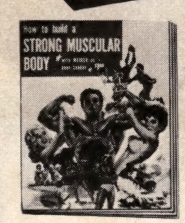
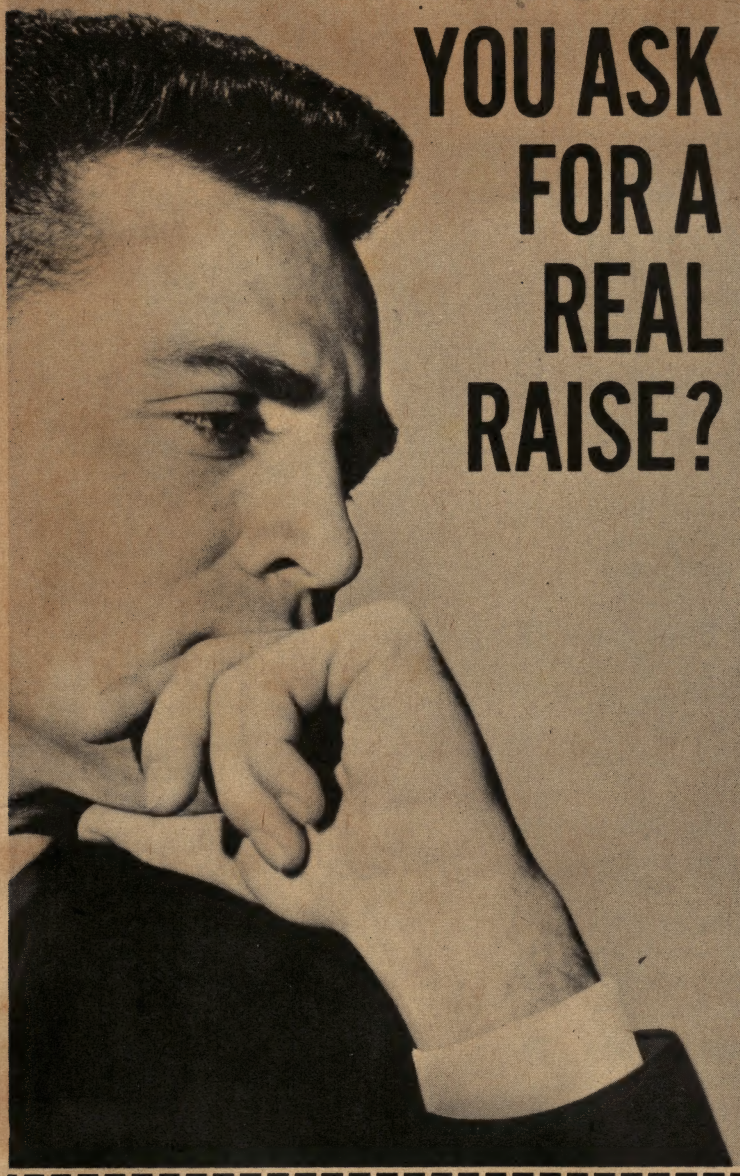
- ☐ More Weight
- ☐ Lose Weight
- ☐ Magnetic Personality

ABSOLUTELY FREE!



WHY DON'T YOU ASK FOR A REAL RAISE?



Think you may be turned down? Here's how ambitious men get important promotions without even having to ask.

If it's been a long time since you've celebrated a raise in salary, ask yourself why. Are you really worth more money? If you're not sure, look again at men who have moved ahead...men so clearly marked for promotion that when it came it was just what everyone expected.

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Occupation..... Working Hours....A.M.....P.M.

334

p. 18 Hero POW's

p. 22 Bikini Kid

p. 36 Brain Rod

FOR MEN ONLY

VOL. 14 NO. 8 AUGUST 1967

EXCITING BOOK BONUS

THE DEPRAVED ONES ..... by Richard Stark 20
Parker's Nevada odds were a rogue cop, a blonde who gambled with her body and a twisted killer in a $250,000 game called murder.

TRUE

"NO LIMIT" NUDE BEACH ..... by Frank Thistle 12
San Gregorio's golden beach flashes more bare, tanned flesh as men-starved, thrill-seeking girls meet hip males for an all-day, all-night orgy.

MURDER TRIAL GENIUS WHO'S SAVED 700 FROM EXECUTION ..... by Herbert Cross 16
"An unscrupulous bastard," charge prosecutors, but Percy Foreman is the winningest, most expensive lawyer ever to beat the Death House.

HOW THEY MAKE OUR HERO POW'S "CONFESS" IN VIET NAM ..... by Martin Cruz 18
The shocking "war crimes confessions" of Yank pilots only proves we still make our warriors "sitting ducks" for Communist "brainwashing."

BILLION DOLLAR PLOT TO RAPE OUR LAST FRONTIER by Tom Irish 26
The Grand Canyon will be "a sewer", Alaska a swamp unless we act now.

FORBIDDEN LOVE SCHOOL OF THE STONE AGE MURIAS ..... by John Godfrey 28
Exclusive report from our man with the banned Pleasure House People.

"I RODE WITH TEXAS' MACHINE GUN CYCLE GANG" ..... by Barney Stern 30
From behind prison bars, the incredible story of a gun-hobo's race with the border patrols of two nations and the hunger of a dead-eye nympho.

THE UNDERWORLD SELLS YOU ROTTEN HORSEMEAT ..... by Peter Courtney 34
The rows of festering meat marked the violent trail to the Mafia's lair.

BRAIN SURGEONS WHO TAME KILLERS ..... by Alex Boswell 36
With a rod of hot ice for a scalpel, rocket-age surgeons are transforming homocidal maniacs into new, "nice guy" citizens you'd want as a friend.

25 WAYS TO RELEASE YOUR HIDDEN SEX POWER ..... by Daniel Olson, Ph.D. 40
What is the male "sexual clock"? Which approach turns an "iceberg" into an insatiable partner? The bold answers from a doctor's casebook.

PICTORIAL EXCLUSIVE

OKLAHOMA'S BIKINI KID 22
Tiny Henrietta takes her Two Gun figure into the wild, open spaces.

FEATURES

LAUGH BOX 8
LAST MINUTE MEMO FOR MEN 11
PACESETTERS ..... Success Special 25
PHOTOS OF THE MONTH 38
WHAT A WORLD 46
YOU AND YOUR MONEY 50
ANSWERS FOR MEN ONLY 54
EDITOR'S NOTES 84

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We furnish all the equipment... and help finance you

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At the start, you may want to render service yourself . . . or you can start out with servicemen. This business is easy to learn . . . easy to start . . . so easy to service that women dealers often do it. We prefer you have no experience . . . not have to "unlearn" old methods.

We are NOW enlarging this worldwide system of individually-owned service businesses. If you are reliable, honest and willing to work to become financially independent, we invite you to mail the coupon.

Own a Nationally Advertised Business

Your Services Are Commended by McCall's Magazine, American Research & Testing Laboratories and by leading Carpet Mills & Furniture Makers

It's Easier than You Think to Start Your Own Business

When you receive our illustrated booklet, you will see the way we show you **step by step** how to quickly get customers . . . how to steadily build more customers from their recommendations.

All six services are rendered "on location" in homes, offices, hotels, theaters, churches, clubs, motels and institutions.

These superior, safer and convenient methods spread Duraclean dealerships throughout North and South America, Africa, Portugal, England, Israel, Norway and many other countries.

National Magazine advertising explains the superior merits of **your** services, builds **your** customer confidence and brings job leads to **you.**

We and a Duraclean dealer will train you and assist you. He'll reveal his successful, proven methods. We show you all you need to know.

You have pre-tested newspaper and yellow-page ads, commercials, and a full mailing program.

Furnishings stores, insurance adjustors, and decorators refer jobs to our dealers. These year 'round services are in constant demand.

TODAY is the time to reserve a Duraclean dealership . . . **before** someone takes your location.

Start Small, Grow Big...in this Booming Business

Many men have said to us, "I can't afford to give up my job till I know I have a sure thing . . . a sound business that will provide both security and a better living for my family."

That made sense to us so we worked out such a plan . . . and those same men are now enjoying Duraclean dealerships in many communities. You don't experiment. You use **tested, proven** methods. **You have our backing and "know how."**

Does this appeal to you? Don't decide now. Mail the coupon so you'll have the facts to decide wisely. There is no obligation whatsoever. You will then know whether this is what you want.

You can start small and grow big just as we did. A third of a century ago Duraclean was an idea . . . but it caught fire and spread rapidly to a worldwide service. It spread because it was based upon (1) **superior processes** and (2) **proven customer-getting methods.**

Our first service, the care of carpets and upholstery, exemplifies these superiorities. It not only cleans; it enlivens the fibers . . . revives dull colors. Pile rises with **new life.** Furnishings are used again in a few hours.

There's no machine scrubbing. No soaking. Duraclean cleans by absorption. Mild aerated foam lightly applied, lifts out dirt, grease and many unsightly spots like magic.

Government figures show service businesses growing faster than industries and stores . . . $750 million yearly potential just in rug and furniture cleaning. You have **5 other services.**

Space here will not permit describing your other services but they are fully explained in the free booklet we'll mail you. You have six opportunities for profit on every job.

A few hundred dollars establishes YOUR OWN business. A day's profit more than takes care of the monthly payments we finance for you.

Men frequently take in partners.

We furnish electric equipment and enough materials to **return your TOTAL investment.** If you have good habits and know the importance of customer satisfaction, you can likely qualify for a Duraclean dealership.

It's been said, "Opportunity knocks but once at every man's door." This could be that one rare opportunity in **your life.**

It is surprisingly easy to learn this business. You can decide from the information we will send you whether to apply for a dealership. So, with no obligation whatever, mail the coupon TODAY.

What Dealers Say:

Gerald Weihrauch: "Insurance job brought me $205.70 in single day. Another, $300".

Leo Barnett: "I started spare time and took in $140 in one night after supper. Now, full time, I can make as much in a week as I used to make in a month working for others".

Willis Tatro: "After two years of good profits we sold our business for five times the cost".

Arlin Rae: "I have work scheduled for three weeks in advance. I averaged $122 a day for the last ten days".

Blanche Blood: "Duraclean brought me security and an education for my daughters. We've done as much as $3,000 on a single job".

Loren Farris: "Did the carpeting in a furniture store in less than 3 days for $400. Now get all their customer business".

Robert Wheeler: "The professional quality of Duraclean Service has earned the respect of carpet dealers and wholesalers. I've earned $117.50 in an eight hour day".

Wilmer Suders, Jr.: "Building steadily. Last month grossed $2,012. One job came to $752".

John Szymanski: "Making 50% more than on any job I ever had. I've earned as high as $1,300 in a single week, as much as $2,700 on one job".

Ernest Shulda: "I never knew a company as eager as Duraclean to help their franchisees succeed"

R. Geisman: "Using the direct mail program we sold 10% on actual jobs. We also get a lot of referrals from happy customers".

Jerry Baker: "I don't know of any other business in which a man can make as much per hour".

Walter Parsons: "It would take a man years to build up the fame he gets automatically with the Duraclean name. It's a household word"

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If, because of illness, moving or for any reason a dealer wants to sell, we maintain a service to locate buyers and to help him sell.

Dealerships resell at up to 10 times the dealer's cost. R.D.K., after 5 months, sold for $2,000 above his cost. L.L., after 30 months, got $7,116 more than he had paid. The value of your dealership and franchise **grows monthly.**

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With no obligation, we'll mail you a letter and 24 page booklet explaining this business . . . how and why your income grows . . . how we help finance you.

Then decide if this opportunity fulfills your dream of independence and a much **bigger income.**

Your location could be taken tomorrow . . . so mail coupon **today.**

Find Out with NO OBLIGATION

Mail this coupon TODAY

It may put you in business

Duraclean Co.7-318, Duraclean Bldg., Deerfield, Ill. 60015

With no obligation mail letter with 24 page illustrated booklet explaining how I can increase my income and family security with a Duraclean Dealership.

Name_____

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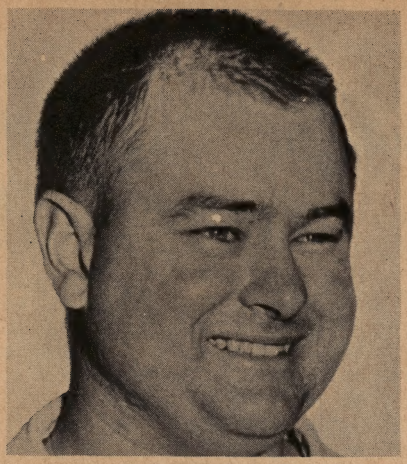

Bob Jones boosted his salary 300%*. Could you do the same?

A few years ago, he was just another guy. Putting in long hours in a monotonous job. Barely able to make ends meet. No prestige. And no opportunity to get ahead.

But Bob Jones had determination. He looked around and saw other men being promoted. Men with no more on the ball than he had. Except for one thing. Specialized training that made them worth more to their employers.

So then and there Bob made up his mind to get out of the rut he was in. He read an ad for International Correspondence Schools, and mailed the coupon. (The same coupon you see at the bottom of this page.) And though he didn't know it, he'd already taken his first step up.

Soon, Bob was busy studying in his spare time. Learning new skills, and applying them in his work. It wasn't long before he was offered a better job, with a fat increase in pay. Then came other promotions—and each time, more money. Bob Jones was starting to go places. The future was bright. Today, his salary has skyrocketed 300%!

Bob Jones' success story isn't unique. It simply proves what determination can do. You can do it, too, if you're even half as interested in making good. Pick the position you want, and I.C.S. will help you prepare for it. Just as it helped Bob Jones, and hundreds of thousands of others.

Clip this coupon now. Mail it at once. You'll receive 3 valuable booklets—free. They'll prove to you that Bob Jones' success story can be yours!

*The true story of Robert E. Jones, Houston, Texas. From the success files of I.C.S.

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Retail Business Management
Retail Merchandising
Retail Selling
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Chemical Engineering Unit Operations
Chemical Laboratory Tech.
Chemical Process Operator
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Electrical Engineering Drafting
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The Laugh Box

Manuel was raving to his friend Pedro about the wonderful Americanos.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "they are the most wonderful, most generous people on the earth. There is no one like them for . . ."

"Pedro cut him off skeptically. "What's so wonderful about Americans?"

"Who else," asked Manuel, "would come down to Mexico in their big limousines, invite you to return with them to the United States, get you a suite in a big hotel, buy you meals, clothes, champagne, and all for free?"

"All this," said Pedro, open-mouthed, "all this happened to you?"

"To me, no," said Manuel. "But to my seester, yes."

* * *

A man who was sent to prison had the misfortune of suffering some serious inuries at work in the prison shop, plus having to undergo abdominal surgery in the hospital. Soon after his release from the hospital, he was summoned to the warden's office. "I see here," he said to the prisoner, "that you have had two of your toes amputated. I also see that you lost two of your fingers in the shop. And isn't it a fact that you just had your appendix removed?" "It is true," replied the prisoner. The warden slammed the man's record down on the desk and roared: "You think you're pretty smart, don't you? Well, you're not fooling me. If you think you're going to sneak yourself out this prison a piece at a time you're crazy!"

"Actually, we're not too badly off. At least we have a roof over our heads and three square meals a week."

The husband put down the magazine, looked at his wife and said, "I see that in Brazil the women pay the men seven dollars each time they make love to them. It's too good to pass up. I'm going on the next boat."

"And I'm going with you," she shouted.

"What do I need you for?" he shot back.

"I just want to see how you intend to live on seven dollars a month," she countered.

* * *

A young farmer was showing his latest girl friend around the haystacks and buildings. At one point he stopped, slipped his arm around her waist and nodded toward a cow and a bull who were nuzzling noses in the pasture.

"See that," he whispered, "animals know how to do things right. I kinda fancy doing the same thing myself."

"Go ahead," she cooed, "it's your cow."

"I think I just lost my amateur standing."

A man walked along the street, moaning with an agonizing toothache. He met his friend and asked what to do to relieve the pain. His friend said, "When I have a toothache or a pain I go over to my wife, and she puts her arms around me and kisses and caresses me and comforts me till I forget all about the pain."

His friend brightened considerably. "Gee, that's wonderful—is she home now?"

* * *

A gravedigger, absorbed in his work, dug a grave so deep he couldn't get out. Came nightfall and his predicament became more and more uncomfortable. He shouted for help and at last attracted the attention of a drunk.

"Get me out of here," he shouted. "I'm cold."

The drunk looked down and finally distinguished the form of the unfortunate gravedigger.

"No wonder you're cold," he said. "You haven't any dirt over you."

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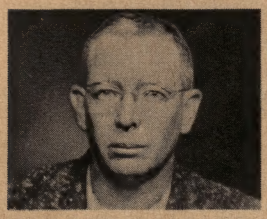

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Joe E. Waren, Overland Park, Kansas, says,

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"I EARNED $1138.75 DURING TRAINING!"

Says Joel Daigle, Fort Kent, Me.,

"I wanted a complete change in work. Something more enjoyable and less tiring. Now that I've learned Locksmithing I average $20 a week more. During my training period I earned $1138.75 from Locksmithing. I have an established lock opener position in our town."

$250 EARNED WHILE TRAINING PAYS FOR COURSE AND EXTRA EQUIPMENT FOR HIS OWN SHOP

Jacob A. King, Hereford, Texas.

"I wanted another occupation to help me in my part time business of speedometer repair. While taking the course I was able to earn enough to pay for the course and extra tools, books and key blanks besides for the full time shop I intend to open soon."

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Last Minute Memo for Men

WAR ROOM MEMO:

MONONUCLEOSIS, passed mostly by kissing, is one of the commonest BASIC TRAINING diseases. Rookies bring it in from FAREWELL BED SESSIONS with girl friends ...Army's new SANDBAGS are of plastic, and cost 27 cents apiece in million-bag lots. Oldtime BURLAP cheapies rot too easily in jungle....

Actor HUGH O'BRIAN, figuring he had a good Wyatt Earp "FAST DRAW" act for the Viet circuit, found every MARINE in the place was a faster leather slapper than he....Some 40 WW2 vets are still walking around with BULLETS IN THEIR HEARTS.... Viet patrol GIs often carry BEER CANS in wool socks knotted to their belts. Reason: the chemically purified jungle water makes them gag....Our COMBAT MEDICS don't wear helmets or lug weapons. They claim the WEIGHT slows down a man running with a STRETCHER....

In WW2 all BRITONS were required by law to remove distributor ROTORS from autos when parking: Purpose: To prevent GERMAN PARATROOPS from commandeering cars....

CAR SHOP MEMO:

For only $635, any old VW converts to a spiffy fiberglass SPORTSTER-HILL CLIMBER with more guts than a butcher's slop can. A California design genius markets the kit....

An experimental weirdo running around Ford test tracks right now has the engine in the MIDDLE....The auto insurance outfits hate such facts as this to publicly surface, but ALL have secret "BLACKOUT MAPS" of areas where they plan to cancel policies because of HIGH CLAIM RATES. They won't give drivers warning and won't tell them why they're cancelled....

What with the 70% drop in sales watch for DEALERS to settle for $25-35 over cost per car, just to KEEP STOCK MOVING. Meaning: A great time for buyers to screw dealers to the wall, which most deserve anyway....

ACTION MAN'S MEMO:

This one's tough to swallow, but it's almost definitely certain now that so-called STRAIGHT MEN who hate homosexuals are probably HOMOSEXUAL themselves.... Here's another: Any man claiming his wife is "TOO NICE" to discuss the nitty-gritty of sex with is a PRUDE and heading for bad news, that is, impotence and possibly a lousy marriage....

Somebody's finally discovered that most JOCKSTRAP ITCH comes from detergent residue. Rinse well....Football medics are finding that most players consider a BROKEN LEG equal to emasculation since their careers hinge on ability to run....

(Continued on page 42)

Exclusive Report on:

'NO LIMIT'

NUDE BEACH

by FRANK THISTLE

San Gregorio—the free beach of the United States where everything comes off and goes.

Art students come from Berkeley campus to bask in the sun and paint, taking turns at modeling, although trip is dangerous one along surf-smashed rocks.

On this stretch of gold sand is more bare flesh on the go than any other beach in America, as thrill-seeking, man-hungry girls and hip males get together for the wildest 24-hour orgy that ever throbbed.

THE SCENE looked like a Roman orgy. Naked couples were entwined in passionate embraces. Girls giggled and groaned in glee as male hands roamed roughly over their bare breasts and bottoms. Bodies bobbed up and down in the throes of ecstacy like derricks pumping for oil.

The only difference between the sexual shenanigans of the uninhibited revelers and a Roman orgy was the place. In contrast to the luxurious Roman pleasure palaces of yesteryear, this sizzling scene was taking place without benefit of perfumed scents and plush pads designed for love-making. These modern-day thrill-seekers were "roughing it" on the golden sands of one of the most beautiful and secluded beaches on the West Coast—San Gregorio.

Located just 40 miles south of San

Continued on next page ▲

It's when the sun goes down that the real action begins, the bonfires are lit and passionate couples litter the sand.

"NO LIMIT" NUDE BEACH

Francisco, the 1½-mile stretch of beach is hemmed in by steep sand cliffs. Here all the joys of nature can be indulged in away from the prying eyes of the prudish and puritanical. Unlike many nudist colonies which wall themselves in like monasteries, forbid liquor and anything that smacks of physical contact, San Gregorio is considered a "free beach"—and is the only one that exists in the U.S. today.

Here bathers are free to wear or doff what they please, and 90% of the beach buffs prefer to romp on the beach and in the ocean naked as jaybirds. Complete freedom—in sex as well as nudity—is the watchword and the rule. And law enforcement authorities have made no move to change it.

"Here there are no boundaries, no police, no rules," says University of California Coed Carole Simpson. "Nobody bugs you. It's the greatest beach in the world. And it's the best incentive I have to stay slim."

For some 30 years San Gregorio has been a hideaway for a quiet band of nudists — men, women and sometimes whole families who arrive on weekends and merrily remove their clothes. It took Darrell Tarver, a 28-year-old Air Force veteran and senior at San Francisco State College, to bring the joys of San Gregorio to a wider public. With a group of friends, he formed the "Committee for Free Beaches," flooded the campuses of San Francisco and Berkeley with literature about it, and soon more than 400 sun and sex worshipers were wending their way to San Gregorio every weekend.

"The most wholesome way to enjoy swimming and sunbathing is in the nude," says Tarver. "Being nude removes many

During the day, San Gregorio is like many other nudist beaches with family clientele.

of the barriers between man and nature—makes you feel free and unencumbered. People who enjoy something this logical and natural should not be harassed by indecent exposure laws.

"We are not nudists, we are freedom-lovers. The beach is expansive and limitless, nothing like a nudist camp. Nudist camps have all sorts of restrictions—no minority groups, no cameras, no liquor, no bodily contact. Imagine! If I wanted to put my arm around my wife and say, 'Great volley ball game, honey!' I couldn't do it.

"At nudist camps you HAVE to swim nude in the pool whether you want to or not. At our beach no one HAS to go nude. In fact, about 10 percent of the people wear swim suits."

Tarver claims that the concept of the "free beach" is not immoral by any stretch of the imagination.

"Spontaneous demonstrations of affection are just as likely in swim suits or out," he says. "For example, one man had a sex hang-up he overcame magnificently. The beach proved very therapeutic and cheaper than psychiatry."

The self-professed freedom lover points out that the concept of the free beach is not another sign of the nation's moral decay as witnessed by the fact that people have been using it nude for 30 years. What's new is that many can now accept it, even support it as a concept, without raising eyebrows or immediately assuming it to be

There are no rules against body contact on beach, a fact that has enraged bluenoses into unsuccessful attempt to seal off skin haven.

Uninhibited girls stroll near beach fence for the admiring stares of non-nudist males, some of whom turn converts.

evil. Tarver, a straightforward, well-dressed (off the beach, anyway) young man, says he is not trying to convert anybody, but merely crusading for what he calls "freedom of choice." As one columnist put it: "He seems about as immoral as a powder puff."

Since hordes of college students have made San Gregorio their weekend hangout, the once-idyllic beach has been turned into something of a tourist attraction. Bands of enthusiastic gawkers appeared, manning spyglasses from behind the bushes, and planes from nearby Half Moon Bay Airport began buzzing the beach.

Then one outraged parent claimed that his 14-year-old daughter had been persuaded to disrobe in public while visiting San Gregorio with another family. The father tried to press charges, but the county district attorney's office ruled that the incident constituted neither lewd nor obscene conduct, and the case never made it to court. Nonetheless, *(Continued on page 64)*

Foreman's flamboyant court manner is legend as above where he burps witness's baby during tense murder trial.

Acquitted of murdering husband, Candy Mossler busses Foreman as country boyfriend and co-defendant watches.

"A one man, three ring circus" say judges, "an unscrupulous bastard" charge prosecutors, but, Percy Foreman has risen from a "snake bite" peddlar to the winningest, most expensive lawyer in history to take on the Death House.

Jack Ruby, killer of Lee Oswald, passed a note asking for Foreman after arrest.

by HERBERT CROSS

IN 1950 a gentleman named Vincent Vallone came to an untimely end in Houston when a shotgun was discharged in his face. The sheriff, C.V. (Buster) Kern, and his crony, Texas Ranger John Klevenhagen (known locally as the "Gold Dust Twins"), produced a suspect named Diego Carlino. They hustled Carlino off to a Gulf Coast jail and obtained a typewritten "confession" to the murder.

That seemed to solve the case, neatly and completely. However, Carlino and his friends and associates had second thoughts about the matter and hired a remarkable lawyer, Percy Foreman, to defend Carlino.

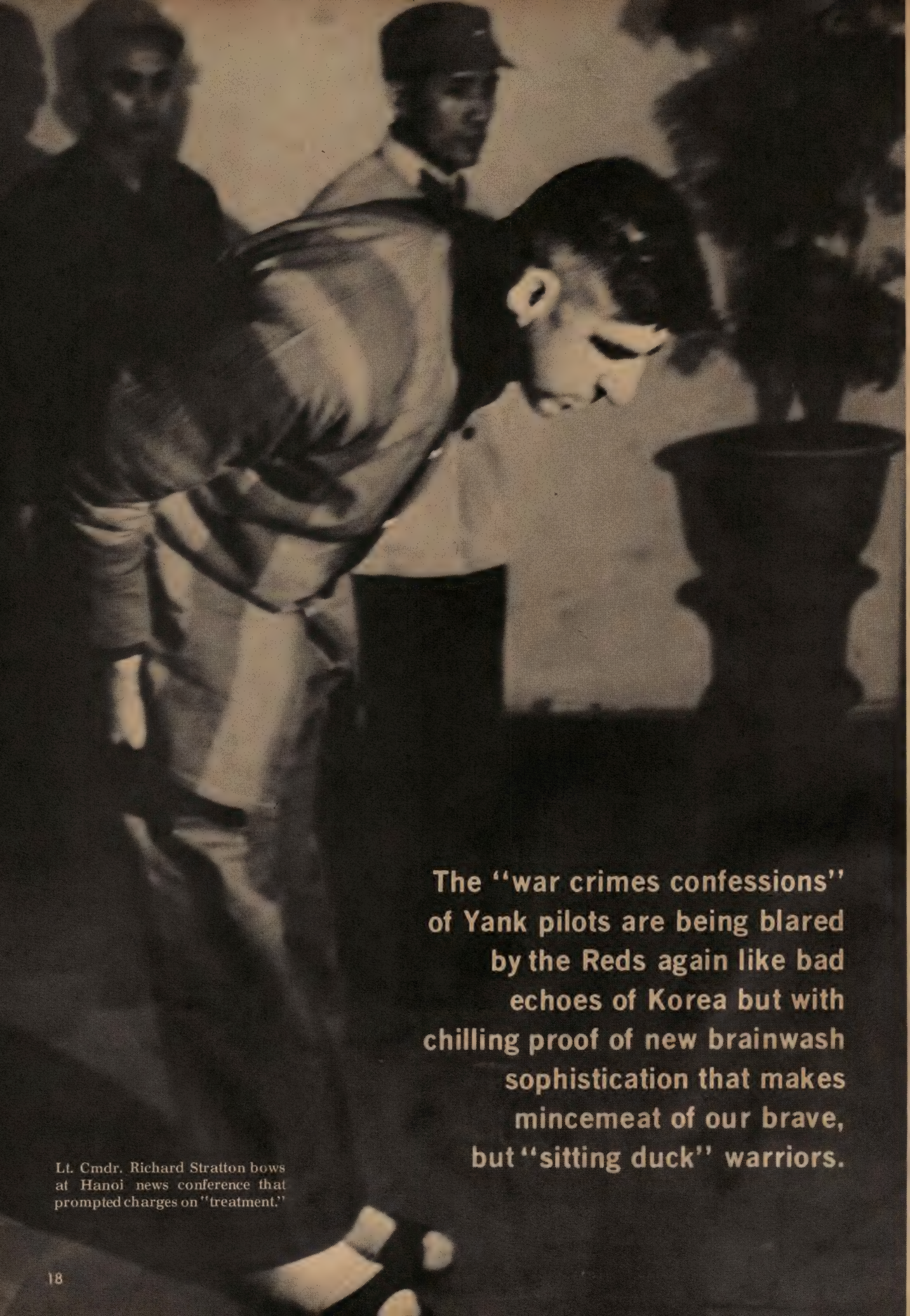
Foreman got in front of the jury and roared, "They tortured this man to obtain this illegal confession. *(Continued on page 74)*

Fabulous Percy Foreman

MURDER TRIAL GENIUS WHO SAVED 700

A Texas legislator argued against "the chair" because "anyone with Foreman doesn't worry about dying, anyway." Admits Foreman, "I've won more murder cases in a year than Clarence Darrow in his life."

from EXECUTION



The "war crimes confessions" of Yank pilots are being blared by the Reds again like bad echoes of Korea but with chilling proof of new brainwash sophistication that makes mincemeat of our brave, but "sitting duck" warriors.

Lt. Cmdr. Richard Stratton bows at Hanoi news conference that prompted charges on "treatment."

A captured pilot is paraded through the streets of Hanoi under bayonet, in contrast to "humane reception" Ho claims to give.

Pentagon's Hottest Secret

HOW THEY MAKE OUR HERO POW's 'CONFESS' IN VIET NAM

by MARTIN CRUZ

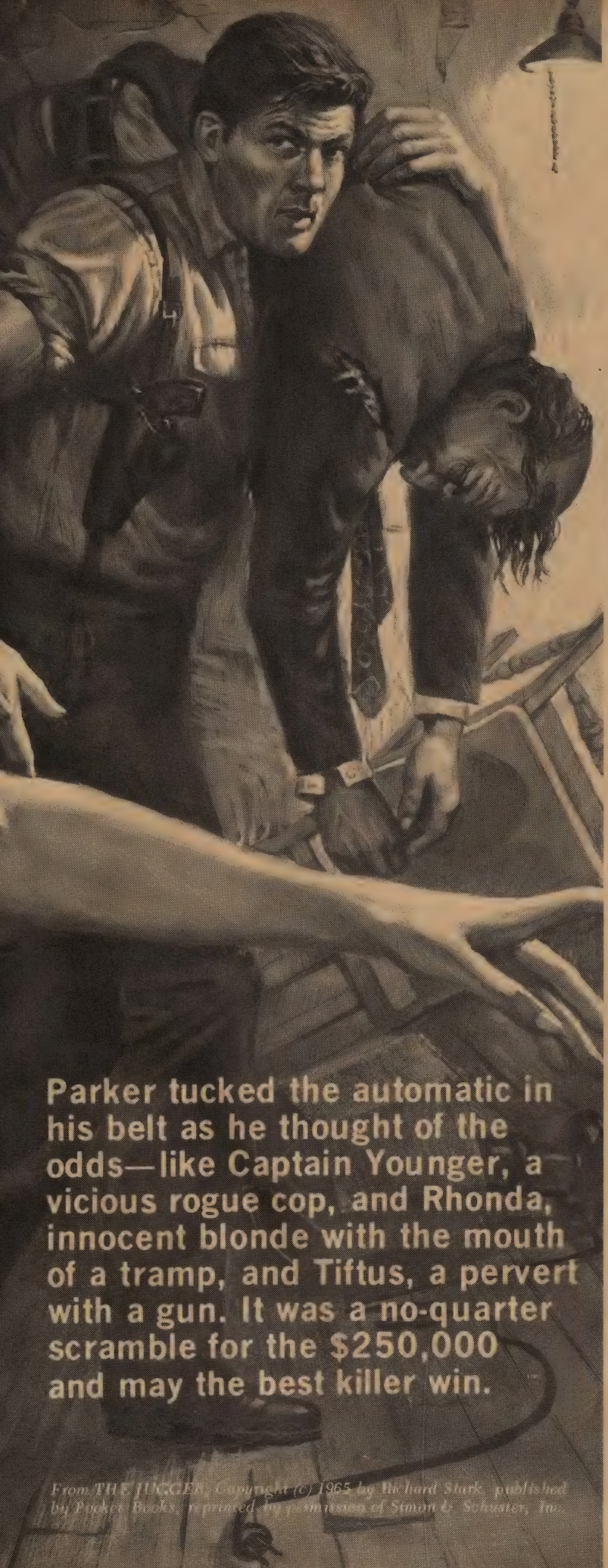
IT WAS a long, gloomy room with potted shrubbery lining the walls. The one-story building was a social club for the French at one time. Now it was a military headquarters. At one end of the room were doors leading out to a garden, at the other end, a door with a curtain drawn across it. The date was March 6. The place, Hanoi.

The milling crowd of newsmen, mostly Chinese, Russian, Japanese with a few French and Cubans and one American did not know what they had been summoned to hear. All they could see were the three stodgy officers of the North Vietnamese War Crimes Commission sitting patiently at a head table. In front of the table was a loudspeaker. The show, though they did not know it, was about to begin.

A short officer who gave the impression of being completely hairless stood up abruptly and said a few words. The newsmen, Communist and not, were stunned. They were about to hear the "confession" of an American Navy pilot. He would read it first over the loudspeaker before being exhibited, an arrangement that made even the Russians wonder.

Suddenly the speaker had come alive in a strong, easily identifiable American voice: "I am Richard Allen Stratton, a lieutenant commander in the U.S. Navy attached to the U.S.S. Ticonderoga." The voice described missions Stratton had taken part in since before Thanksgiving of last year against the "suburbs" of Hanoi. It was to be five minutes long, time enough to hand out typewritten copies in English, French and Vietnamese.

"I was shot down on 6 *(Continued on page 66)*



Parker tucked the automatic in his belt as he thought of the odds—like Captain Younger, a vicious rogue cop, and Rhonda, innocent blonde with the mouth of a tramp, and Tiftus, a pervert with a gun. It was a no-quarter scramble for the $250,000 and may the best killer win.

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EXCITING BOOK BONUS

The Depraved Ones

by RICHARD STARK

WHEN THE knock came at the door, Parker was just turning to the obituary page.

The little guy standing there was dressed like he was kidding around. He grinned, showing big bad teeth, and said, "Parker, you're an ugly man. You're uglier with the new face, and that's a wonder."

Parker recognized him. His name was Tiftus and he claimed to be a lock man. Parker had never worked with him because he was too unreliable.

"Invite me in. We've talk to do."

It couldn't be coincidence; this had to be something to do with Joe Sheer. But Parker, to make sure, said, "About what—"

"Not in the hall, Parker. Where's your manners?"

"Go to hell."

Tiftus kept on grinning. He shook his head and *(Continued on page 86)*

Art by Samson Pollen

Tiftus was already over his shoulder when Parker saw the blonde, her body still wet, standing like a statue in the bathroom door.

Tiny Henrietta Crammer, a Sooner from the wild, open spaces, doesn't pack a .45, but with her Two Gun figure the posse aims to bring her in alive . . .

WANTED IN 50 STATES:

OKLAHOMA'S

BIKINI KID

Continued on next page ▶

OKLAHOMA'S BIKINI KID

pace setters

Want to know what it takes to get ahead and move out of the pack? How and why some people strike it rich? Where the good life is—and how to grab it? Here are some men who have found the answer.

SAILOR WITH A THIRST

FOR TWENTY four years, Chief Petty Officer **Frank J. Madden** has battled the U.S. Navy. They wanted to put him ashore, but he wanted to stay at sea. The Navy wanted to promote radarman Madden, but, in his own words, "I was always too busy being demoted." Finally, in a last-ditch effort, the brass wanted Bronx, N.Y.-born Chief Madden to at least take shore leave, but the rock-jawed swashbuckler wasn't having any.

"People like me should be at sea," he growled. "All I need is one weekend every couple of months to spend my money, then ship me out."

That about sums up Frank J. Madden, chief radarman on the U.S. Seventh Fleet Destroyer **Collett,** now cruising the shell-pocked Gulf of Tonkin off Vietnam.

Chief Madden is a Pace Setter because he likes what he's doing, and he's good at what he does. Born four blocks from the Bronx Zoo, Frank joined the Navy when he was 16-years old and was sent to sea right after boot camp, even though the recruiting officer had promised his parents he'd stay in the States until he was eighteen.

For the next two decades, Madden pulled duty on everything that could float: five destroyers, a light cruiser, a landing ship, a personnel transport and an amphibious command vessel. "Destroyers are my meat," the Chief says without hesitation. "Battlewagons are all nice and slick, but you don't get to know anyone. On 'Cans, the Skipper knows who you are, and he knows what your abilities are. You can talk to him man to man."

After his first hitch was up, there was never any question in Frank Madden's mind that he'd sign up for a second, and a third, and a fourth. "I'm no 'sand crab'—guys who like shore duty—and I ain't one of those guys who stays in 20 years and gets out," he sneers. "They're not sailors, they're temporaries."

Now forty years old, Chief Madden has only one regret, that Shanghai, the famed Chinese harbor city, is no longer a U.S. Navy liberty port. It's now Red China's second most important city .

"Shanghai, Shanghai," the Chief reminisces fondly, a smile lighting up his scarred, craggy face. "That was liberty! You could get

WATCHING THE SPACE WATCHERS

WHEN CONGRESS decided, recently, the time had come to take a good hard look at our nation's Space program—and especially the causes of the disasterous fire in which three astronauts died trapped in their Apollo space vehicle—they chose a WW II combat hero and two-fisted Texan named **Olin Earl Teague** to head up their investigation.

"Tiger" Teague, as fellow Congressmen affectionately call the Democratic Representative from the Lone Star State, is one of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's strongest champions on Capital Hill. Now, through a quirk of fate, he's the man in charge of putting them through the "wringer", poking for weak spots in NASA's organization, trying to determine if the Apollo disaster could have been avoided. Most important he wants to make sure it doesn't happen again.

"It puts 'Tiger' in one hell of a position," a fellow Representative said off the record. "If he's too critical of the space boys, Congress might sharply cut back funds for their moon shot and other hardware. If he's too lenient, he leaves himself *(Continued on page 83)*

GRAND CANYON FLOODED...DESERT

Bones of last Everglades deer lie by drying waterhole guarded by crowded, drought-crazed 'gators.

"Never, in this country or any other, has there been such expenisve, widespread, arrogant destruction . . ." says an angry top reporter of an incredible, nation-spanning drive to drown, drain or gut what is left of our heritage—the "protected" public parks —for a few, fast buck land "developers," politicians and a blast-mad engineer corps.

"I'LL TELL you what I want," said the rugged, prematurely silver-haired man, "I want you fellows to keep your goddamn dredges and bulldozers and chain saws completely to hell out of what little unspoiled wilderness there is left in this country!"

The engineer blinked in confusion at Dave Brower. Brower is the winner of the Bronze Star during the Italian mountain campaign in World War II who heads the Sierra Club, the nation's largest conservationist organization. But it's still rare for a government engineer to hear such blunt talk.

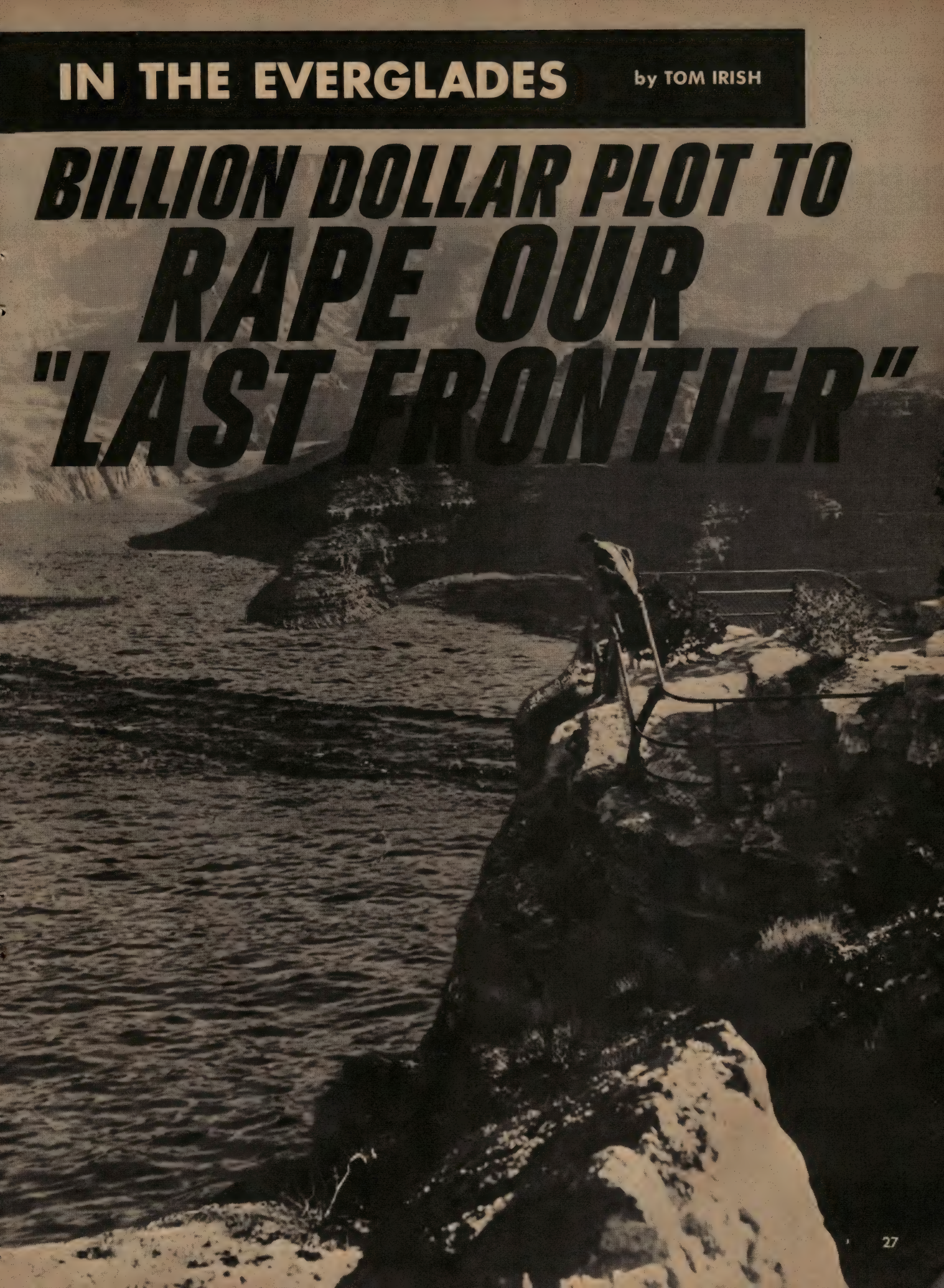
Blunt talk, though, is what he and his slide rule friends are beginning to hear in greater quantity and quality. For the blunt *(Continued on page 57)*

Sec. of Int. Udall and Lady Bird Johnson (below) smile for Keep America Beautiful campaign. Neither Udall nor President, though, have fought to keep Grand Canyon from ugly, illegal disaster (see artist's interpretation, right).

IN THE EVERGLADES

by TOM IRISH

BILLION DOLLAR PLOT TO RAPE OUR "LAST FRONTIER"



STARTLING EYEWITNESS ACCOUNT

by JOHN GODFREY

FORBIDDEN

In the Ghotul—Pleasure House—of a Murian village, the evening is dedicated to loveplay education and sharing.

"LOVE SCHOOL" OF THE STONE AGE MURIAS

Warm, sensual pleasure made easy and without guilt is the expert aim of the notorious, full-breasted Murians whose prehistoric, free-love paradise 300 miles deep in the Indian jungle would shock the hippest, Jet Set swingers.

WE ARE sitting in a small hut deep in the jungles of central India. Around us are young girls and boys, their ages ranging from five to seventeen. It is night. While the younger of the group are playing in the corner, the older children are choosing bed partners.

"Do you want to sleep with Achmed?" the *Sirdar* (chief boy) asks of a 14-year-old, ripely-developed girl standing at his elbow.

The young Indian shakes her head.

"Then how about Mukwab?" the leader suggests.

"I don't want him either."

"Then who?" His voice is patient and friendly.

"Inderjeet," she calls, her eyes shining.

There is silence, suddenly, in the hut. Small groups of youngsters move apart and murmur in low voices, discussing her choice.

Then, from the corner where the children are playing, the voice of a nine-year-old boy squeeks through the room. "That's not fair. You've spent three nights with him already. Tonight, I want to sleep with you."

The girl laughs, and goes over to the little boy. "I'm yours, then," she says and starts to comb his hair.

Hold it! Don't jump to any wrong conclusions! Here in paradise things are not always what they seem, nor do our western "civilized" conventions make much sense. Morals? Codes of *(Continued on page 79)*

Young Murians perform sword dance with the spirit that defies government attempt to force them into prostitution.

In village Pleasure House, Murian men and women chant to encourage friendly animal spirits' help in love-making.

As I smashed the clown pinata over Bargo's head, the thing burst open in a crackling rain of dollar bills and diamonds.

Art by Earl Norem

"I RODE WITH TEXAS' MACHINE GUN CYCLE GANG"

The incredible story, as told to FOR MEN ONLY from behind prison bars, of a two-fisted soldier-of-fortune's break-neck race with two border patrols, the hunger of a shotgun nympho, and the vicious revenge of Mexico's Heroin King.

by BARNEY STERN

I DON'T expect you to believe this, but I didn't want into this rotten mess. Trouble is, I wasn't asked.

I'd been doing okay down in Campeche; business was fine, and getting better all the time. Guess I better explain that I was in the arms business—my customers lived on this big island across the Gulf, and they were being pushed around by some fellow in starchy fatigues called Castro. Yeah, they were real good customers.

I guess things like that get around. Anyway, when we get the boat in and I drive on down to Campeche, the whole town tells me I've got a caller. Just one, they say.

Now sooner or later somebody was going to come down from old Uncle Sugar and tell me I was cutting into the CIA's job; and I'd been expecting it, but not just one guy. Half the town was living off me, and

Continued on next page ▶

Machine Gun Cycle Gang

they'd take a dim view of my departure. Maybe my friend from the government hadn't been told that yet.

He was sitting there, big as life and a good deal uglier, when I came into my room, and I knew right away I'd guessed wrong. I've only met one type in my life wears white silk ties and dark shirts.

And a suit. It was a good 110° outside.

"You want to speak Mexican, Spanish or Italian?" I tried.

"English is fine, Mr. Stern," he said, showing teeth in a decaying smile. "You and I have a little business to talk over."

"Tell me something the whole town doesn't know."

"You're inclined to hurry, Mr. Stern," White Silk Tie says, pouring three dollars worth of my Scotch down his gullet. "That's one of your biggest faults. It's attracted the attention of a lot of people, including the United States government."

"And?"

"And some people I work for. They'd like to hire you, for more than you're making here." The Tie smiled again, and I was glad I hadn't gotten around to supper. "You'll have a lot of their money, their—discretion as to your whereabouts, and—" he paused, "—you won't have to worry about taking care of that girl in Mexico City, Cindy Thompson?"

He was surprised to be up against the wall so fast with a fist in his throat. "People like you shouldn't wear neckties," I said, "It's too much of a temptation. Now let's have it all, and quick, before I decide to throw you out the window and hang onto the tie."

He wasn't about to argue the point. "Now, listen, Mr. Stern, I'm just telling you what I was told to say. This, this Miss Thompson was picked up at Mr. Bargo's orders when he decided to hire you. He had heard that you were difficult to deal with."

"Hire me for what?"

"Mr. Bargo said that he would explain it all. There will be a seaplane waiting for you at Campeche harbor by the time you get there." He stopped, looking at me uncertainly, and I let him drop into a chair. It took another buck's worth of scotch to get him going again.

While he was lubricating I said, "Suppose I want to stay in my own little business?"

"Mr Bargo said to tell you—" he stressed the Mr. Bargo part, "—that you couldn't run it from a Federal prison, and *someone* wouldn't be around to write you letters."

The author, his face masked by agreement with the magazine, relaxes in a Campeche cantina wearing old Hell's Angel jacket from California racing days.

The Heroin Patrol

How Mexican Soldiers Traipse Through Hills Pulling Opium Poppies

Mexico, a Big Supplier of Drug To the U.S., Foils Peasa[nts] But 'Big Fish' G[o]

Four Days W[ith]

United States-Mexico border patrol sought lead on "dope", stolen goods.

"And if I cooperate—"

"Nothing will happen to the girl, and when the shipping is finished for the season, eight weeks from now, you and she will be released."

I smiled at him, but he didn't seem to care for mine any more than I had for his. "I don't suppose he'd consider it an answer if I sent you back to him by parcel bost, in three or four packages?"

"N-no," The tie went up and down in front of his adam's apple. "He—he would have to deal likewise with the girl."

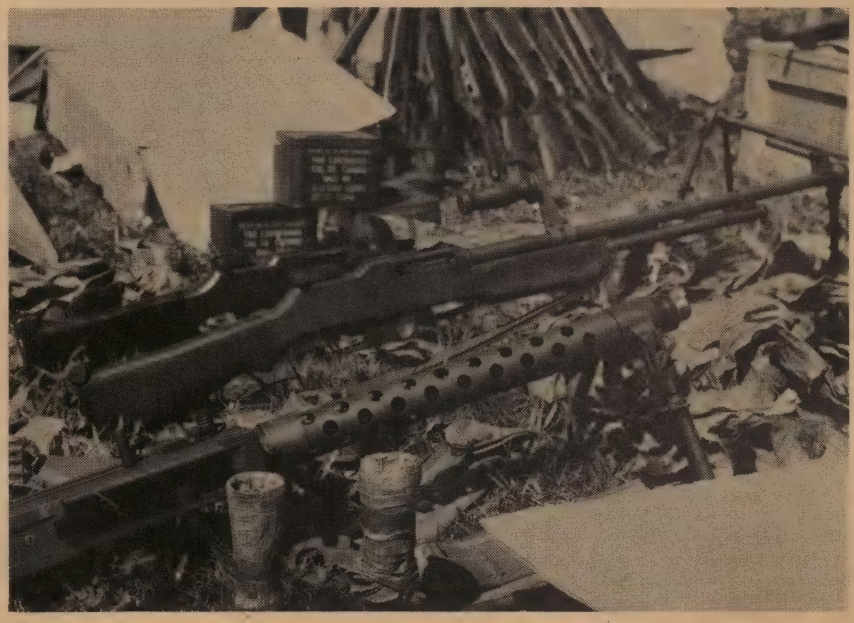
I shook my head. "Hardly has a sense of values, does he?"

May 23, 1967: We flew northwest and inland, up through the Sierra Madre country. I was beginning to wonder where we were going to land when we started dropping in toward the canyons and sitting in front of us is this little crater-lake with a surface like glass. I was looking forward to meeting Bargo, for more reasons than one. He'd certainly gone to a lot of trouble, man with an operation like this, to get a little fish like me. Gun-runners were a dime a couple dozen in Southeast Mexico.

Well, he must have had his reasons, and at least he'd be someone to talk to. I hadn't got but two words from the pilot during the whole trip. The two words were when the dinghy came up alongside the plane at Campeche harbor:

"You Stern?"

At end of smuggling ring's line were narcotic "blow your mind" parties in New York and San Francisco that meant addiction for kids and millions for Bargo.



Bargo's headquarters were found stuffed with "hot ice", heroin and small armory of East European light machine guns, American AR-15's and ammo.

Somebody repeated it now, peering in from the side hatch. He was about six-and-a-half feet tall and half of that across, and was cradling an AR-15 rifle like he'd given birth to it. "If I'm not, do you use that thing?"

He smiled broadly. "It's an excellent possibility," he answered, in a voice with six or seven accents.

"Then I'm Stern." I followed him down the dock and up a long path cut into the *(Continued on page 52)*

One of Heroin King's henchmen lies, dead, on office floor after Mexican Federal agents crashed through door.

SICKENING SCANDAL

HOW THE UNDERWORLD SELLS YOU ROTTEN HORSEMEAT

Merkel Co. sales soared with well tested formula of bribery and muscle as small store owners were openly bullied in city streets.

Butchers who don't go for Mafia meat are prey to quick, painful beatings in their cold storage lockers by professional "hit men" who pass on company payroll as sales representatives.

by PETER COURTNEY

Outlaw packers worked in dead of night to move diseased meat from railroad cars to plant for phoney federal inspections tags.

The slabs of "beef" festered on their racks, ready for the poison that would bleach them pink for the gullible buyers, when the D.A.'s men burst in and started on a violent, bloodstained trail straight to the Mafia's lair.

WATCH OUT, buddy, the hamburger you're eating may have run last year at Hialeah.

The hot-dog you had for lunch may have pulled a peddlar's cart. Some cowboy may have been riding the range on the "all-beef" salami you nibbled on for a midnight snack.

It's all part of the latest underworld swindle—an operation which has brought millions of dollars to the coffers of the Mafia. It's a stomach-wrenching system of shady dealings under which horsemeat is sold in the guise of government-inspected Grade A.

Of course, there's nothing really wrong with eating horse flesh. In some countries it's considered a delicacy. In France, for example, it's sold openly in shops decorated with a plaster horse head.

Horsemeat, however, (*Continued on page 60*)

Start of cryosurgery is drilling of four holes through the skull to open cranial cavity to freezing probe of nitrogen tube.

SPACE AGE MEDICAL MIRACLE

Brain Surgeons Who Tame Killers

Wielding a rod of white hot ice instead of a scalpel, raising the skull with rocketry hardware instead of hammer and chisel, these operation room wizards can perform magic inside the human head and transform homicidal maniacs into "nice guys" you'd want as friends.

by JOHN GODFREY

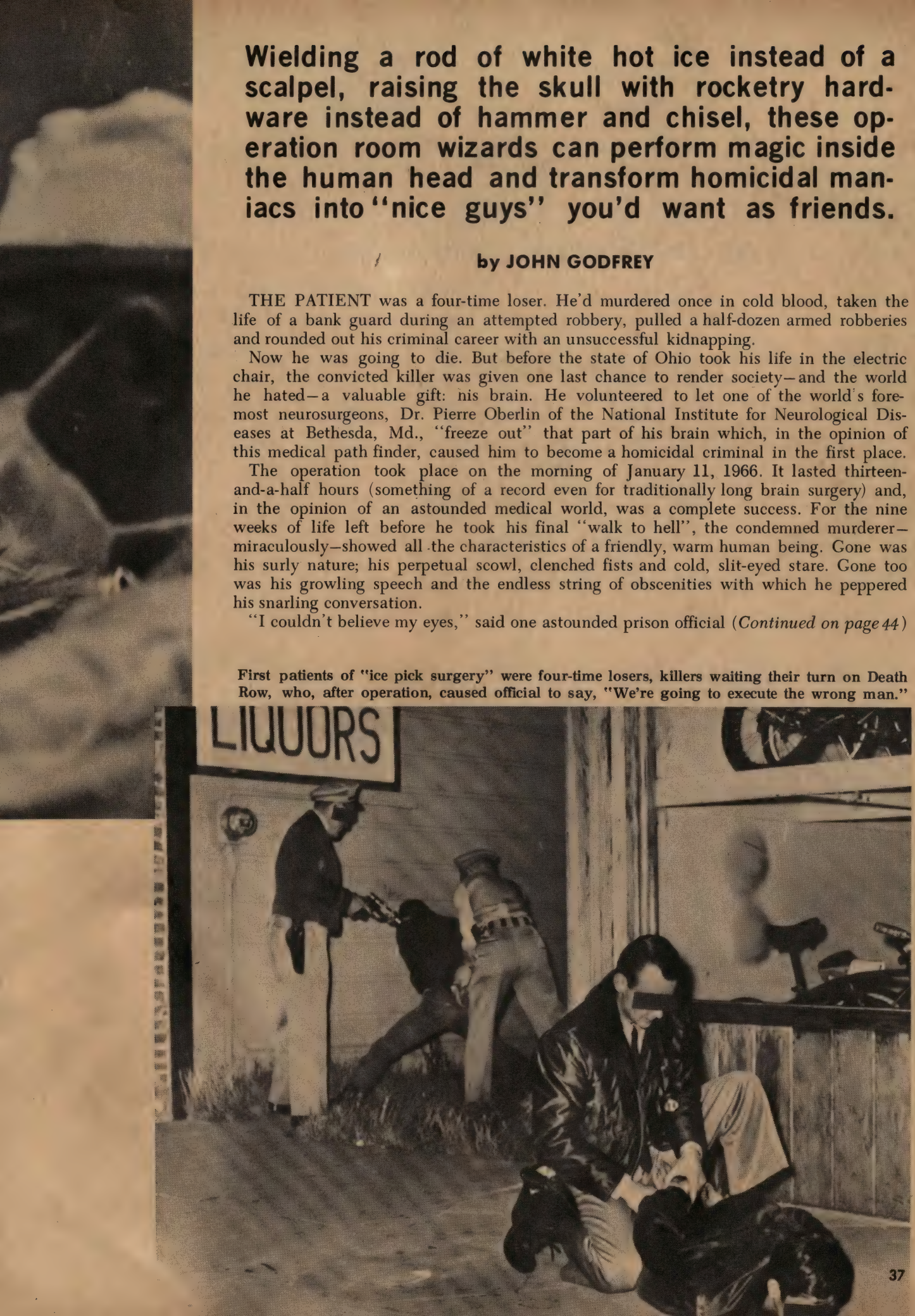
THE PATIENT was a four-time loser. He'd murdered once in cold blood, taken the life of a bank guard during an attempted robbery, pulled a half-dozen armed robberies and rounded out his criminal career with an unsuccessful kidnapping.

Now he was going to die. But before the state of Ohio took his life in the electric chair, the convicted killer was given one last chance to render society—and the world he hated—a valuable gift: his brain. He volunteered to let one of the world's foremost neurosurgeons, Dr. Pierre Oberlin of the National Institute for Neurological Diseases at Bethesda, Md., "freeze out" that part of his brain which, in the opinion of this medical path finder, caused him to become a homicidal criminal in the first place.

The operation took place on the morning of January 11, 1966. It lasted thirteen-and-a-half hours (something of a record even for traditionally long brain surgery) and, in the opinion of an astounded medical world, was a complete success. For the nine weeks of life left before he took his final "walk to hell", the condemned murderer—miraculously—showed all the characteristics of a friendly, warm human being. Gone was his surly nature; his perpetual scowl, clenched fists and cold, slit-eyed stare. Gone too was his growling speech and the endless string of obscenities with which he peppered his snarling conversation.

"I couldn't believe my eyes," said one astounded prison official (*Continued on page 44*)

First patients of "ice pick surgery" were four-time losers, killers waiting their turn on Death Row, who, after operation, caused official to say, "We're going to execute the wrong man."



PHOTOS OF THE MONTH

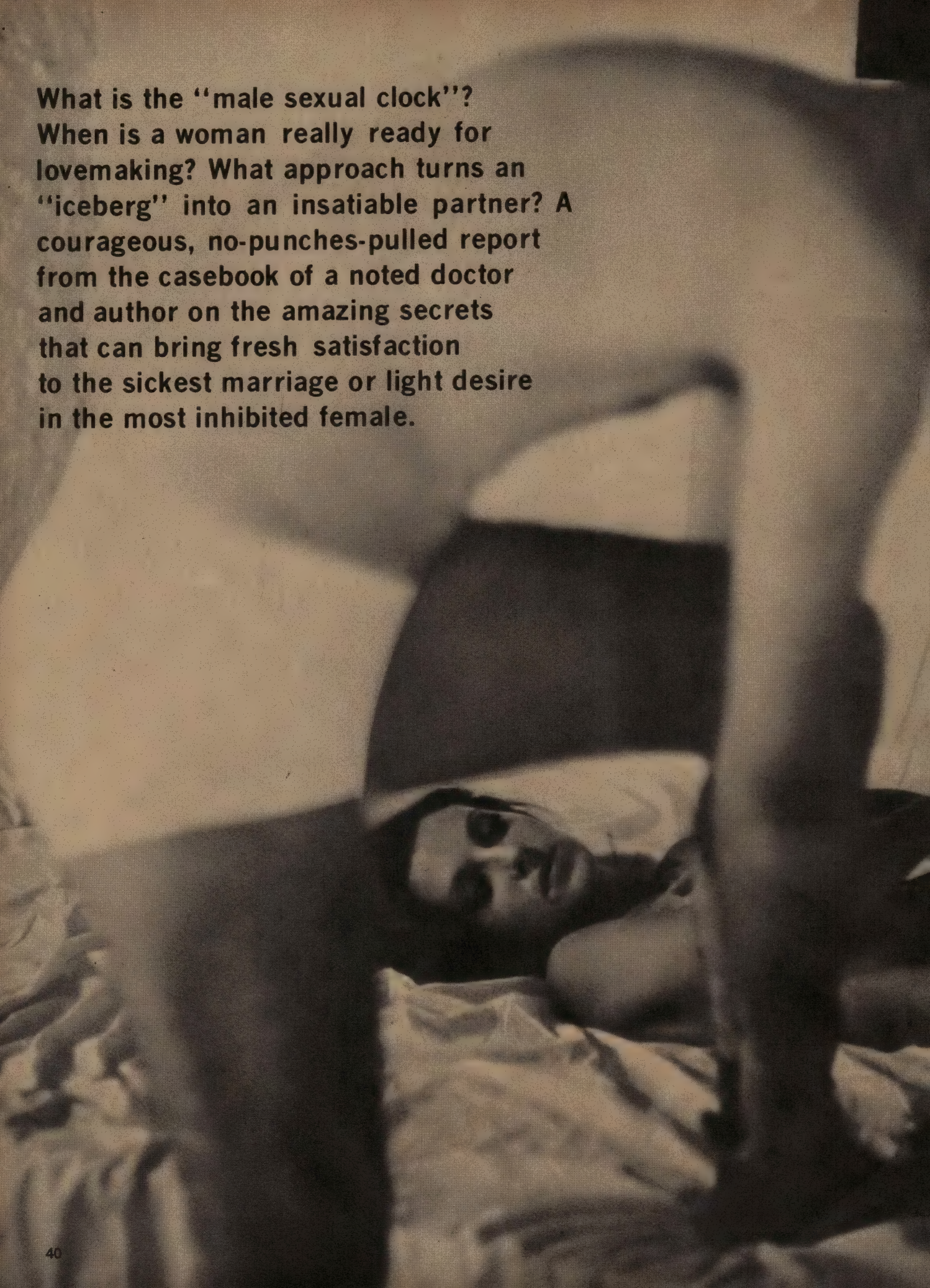
A flaming holocaust in Japan, a curvy, new starlet "on the rocks", Gran Prix horror in Monaco's streets and a perky stowaway "spy" from Down Under are selected by For Men Only's editors as the most sizzling shots of ace lensmen.

Panic sweeps through a girls' school in Nemuro, Japan (above) as the building goes down in a blaze. With girls leaping from 2d and 3d story windows, firefighters were more busy catching bodies than saving the gutted school.

Throw a net into California waters, and you never know what you'll come up with. In this case, it's the eye-filling form of Nina Wayne (right), our answer to mermaids.

Italy's great auto racer, Lorenzo Bandini, tries to control his careening Ferrari as a wheel flies off on the zig-zag 82d lap of the famous Monaco Gran Prix (above). Hitting a barrier of straw bales, the Ferrari, at the time in second place, burst into flames and overturned, trapping Bandini underneath. The racer was rushed to a hospital from the charred remains of his car (inset), with burns over eighty percent of his body. He died in a coma a few days later.

Pretty Sandy Hilder of Sydney, Australia wanted to see her Yank boyfriend so she smuggled herself on board a U.S. sub and hid under the admiral's bed. Discovered, though no spy, she got it in the end by beau Bernard Brewer (right).



What is the "male sexual clock"? When is a woman really ready for lovemaking? What approach turns an "iceberg" into an insatiable partner? A courageous, no-punches-pulled report from the casebook of a noted doctor and author on the amazing secrets that can bring fresh satisfaction to the sickest marriage or light desire in the most inhibited female.

Stunning fact is, says Dr. Olson, that violence between lovers often proves best time for relations as passions are aroused and both want to "make up".

A Psychologist's Frank, New Guide For MALES

25 WAYS TO UNLEASH YOUR HIDDEN SEX POWER

by DANIEL OLSON, PhD.

"THE SITUATION was perfect—moonlight, a cottage on an isolated beach, stereo playing soft music. . . . The girl was a lovely thing, somebody I'd been after for a long time. And here we were, lying together fondling and caressing each other and getting more amorous by the minute. Then the magic moment came—she was all there. And I ran out of gas. Completely."

The man speaking, a client of mine, was no 98-pound sexual weakling. He was a healthy, vigorous, potent, good-looking man of 27, with a good job and fewer worries than most of us. But this fellow, who should have been in the 200-horsepower class, sexually speaking, was only getting a fraction of the performance he should out of his "engine."

He was asking me, as a psychologist, to find out what was wrong—and, like an auto mechanic, to fix it. I told him I'd do the best I could, but that he'd be doing most of the actual work himself. His problem came to the surface quite quickly, after I'd persuaded him to tell the full story of his ill-fated "perfect" romance.

As it turned out, my client and this particular young lady had gone out on many dates together and on at least a half dozen occasions had been in situations where conditions were ideal for going to bed together. In each of these cases, my client reluctantly told me, he had been encouraged by the girl to make advances—and then turned down at the last minute.

I explained to this man that he'd been putting himself into situations where, by being rejected, his "sex power" was being drained. Repeated failures will make even the most potent male "run out of gas." What he needed was not an *(Continued on page 70)*

Last Minute Memo for Men

continued from page 11

The Big Red of Cornell turns out to be Red China's most mysterious alma mater (above), though there's nothing hidden in Italy's new miniskirt misdemeanor (right).

MEMO: INSIDE RED BORDERS

Chilling trend in the current Red Chinese internal scrapping toward AMPUTATIONS that ruin a man's career. Examples: Mobs chop off a MACHINIST'S HAND, a policeman's trigger finger, a radio announcer's tongue....Most HANOI SCHOOLS have a foxhole or some sort of bomb shelter under each desk. The sidewalks are studded with "TEAPOTS," that is, lidded holes into which pedestrians can jump at first AIR RAID ALARM....

Unexplainably large numbers of CORNELL UNIVERSITY banners are turning up in homes of Peking intellectuals ransacked by RED GUARDS....Moscow, population 6 million, has only 8 GAS STATIONS....

CRIME FILE MEMO:

FIGHTING COCKS seized by police raiders are used in JAILHOUSE SOUP....Nuns and clergymen are the hardest people to ACQUIT on speeding raps, our judges agree to a man. When offered chance to COP OUT by saying they were on call, they WON'T LIE, insist upon PLEADING GUILTY....

If an upcoming Supreme Court test goes against them, NYC cops who DRIVE OFF illegally parked cars by JUMPING ignition wires may be guilty of THEFT, orders or no orders....Newest electronic BURGLAR ALARM does nothing more than set off firecrackers, bang gongs, flash lights and make sirens whoop, but it shakes up the entire neighborhood and the SHOCK OF IT just about blows the burglar's mind...

TALL FAT WOMEN do well as store robbers. Men behind counters are spooked by their size....Wearing a MINISKIRT is a misdemeanor in Italy, but rarely punished....

MEMO: A MAN'S MONEY

Any lopsided double image U.S. COIN showing up in your small change is not a dud, but one of the MISTAKES the mint makes occasionally. Somehow scores have gotten out of the REJECT BIN into circulation and are worth HUNDREDS OF BUCKS to collectors....Any man going into service can legally hang up most CIVILIAN DEBTS till he gets back out. And any credit agency that tries to muscle him can be HAULED TO COURT and roasted under something called Soldier's and Sailor's Civil Relief Act....

CAR BUYER'S MANUAL: Dealers chop new car prices by either REDUCING SUGGESTED FACTORY TAB or giving out some ridiculous trade in price on your old bus. If you live in a SALES TAX AREA, insist on the pricecut. When your bill of sale says full price, you pay FULL TAXES....

The industry says the man who comes up with a WORKABLE HEATER for those home snow blowers will make his first million....

MEMO: WORLD OF WOMEN

90% of our DIVORCED WOMEN eventually

Scuba divers' newest danger are money sharks selling unsafe, surplus Air Force oxygen tanks ready to explode (left), while surprising news from college beach parties is lack of fire in overstuffed motels (above).

get the snub from MARRIED friends. Reason: The wives fear the divorcees will devour their HUSBANDS....The common divorcee sex pattern is OPEN GLUTTONY for the first 3 months of freedom, then a settling in with 1 BED MATE at a time, as if still MARRIED....For some reason no one's ever pulled apart, many big city CALL GIRLS breakfast on GIN AND CANDY BARS....

Those TOPLESS California shoeshine parlors ($2 regular, half a buck extra for 2 tone) have already been covered here. But now....to even stand around and WATCH costs a DOLLAR....

What REALLY HAPPENS in the sex department at those brawling college crowd vacations in Florida: LITTLE, USUALLY NOTHING. Pouting coeds check in with the same basic report: "With 6 to 8 people sharing 1 motel room you don't get much loving...."

MEMO: MEN AND THE DRAFT

CALLUP rattles some UNSTABLE men so badly they literally GO APE. They hunch over with fingers dangling to their knees, shuffle when walking, use grunts for speech. It's a form of HYSTERIA, real SECTION 8 stuff, and military medics say there's only 1 cure for it: DISCHARGE...

Netherlands MARINES react directly to every antiwar DEMONSTRATION they see. They grab military age youths and SHAVE THEIR HEADS...Poor marks for the current DRAFT SYSTEM comes from no less a figure than Assistant U.S. Attorney General Burke Marshall: "Given the will, the means and the intelligence to do it, I think ANYONE CAN BEAT THE DRAFT...."

Moonshine whiskey impurities can bring on a screaming case of GOUT....The creeps selling surplus AF OXYGEN TANKS as Scuba gear don't care how they kill a man for their buck. Such containers blow up when filled to skindiver pressure requirements....

MAN'S MARKET MEMO:

New Now: Bootlegged BRITISH SALVATION ARMY POSTERS showing sexy army lassies, and NAKED MEN holding babies to illustrate the plight of the ILLEGITIMATE NEWBORN...The first MASS PRODUCTION ELECTRIC CAR, by Westinghouse to be sure, $2,000, 50-mile range between recharges ....A process called PLASMAPHERESIS which is a $50 word for simply returning red cells to a BLOOD DONOR, thus enabling him to squeeze out a PINT OF PLASMA per week instead of the traditional 4 yearly....

Some 50,000 different documentary films, ALL NIFTIES on just about every subject conceivable, price $4.52 to $40.91, from U.S. Government Printing Office. Topics: from "How to Iron a Shirt" to WW2 COMBAT FOOTAGE....A new brand of cigarettes called CANCERS, no lie. For mental weakies who want to kick smoking but cannot without some constant horrible reminder of lung damage....

BRAIN SURGEONS WHO TAME KILLERS

(Continued from page 37)

who'd taken part in the experiment. "The man was 100% changed . . . completely unrecognizable from what he had been before. It was as though the killer had changed places with a stranger and we were now going to execute the wrong man!"

Perhaps that's exactly what happened. Because the "stranger' who was strapped into the electric chair, and whose body convulsed seconds later as the sledge-hammer jolt of current struck home, was not the same man—at least in the neuro-medical sense—as the venom-riddled hoodlum who'd been wheeled into Dr. Oberlin's operating theater. The killer-turned-good-guy was, in fact, one of the first walking miracles of Cryosurgery—space-age brain operations that can completely change a man's personality!

Speaking before 200 assembled neurosurgeons in Copenhagen, Denmark, (at an international symposium), Dr. Oberlin described his pioneering work in Cryosurgery, or "ice-pick surgery" as it is popularly labeled, as "the first step away from the terror of prefrontal lobotomy . . . where we knife experts would slice away at a man's nerve endings, reduce him to animal state, and claim he was 'cured' of what ails him."

For many years, too many according to the Bethesda doctor, surgeons were convinced that the front lobe of the brain was the center of all aggressive and anti-social behavior. All that was necessary was to cut a door in the cranium (the bone covering the brain) and disconnect as many nerve endings as the surgeon thought fit. The fact that many of these nerve endings had little or nothing to do with the patient's problem didn't seem to bother the medical practitioners. All they knew was that after such an operation the victim—and that's just about what he was—was unlikely to commit any crimes ever again.

"But if the man was no longer criminally inclined," Dr. Oberlin pointed out, "he was also no longer a man! In many cases he couldn't eat by himself, his motor control (movement of fingers, arms and legs) was gone, his power of reasoning and concentration was reduced to near-zero and in many ways the prefrontal lobotomy patient was reduced to a mongoloid idiot."

Cryosurgery promises to change all that. Addressing the same symposium, Dr. Ivan Levy, of St. Barnabas Hospital in New York, said he had performed "almost 100 cryogenic operations on patients ranging from victims of Parkinson's Disease to confessed rapists" with 100% effectiveness. In each case, Dr. Levy said, there were no "adverse post-operative reactions" in the patients; their physical or mental condition took on all the attributes of a "normal man." In the case of the Parkinson's Disease sufferer, the shaking stopped almost completely. The confessed rapist, for his part, after the "ice-pick brain operation," resumed a "healthy attitude" toward members of the opposite sex.

Though many of the neurosurgeons at the Copenhagen meeting were sceptical, the written and pictorial evidence presented by the trail-blazing cryo practitioners was too powerful to be dismissed.

What exactly is this weird new form of brain surgery? How does Cryosurgery differ from "conventional" brain operations? And more important; what can it actually do for a man?

Put simply, Cryosurgery replaces the surgeon's knife with a tube of liquid nitrogen. Instead of cutting, he freezes. Instead of the razor-sharp scalpel, the surgeon inserts a cannula (tube) of -180 degree nitrogen into the patient's brain and "freezes off" those areas *selectively* which he feels are causing mental or physical problems. If he is wrong, if he freezes one area too many, the surgeon simply thaws it out again. In the case of Parkinson's Disease, various parts of the brain are frozen and unfrozen, until the doctor, *with his own eyes,* can see exactly which freezing stops the patient's shaking. Then all the rest is thawed back to normal. It's trial-and-error, but it works. "With a Gigli saw or a scalpel," says Dr. Oberlin, the patient would be dead after the first few minutes if we wandered around his brain like that."

Dr. Rolf Sauerbruch, an eminent Berlin brain surgeon, went so far as to freeze and thaw a temporal lobe area twenty two times before he felt he'd "hit" the right spot. "It was the case of a convicted child molester," the German doctor reported in a summary of the case, "and I felt the problem could be surgically remedied with the aid of cryogenic techniques."

Professor Sauerbruch (who once during World War II was called on to remove Adolf Hitler's appendix) had slides of children flashed on a screen in front of the patient. With the aid of embedded electrodes that marked any sudden variations of brain tremors, and slowly narrowing down the region in which they were occurring, Dr. Sauerbruch was able to pin-point the area of the child molester's brain that was "triggering" the criminal perversion.

"Once located in the temporal lobe," the Berlin physician continued, "it was solely a matter of probing with the nitrogen rod those areas causing the electro-variations, with a sensitive oscillograph telling me if I was "getting warm," so to speak. The patient was conscious throughout (only a spinal anesthesia is needed in cryosurgery) and kept his eyes affixed to the movie screen where young children were shown in a variety of poses."

As stated, it took twenty-two attempts to locate the exact spot in the temporal lobe, before the quivering needle of the oscillograph remained steady, and the cryosurgeon knew he had frozen the right spot. "Cutting with a scalpel, this would have reduced the man to a vegetable—if he'd have lived at all," says the German medical expert.

Once the offending part of the man's brain was frozen, the change in his personality was nothing short of miraculous, Dr. Sauerbruch reported. Under minute medical supervision for the next ten months, the ex-child molester developed a perfectly normal interest and relationship with youngsters and was deemed, by all psychological standards, a completely well-adjusted man.

The "Sauerbruch Case," as it came to be called, had far-reaching effects in the West German Republic and in several other European countries. Shortly after the German surgeon reported on the success of this, and other, "personality-changing" operations, progressive legal and police officials urged the West German government to adopt criminal statutes making it *mandatory* for rapists and child molesters (as well as certain other social deviates) to undergo cryosurgery.

The Stockholm City Council may well be the first legislative body to adopt such a law. While the German law-making machinery is slowly grinding to a decision on this matter, the Swedish legislators are already drawing up a set of legal and medical prerequisites for these "pacifying operations." In the near future any Swede convicted of repeated "deviate offenses" will not have to face the physical and mental horror of sterilization (mandatory in several European countries) but will undergo the relatively mild corrective experience of nerve-end freezing. It sounds like something out of science fiction, but cryosurgery has turned it into reality.

"The time is not far off," says Dr. Edgar Effert, winner of Denmark's King Gustav Medal for scientific achievement, "when brain surgeons will not only be able to treat criminals and social misfits but, conceivably, stimulate 'happiness' in the sad, 'composure' in the over-excited and 'trust' in the chronically suspicious."

That Dr. Effert's prediction was not too far out of the realm of possibility, was proven by a spectacularly successful "change-of-personality" operation performed early this year in England's Shrewsbury Central Hospital.

The case history was as follows: Herbert M. was Midlands Regional Sales Manager for BMC (British Motor Car Ltd.) and in the course of his duties, was obliged to entertain district representatives, customers and their wives, advertising agency people — and the sveldt young models they brought along. Herbert M. was good at his job, liked what he was doing and, perhaps surprisingly, was faithful to his attractive young wife.

Mrs. Deirdre M. didn't see it that way. She was *convinced* her husband was catting around with his sweater-filling secretary, *certain* he was sleeping with every model who came up from London, *positive* all customer's wives shared

(Continued on page 48)

PROVEN IN THE LABS — PROVEN ON THE ROAD — PROVEN ON THE INDIANAPOLIS SPEEDWAY — and finally released to the public!

Yes, proven at Indianapolis — proven in the same test laboratories used by Ford, General Motors and Chrysler . . . proven by the world's largest automobile fleet owners! An exciting new scientific "breakthrough" that means . . . no matter what kind of gas you use . . . no matter what kind of car you own you can now pile up 100 miles of driving a week, month after month and fill your gas-tank as little as once a month . . . pile up 100 miles of driving a day all 365 days of the year . . . and save up to 500 gallons of gas each year!

NOW! 30 DAYS OF DRIVING ON A SINGLE TANK OF GAS!

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Laboratory reports . . . PLUS road tests conducted on Indianapolis proving grounds reveal you may now get as much as 37 miles of driving from each gallon of gas . . . save up to 50 gallons of gas each month . . . save up to $200 on your car each year!

Six months ago, for perhaps the first time in history, the United States Government issued patent protection to an invention that has been classified ILLEGAL! Sound strange? Not really here's why:

I'm sure you're familiar with the famous gasoline-economy tests run by all the major oil companies. Well, do you know that the remarkable new invention described on this page is actually banned from these tests because it is TOO EFFECTIVE! Do you know that because this invention saves so much gasoline . . . that because it gives so much economy, it is actually ILLEGAL for a test-driver to fit one on his car! And do you know that because it boosts gasoline mileage up to 11 more miles per gallon . . . it has actually been OUTLAWED in every recognized cross-country economy run . . . simply because the officials who conduct these tests were forced to rule that it gives all cars that have it AN UNFAIR ADVANTAGE!

In other words, if you are a person planning on entering one of these cross-country economy runs . . . then this message is not for you. YOU JUST WON'T BE ALLOWED TO USE THIS NEW INVENTION—SORRY, BUT IT'S SIMPLY ILLEGAL. BUT — if you are a person who is not interested in setting any records . . . who is only interested in getting more miles per gallon than you ever dreamed possible — and doing it the very same way that many of America's leading corporations are doing at this very moment — then what you are about to read is perhaps the most thrilling and exciting news in automotive history.

TEST DRIVERS REPORT UP TO 11 MORE MILES PER GALLON —

The name of this great new invention is the G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER . . . and there is no better way to describe to you the increased performance and economy it will give you . . . than to tell you of the "bombshell effect" it had on research scientists and test-drivers, who simply refused to believe their own gasoline gauges when they first tried it out. Look:

CUTS GASOLINE COSTS TO AS LITTLE AS 1¢ A MILE

1. When the G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER was first tested by the same research laboratories used by Ford, General Motors and Chrysler . . . results were so overwhelming, (a staggering increase of up to 68 per cent) . . . it actually lowered gasoline costs to as little as **ONE CENT A MILE.**

2. When tests were made by the world's leading auto rental system with this incredible money saving invention . . . and then test-run on the road and on such world famous proving grounds as the Indianapolis Speedway . . . the test-drivers of these vehicles were absolutely amazed to see big **8 cylinder sedans get better gas-mileage than small European economy cars!**

3. When large fleet owners and some of the nation's largest taxi fleets tested this great new invention to determine just how much gas it would save them . . . the results were so dramatic that within 30 days they reported savings of not hundreds . . . but thousands of gallons of gas the very first month alone!

UP TO 500 MILES OF DRIVING FROM A SINGLE TANK OF GAS

Yes, from test after test . . . road tests, laboratory tests, tests by some of the world's most famous drivers . . . come reports of cars that drive for hundreds and hundreds of miles ON A SINGLE TANK OF GAS! Reports of test cars from Ford, General Motors, Chrysler that get more miles per gallon today than when they were brand new! Reports of big, luxury sedans that weigh 2½ times more than small European cars . . . yet get better mileage, better performance and huge dollar savings thanks to this new miracle invention.

BEST PROOF OF ALL!

World's Leading Rent-A-Car Company Road-Tests Amazing New Invention For 3 Solid Months . . . Then Orders Fleet Of Cars IMMEDIATELY EQUIPPED!

they report "Savings of up to 54 gallons a month per car"

Yes, from one of the nation's largest automobile fleet owners comes the most dramatic proof of all . . . A company that spends more money on gasoline in one weekend than the average person spends in a lifetime . . . they tested this incredible new invention and here is what they found. BOOSTED GASOLINE MILEAGE A WHOPPING 32% ON ALL CARS TESTED. Wouldn't you like to save up to $200 a year on your car? For full details read the rest of this page.

IF IT WORKS SUCH MILEAGE-MIRACLES, HOW COME THE CAR MANUFACTURERS HAVEN'T INSTALLED THIS TYPE UNIT IN THEIR CARS? — THE ANSWER IS THAT TWO ALREADY HAVE!

By now you are probably wondering just what is the G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER . . . and how does it work? Well, to make a long story short . . . if you were to look under the hood of one of those $20,000 European luxury cars like the Maseratti or the Aston-Marton, you would see sitting in those engines . . . a special gasoline unit . . . especially designed to extract more blazing power, more energy from each gallon of gasoline. This remarkable booster-unit is what gives these cars such magnificent performance . . . such TOTAL POWER . . . such increased engine efficiency.

And this is precisely what the G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER is designed to do — enable your engine to extract more piston-driving power, more raw, blazing energy and more gasoline economy . . . ONLY, instead of costing $100 to $150 (like the European booster-units) . . . the G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER costs but a mere fraction.

That's because after years of intensive research automotive experts have finally found a way to simplify these booster units . . . reduce the number of parts in each unit . . . mass produce them . . . slash costs to a mere fraction . . . and make them available at a price so low it's almost too ridiculous to mention. Why do you realize what this means to you if you are a person who is determined to save yourself up to $16 a month on your gas bills . . . up to 50 gallons of gas each month . . . yes, up to $200 a year on wasted gasoline.

INSTALLS IN MINUTES — PAYS FOR ITSELF IN AS LITTLE AS 15 DAYS!

It means that no matter what kind of car you now have . . . no matter how old that car may be . . . no matter what condition it is in . . . no matter how many miles you pile on each month . . . here at last is the automotive discovery you've long dreamed about . . . and has now come true.

Because, from this day on you too can now save up to 500 gallons of gas each and every year. NOW you too can drive for weeks and weeks on end without ever stopping at a service station. Now you too can drive across 6 states of the union on just a single tank of gas, blaze a trail from New York to Chicago on just 2 or 3 tankfuls. In other words, perform mileage miracles that only yesterday you thought were impossible.

So if you too want to achieve the same wondrous results as America's largest automotive fleet owners, by Indianapolis test-drivers, and by research scientists at the very same testing laboratories used by Ford, Chrysler and General Motors, then take advantage of this special Free-Trial introductory offer. Remember, all you risk is the few minutes it takes to fill out the special reservation coupon below, and you have a lifetime of driving convenience and economy to gain.

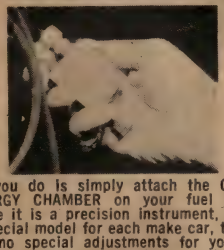
THIS OFFER EXPIRES IN 15 DAYS — YOU MUST ACT NOW!

Now the price of the G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER on this special introductory offer is not the 15 or 20 dollars you might expect . . . but only $5.95. Why, you'll save up to 10 times that amount in gasoline savings in no time at all . . . not to mention the hundreds of gallons of gasoline and hundreds of dollars in money you save year after year.

However, due to the enormous demands of trucking companies, car-rental companies, taxicab fleets and other large users, only a limited number of G. T. ENERGY CHAMBERS can possibly be allocated each month for consumer orders. Therefore, all orders must be filled on a first-come, first-served basis. So to take advantage of this limited introductory offer . . . mail the no-risk coupon today!

HERE IT IS — IN ACTION — The miracle G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER, caught by the eye of ultra high-speed cameras at one of the world's most famous proving grounds. Yes, here on the big viewing console you see dramatic picture-proof of tests conducted by leading automotive authorities at the Indianapolis Speedway . . . tests that PROVE you can now actually take ordinary gasoline . . . feed it into your engine in a new and different way . . . trigger it into piston-driving energy . . . and unleash a blazing source of power for your car. For full documented proof of just how this amazing new discovery can save you up to $200 in gasoline bills in the next 12 months . . . read the rest of this page. (Tests performed by official Indianapolis test driver.)

LOOK HOW EASY IT IS!



All you do is simply attach the G. T. ENERGY CHAMBER on your fuel line. Since it is a precision instrument, with a special model for each make car, there are no special adjustments for you to make. They've already been made for you at the factory. You simply screw it into place . . . and that's all. In fact, it's so easy you need not know a single thing about an engine to install it — and easy picture directions accompany each unit. Total installation time: 3 to 5 minutes. Total savings on gas: up to $200 a year!

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WHAT A WORLD

Are you interested in headhunters, strippers, killers, rockets and riots? You'll find them here—and everything else that is wild, weird wacky in the world!

HEY! PUSSYCAT!—A family of tigers succeeded in doing what many a Viet Cong patrol has failed to pull off—the big cats sent a 1st Air Cavalry Division reconnaissance group scrambling up the nearest trees. There were six GIs in all—and none of them dared shoot his way out of the mess for fear of alerting the nearby enemy. Radioing back to their base for instructions, the advice came in the form of "Bark like a dog," or "Throw them poisoned food." Well, they didn't have tainted C-rations with them and barking fell on deaf ears. Luckily, one of the six trapped men—the machinegunner in the crew—didn't feel it necessary to head for the branches, as he was going to cut down the cats with his weapon, if worst came to worst. However, he tried one desperation trick before it came to that: he squeezed off a blast of insect spray right into the face of the lead tiger. It worked like a charm, turning the snarling beast into a meek pussycat that turned tail and strolled back into the jungle—followed by the whole brood. White hunters, please note.

JAYNE MANSFIELD STOPS BRITISH GOVERNMENT DEAD—There are very few things that break through an Englishman's built-in reserve. He rarely "blows his cool." Yet one American blonde sexpot practically brought the House of Commons to a dead halt a couple of months ago, merely by taking her place in the visitors' gallery. Of course, it wasn't just any old blonde—it was Jayne Mansfield, and she wasn't just attired like any old girl. She plunked herself down in the mini-est of mini-skirts, topped by a plunging neckline that nearly hit where the skirt ended. From that moment on it was almost impossible to hear any questions that were addressed to the Speaker's Gallery, nor were the Speaker's answers audible. The presiding officer's gavel has never been given such a workout in all of English history as it was when the frantic gentleman tried restoring order to the body of lawmakers. Fortunately, Jayne only hung around for a while, and the Rt. Honorable Members could get back to the business of running the country.

WEST COAST NUDES—Take it from saver-of-souls, Billy Graham, there's one church on the West Coast whose minister actually permitted the women to walk around in their bare skin during a religious service. Commented the famous Evangelist: "The minister probably was trying to make the people feel at home but I imagine he'll get in trouble with his bishop."

INVASION OF THE GO-GO GIRLS—Take it from the old-time strippers and chorus dolls—the new wave of go-go girls is sweeping away all competition. At this writing, there are about 8,000 of them tossing their torsos in impossible directions—dressed in everything from fishnet, leather and lame to nothing on top. Average age runs between 18 and 21, and many of them are moonlighting from duller daytime chores as secretaries, bookkeepers, etc. Along with their popularity, new employment has opened up for waitresses, bartenders and musicians, as many long-shuttered night clubs have been ressurrected to handle the gyrating boom. Depending on where they work, the girls pull in from $8 a night to $10,000 a year, risking a wide range of physical ailments that result from constant frugging, Watusi-ing, and just plain shaking around. Of course, the topless go-go's are in greatest demand—the reason very plainly stated by a West Coast performer: "As long as American men are preoccupied with breasts, there are going to be topless girls. We fulfill a necessary function." Show business people are wondering whether the old-style exotics are about ready to join forces for a counter-revolution against the kids who've stolen the bread from their mouths.

NO SOUR GRAPES FOR NEW RUSSIAN PLANT—From Russia—a new "first." The Reds claim that they've come up with a new hybrid vegetable by crossing a radish and cabbage. What did they get? A plant that has a root like a radish, leaves of a cabbage, and is loaded with 50% more Vitamin C than a lemon.

BATTLE OF THE PILL—A hard pill for the anti-birth control forces to swallow is the fact that the largest single purchaser of THE PILLS is the Department of Defense of the United States. If any figures are needed on the ability of the pills to work, there's been a drop in births among service-connected families—from 177,000 three years ago, to 141,000 in 1966.

A HOT TIME FOR TUNNEL-HIDING CONGS—In an effort to counteract the Viet Cong technique of hiding out in an intricate series of tunnels to evade discovery, GI's are now ready to heat up their flush-out methods. A murderous air blower has been developed that can be backed up to a tunnel entrance, then switched on. Heated air begins to rush through the tunnels—the heat produced by battery-powered generators. At first, the heat is bearable—and loudspeakers warn the Cong of what's to come. If they refuse to surrender, the heat is raised progressively—with every chance given the enemy to crawl out and give up. Should the VC decide to be stubborn, the full power is let loose, and air heated to 1,000 degrees scorches out the underground complexes.

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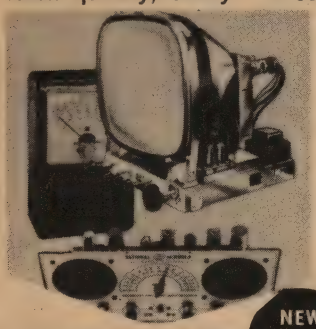

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(Continued from page 44)

his office couch and *absolutely sure* he kept a mistress in Coventry where BMC's main plant was located.

During a sales conference held at the Great Northern Hotel in Birmingham, Mrs. Dierdre M. burst into the dining room waving her husband's army revolver, screaming, "I'll kill the dirty swine! I'll kill the two-timing rat!"

Committed for observation by the Midlands Police, the extent of her paranoia became known to the medical authorities there. She had been under psychiatric care, had already once voluntarily committed herself to a rest home and had previously undergone electro-shock therapy in London. None of these treatments seemed to have helped. Consequently, Deirdre M. was asked to volunteer herself for a new, and daring, "personality changing" operation in Shrewsbury Central Hospital. After consulting with her husband (who, despite her harassments, still loved her and wanted her cured), she agreed.

Two cryosurgeons, Dr. Raphael Medan and Dr. Inderjeet Singh (visiting specialist from Nairobi's Institute of Medical Research, Kenya), decided to use alcohol instead of nitrogen tubes to numb-off that area of the brain directly related to paranoia and hyperanxiety. Using a dual fluoroscope device, where the posterior medial thalamus is photographically projected on a screen, *three dimensionally,* the cryosurgeons prepared for the delicate operation.

Swathed in light green coveralls, their shoes wrapped in heavy socks (a necessary precaution where large amounts of electronic equipment is involved) and aided by a team of four assistant surgeons, six nurses, two anesthetists and two electronic and photo specialists, the medical task force began their history-making assault on Mrs. Deirdre M.'s brain.

After the Gigli saw had sliced a small opening into the locally-anesthetized patient, dual fluoroscope tubes were inserted. Instantly, the wide-screen covering one side of the operating theater was filled with a heavily magnified three-dimensional picture of Deirdre M.'s brain. Now working from the screen, rather than the hard-to-reach brain, the two surgeons inserted a needle syringe of pure alcohol and probed for those exact cellular areas that were its targets. It took several hours of painstaking and delicate maneuvering to reach the spot. Finally, the needle had been placed against the pre-determined nerve ending. One point-five c.c. of pure alcohol was injected. The nerve ending instantly ceased to transmit impulses. Electronic scanners told the surgeons the alcohol had done its job. This microscopic corner of the brain had been neutralized.

It only remained for the cryosurgeons to extract the needle and fluoroscope tubes, replace the cranium patch and sew up the scalp skin with invisible dissolving stitches, and Mrs. Deirdre M. was wheeled out of the glaring lights of the theater. Now time would tell if the operation had been a success.

It was. At first weeks went by, then months, and still Mrs. Deirdre M. showed none of the paranoid signs of jealousy that had once been her full-time passion. Her husband had been instructed to follow his normal routine of business and social activity *without* any over-defensive explanations. Not to call home every couple of hours to report his whereabouts. Not to carefully empty his pockets before coming home at night. Perhaps even to take his secretary to lunch, openly, and casually mention the fact to his wife.

Herbert M. did all of these things. Nothing fazed the new-found composure of his wife. It is now seven months since the operation, and Mrs. Deirfre M. had yet to have her first twinge of jealousy or manifest her first sign of paranoia. The mind-changers had triumphed.

And 6,000 miles away, in Santiago, Chile, another mind-bender was getting set to pull off a "first" in brain surgery. Dr. Juan Marconi, of the Hospital Aguirre, University of Chile, had decided that alcohol addiction could be arrested, stopped-dead, through the use of modern cryosurgical techniques.

Reporting his medical pioneering in New York's prestigious *Medical Tribune,* under the imposing headline "Thalamic Nucleus Electrocoagulated To Curb Drinking," Dr. Marconi told the story of how he and his co-workers had come to the conclusion, after years of study, that the thirst for alcohol is located in the hypothalamus, near the circuit that regulates the desire for water.

The problem, the Chilean doctor felt, was to gather the thalamic nuclei together, "very much the way spilled egg can be picked up by applying heat," he explained. Freezing could have numbed the area. Alcohol injection could have killed off or neutralized it. But, for a number of reasons, electrocoagulation was the method chosen. In simple language; shooting an electric current into a liquid area so as to harden it.

Finding three willing volunteers proved to be one of the hardest parts of the experiment. Speaking later at the International Symposium on Alcohol and Alcoholism, Dr. Marconi recalled how any number of confirmed alcoholics had been willing to undergo experimentation involving drugs (such as the punitive Antibuse) or endurance (where subjects are allowed to drink all they want while their reaction is monitored) but few if any wanted to volunteer for major brain surgery.

However, three were finally found. "I chose three of the available subjects after carefully determining the extent of their addiction," Dr. Marconi reported, "and all with positive tests of their inability to stop drinking. After preoperative studies with implanted electrodes, the area to be coagulated was pinpointed."

In each of the three human guinea pigs, Dr. Marconi entered the brain much the way it was done in Shrewsbury, Berlin and Ohio, only instead of inserting ice tubes or alcohol syringes, he performed the operation with electro-needles.

"In each of the patients the nuclei of the left and right sides were coagulated separately," the Chilean stated, "with the main force of the current directed at the thalamus. After coagulation I did not extract the hardened mass . . . though it would have been simple to have done so.

"One patient died 11 months later during a heavy drinking bout. The second has been followed for 36 months, and the third has been followed for 24 months."

The Chilean doctor's report, though not claiming 100% effectiveness, did offer hope though. "The second patient, who had previously undergone 19 unsuccessful attempts at treatment, has abstained completely from liquor for the past 24 months and is better adjusted socially. Clinical withdrawl symptoms have disappeared in the third patient and his social adjustment has also improved."

Perhaps not a great leap forward, but a push in the right direction. If alcohol addiction can be broken surgically, as demonstrated by Dr. Marconi's electrocoagulation, then why not drug addiction? Doctors are even now studying the possibility of such an operation and Professor Gonzalo Brava of Madrid University Medical School has almost reached the point of his research where he is ready to try the first operation.

Previously known for his cryosurgical successes with victims of Parkinson's Disease, the Spanish specialist believes the time has come to examine the thesis that *all* addictions can be broken on the operating table and not through the massive injection of "replacement bromides" or amphetamines.

Directly in contrast to this assertion, Canadian and American researchers believe LSD and other hallucinogenic drugs are the answer to the "monkey-on-their-backs" addicts. Nobody is willing to give odds on who will be proven right.

But there's still another factor, and perhaps the most frightening one of all, in "personality-changing" operations. Could cryosurgery be an extension of the dreaded "brainwashing" technique? The answer is "Yes, very possibly!" For the man who can order a prisoner broken psychologically, could just as easily order him altered surgically, provided the techniques were available.

And now they are! The "ice-pick" surgeon who can remove the desire to rape, can, in all likelihood, instill the desire to kill. The "boiled-egg" method of brain coagulation that can stop a man drinking, could also be used to heighten his sense of anxiety, riddle him with fears and make him a walking time bomb of pent-up hatred. And the alcohol needle that numbed jealousy out of a woman in Shrewsbury, England, could just as well numb loyalty out of a captured U.S. flyer in Hanoi, North Vietnam.

The possibilities of cryosurgery are limitless; filled with hope for social misfits and chronic disease sufferers on the one hand, and with frightning, danger-filled opportunities for tyrants on the other.

Mind-bending, once the province of comic books, burst into reality during the Korean War when captured American GI's were turned into Red propaganda-spouting robots. It was a crude, inexact science at best then, likely to wear off when the GI returned home.

But neuro-surgical mind-bending, whether practiced for good or evil, does not wear off. The brain stays altered for as long as the man or woman who owns it lives.

Should "personality changing" operations be forbidden, then? Should the cryosurgeon be ordered to stop?

History answers those questions with a laugh. Science has a momentum of its own and nothing and nobody has ever succeeded in turning it around. Five hundred and fifty years ago, an Italian craftsman invented the crossbow. He was told to "tear up" his discovery because it was too horrible a weapon to ever be used and that it spelled the "end of civilization." He didn't. And we're all still here. In our own day, Einstein and Fermi suggested the destruction of all experimental data on the atomic bomb which they had helped develop. They were overruled, and (so far) civilization has survived. Now there are people who urge an end to mind-bending surgery, because it threatens the God-given laws of nature.

But their chance of stopping the scientific clock are no better than it's ever been. The surgeon with his ice tube, his syringe and his electric needle is here to stay. And man's brain, still the finest piece of machinery ever created, is his battleground. END

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You and your Money

FORGOTTEN FORTUNES

There are a lot of poor people in the country who could be a lot richer if they only knew the Treasury Department is holding a lot of their money. The funds are what's left of the Postal Savings Certificates system which in effect was shuttered by Uncle Sam as of April 27, 1966. After that date, no new accounts were opened, no deposits accepted and no additional interest paid on certificates that passed their anniversary date. Congress started the program in the early 1900s for people who didn't trust banks. By the end of WW II, however, banks had hiked their interest rates and the number of postal depositors nosedived as money was withdrawn. But at last count, $121 million was still on deposit and experts are sure most of it belonged to persons who'd died with their heirs never knowing they had any savings. If your Uncle Harry died and you think he just possibly had some postal savings, a checkup with the Treasury, now caretakering all unclaimed deposits, could bring in an unexpected bonanza.

GYP PROPS

Knowing your exterminator is a must for any homeowner. Anyone falling for a dishonest one can count on paying a huge fee to kill pests that aren't there. The crooked operator always can dig up the proper convincer even if he has to bring it with him. His props will include crumbling lumber or handfuls of termites or other bugs he carries with him. One hustler was finally nailed for constantly waving a dead mouse under the customer's nose and explaining it was a "Japanese mortar mouse," caught eating cement around the house foundations.

STAY WELL FOR CASH

In the next few years millions of workers will start raking in bonuses for not playing sick. Under a new contract between the Machinists Union and Page Airways, workers will get $10 for each unused sick-leave day, up to $120 a year. The company reports absenteeism is way down, and other employers are expected to jump for the deal.

COIN PAYOFF

Should you be salting away silver quarters because they'll be worth a lot more than 25 cents in another 5 or 10 years? The answer's yes and the Federal Reserve banks have quietly begun withdrawing silver quarters from circulation and issuing the "sandwich" coins in their place. Right now the standard quarter contains 22 cents worth of silver and, according to silver speculators, full silver quarters will be going for at least 33 cents in a couple of years.

TAKEN FOR A RIDE

Biggest used car swindle worked today is doctoring up old taxis and passing them off as autos previously owned by private persons. Fly-by-night dealers often can palm off heaps that have absorbed 100,000 miles in a single year on gullible car buyers who don't know how to spot them. Things to look for: Open doors and see if edges reveal an undercoat of a common taxi color. Also the former insignia may show through the paint. Look for indentations in the metal where taxi lights or signs might have been placed. Finally, check the motor or serial number through license records to see if you've been handed an ex-cab.

PAY BOOST INSURANCE

Computers, they say, will steal many workers' jobs, but the think machines are proving to be a bonanza making sure employees get what they deserve. A big West Coast company's computer keeps track of who gets pay raises and when and shoots out a card on anybody who's being underpaid for any long stretch. It's also caught some engineers who were pulling down more dough than their boss was getting.

BEST MONEY

Next time you sweat about the decline of the dollar have a little pity for the big money operators who must keep their funds in cash, and a mistake in picking the right currency can cost them literally millions. In the past 10 years one currency has proved to be the safest and most inflation-proof. And while you might not believe it, it happens to be the good old American dollar! The dollar posted an annual depreciation rate of only 1.7 which is nothing compared to other financial powers. West Germany thudded 2.2 percent, England 3.0, Canada 2.3, France 4.6 and Japan 7.1. Even fabled Switzerland skidded at a 2.2 rate, proving that even if you've got a kick or two about what a buck buys, you're still the luckiest money maker in the world!

TIRED TO DEATH

Motorists waste more money on tires than on any other accessory. Here're money-saving tips you'll never get from Akron: 1) Keep tire pressure at about 2 pounds more than is called for in your owner's manual to reduce wear. 2) Check your driving habits. Fast accelerations and skidding stops wear tires away quickly. Brake evenly at stops. High speeds shorten tire life as much as 50 percent. 3) Buy a larger tire than came with your car originally. Example: Replace a 7:50 x 14 tire with an 8:00 x 14 tire. 4) Don't buy regrooves. The mileage you may get isn't worth the chances you run.

COOL WORK

One government agency that seems to always have openings is the Weather Bureau—for men who can take temperatures as low as 60 to 80 below zero. Jobs are at Arctic Ocean stations with a steady need for cooks, mechanics, airstrip construction men, meteorlogical and electronic techs. Pay runs from seven to eleven thousand plus $200 monthly bonus for Arctic duty. They toss in another $100 for some months.

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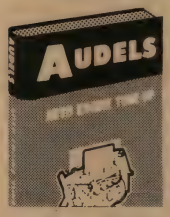

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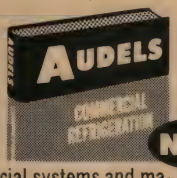

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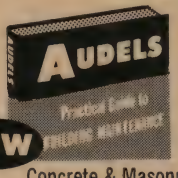

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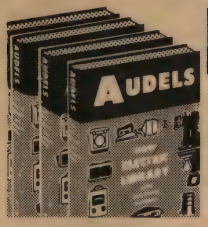

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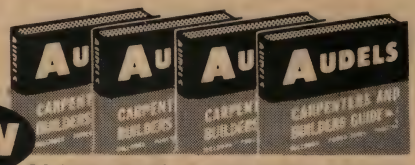

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"I RODE WITH TEXAS' MACHINE GUN CYCLE GANG"

(Continued from page 33)

side of the crater. It suddenly turned inward, right into the face of the crater wall. The air was very cool, and as we moved further in I began to smell a sickly-sweet odor.

"Used to be a mine," said United Nations as he walked along in front of me. "The Chief had it converted to use as a headquarters. Even set up a power plant working off an underground river further down."

"Impressive," I allowed, and then said, "Where's the lab?"

"It's down in the—" he caught himself and stopped, swinging around. "You wan a guided tour, laddie, go to Radio City. I just take you to the Chief, that's all."

We kept going. My guess had been right; somewhere in this maze was a lab for processing opium into brown powdered heroin. It has the kind of smell that you couldn't disguise as anything else. This was going to be bad news.

Then we reached this metal wall set into one of the tunnels, and U.N. motioned me through the doorway, not following.

There were two people in the room. One was a very fat man in a plush desk chair, a lot of expensive tailoring wasted on him. The other was a girl, tied to a cane chair, and no tailoring wasted on her.

She had been stripped naked. I couldn't help stopping to look at her for a second, though I'd seen that body a lot in the past few months, mostly in her bed in Mexico City. Cindy had the kind of figure that meant one thing, and men had paid for it, and well, for a few years now. Then, she'd decided to get away from the johns for a while and had hit Mexico City. I was there seeing someone about ammo, and I became her first non-profit friend.

I was over the desk before the Big One could say anything.

I grabbed the letter opener on my way and had it against his throat by the time the door burst open again and U.N. came in a short second behind his AR-15. "Drop it," I said, "or you're out of work."

The Chief made a motion with his eyes, and U.N. swung the rifle point at Cindy. "You will put down the knife," the fat man said, "or your friend will be shot by Mr. McCarran."

Well, he had style. I dropped the knife and went around to the other side of the desk. "Social graces over with," I said, "get that girl untied and into some clothes or we have nothing to talk about."

It was like nothing had happened. Bargo gestured and McCarran released Cindy. There was another door, one I hadn't noticed, and she went out without saying a word. McCarran closed the door and turned to face us again, the AR-15 held easily in the curl of his arm.

"Quite simple, really, Mr. Stern. I want some things taken over the border. My own people were picked up and I need someone who knows what he's doing. You fill the bill."

I shook my head. "I cater to people who shoot bullets, not hypos. That's a little slow for me, heroin is just a bit too sick for me to stomach."

Bargo glanced at McCarran questioningly. "I haven't said a word about heroin."

"You don't want somebody just missing a brain, they have to be out a nose too? I can smell that stuff all over the place."

He scribbled something on a pad. "So. In any case, Mr. Stern, I'm interested in your talents, not your ethics, and you haven't been given a choice. If you and the girl cooperate you'll stay alive. Try to escape and you won't. Even if you get away from me I'm sure that the U.S. and Mexican governments would be interested in learning where they could find you?"

"Doesn't that go for you, too?"

"They already know. My lab has been inspected, and I have been given permission to continue my work on agriculture in artificial light. Now get some rest, Mr. Stern. You're going to be too busy to ask questions in a while."

May 13: It'd been a long time since I woke up this way, and I'd forgotten how nice it could be. There was something warm and soft pressing against me. I opened my eyes.

Cindy was sitting on the edge of the bed, in bra and panties. Her blonde hair fell over the jutting breasts and smooth back. "Whatever brings you here?" I asked.

Her eyes brimmed with tears. "Barney, I—I'm sorry I got you into this. Some guy invited me out for a drive, and the next thing I knew I was down here. That was three days ago."

"Have they—done anything to you?"

"No." She smiled ruefully. "Only in the office there, just before you came in, they made me take off my clothes and put me in the chair. I guess they wanted to impress you, or something."

"You, naked, are always impressive."

She stood up. "I don't know what's going to happen," she said slowly. "Let's not wast the time." Her hand moved behind her and the bra came loose and fell to the floor. She slid the panties down her legs and off, and straightened up again. For a second she just stood there, hands on her hips, looking down at me. I threw off the covers and pulled her down against me. Her body was shaking with tension. "Now, yes, yes, do it now." She moved under me and then everything was gone except the two of us, surging toward an exploding peak of ecstasy.

May 15: I'd begun to wonder whether they'd forgotten about us except for the meals that appeared outside my door. In a way I didn't care, for Cindy couldn't get enough of me. It got so we hated to stop even to sleep and eat.

Then McCarran and his rifle walked in without knocking. He surveyed the scene. "I'd heard of that way, but I always thought a chap'd break his back trying. Bargo wants to see you in thirty minutes." With an approving waggle of his head, he left.

When I got to his office, without having broken my back, Bargo was waiting. "You'll work today, Stern. A truck will take you to a border town called Enciente. You'll change to motorcycle there, which a former Hell's Angel like you should appreciate, and after you leave the American side of the town you'll go up into the hill area here." He had a small plastic map. "Someone will be waiting, and they'll hand you a silver escudero in return for the kilo. You'll return here and give me the coin."

"Two questions. One, why the motorcycle? Two, why come back?"

"The first is because you'll be able to go where a car can't follow. The second—you would go to prison and the girl would be killed—after we had done with her as we wished."

"You seem pretty sure you could find her."

"I am quite sure, Mr. Stern. The two of you will be going together—that is how sure I am."

McCarran drove us up to Enciente in a panel truck that had rocks for shock absorbers. In the back of the truck was a Triumph motorcycle trimmed down the way a Hell's Angel bike should be except for a double seat and saddlebags. In one of the bags was a heavy greased gun and a loaded clip, for Cindy to use in case of trouble. Extended off the rear wheel was a tripod and socket. In the other bag was a piece of pottery, and inside it a kilo of processed opium, worth $12,000 on the State side of the border. We were to wait until the next morning when an inspector working for Bargo would be on.

"Listen, McCarran," I yelled above the motor, "what keeps you working for Bargo? Why don't you just plug him and take over his operation?"

McCarran smiled crookedly. "You think you're the only one has principles, laddie? Bargo got me the same way he's got you." He studied the road for a minute. "Over the barrel—I have a woman, a fine little bastard boy, over in Nuevo Laredo now, and all it takes is one missed report for them to be so much mortuary business. Don't look for it from me, boy, help you won't get."

I tried a few times more but McCarran had spoken his piece.

We parked at the edge of town and McCarran walked on in to find some tequila, and I walked behind the truck for a smoke.

"Barney." She was lying on the grass in a clump of trees, and I couldn't figure out how she'd got out of her clothes so quickly.

Practice, I suppose.

When McCarran got back he took one look and shook his head. "Unbelievable," he said, "just unbelievable."

May 16: We had a bad moment at the border. There were two men on duty and nobody had told me who Bargo's

(Continued from page 56)

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?? Answers For Men Only

Q: Something I've never been able to understand is how people call French cooking the best in the world. There's something about eating cow brains that's less than appealling. Now I've got a great new bride who prides herself on her French cuisine when I like hot cakes. How can I break it to her that I'm just a slob? S.D.R., Carlisle, Pa.

A: Why bother? She'll find out. There's no reason to knock the French, by the way, when cow brains are a big specialty in Texas and more than a few Americans have tasted "mountain oysters." If you would like to hear about disgusting dishes, you should have met a friend of ours who was in the diplomatic corps. It was in Cambodia, at a posh state dinner, where he came across a blob that moved every time he stuck the serving spoon in it. Warily, he poked his head under the table and saw a cage beneath. It was only then a co-worker told him that a Cambodian specialty was Live Monkey Brains.

Q: For the first time, during the Coppolino trial, police and doctors admitted that there were poisons that couldn't be traced. So there obviously can be such things as "perfect crimes". Has there ever been any estimate on how many of these successful poisonings are carried out during a year? Paul Bowen, New Haven, Conn.

A: Actually, it's always been common knowledge among medical men that some poisons such as succinylcholine, the Coppolino drug, are virtually untraceable. Still, poisoning is way down on the list of favorite murder weapons, at least in New York City. Of 32,000 deaths investigated each year by the city's medical examiner there are about 750 homicides, the great majority of them by gun or knife. The expert examiner's office has turned up only five poisonings in the last three years. "But," as Dr. Samuel R. Gerber, Cleveland medical examiner, says, "with many of the newer drugs, we don't know what to look for."

Q: According to the stories in all the mens' magazines that I've ever read, American men rate around zero in the sex league compared to the natives of every primitive tribe in the world. This is a bit hard to swallow, but, okay, if you have some special information on how civilization has sapped us of our amorous juices, how about letting us in on it? Dennis Ramos, Pasadena, Calif.

A: The main "edge" that some primitives have, say the anthropologists, is a lack of inhibitions. But just as many, they add, have so many inhibitions an American Joe looks like a single-minded bull by comparison. Another interesting point is made by Dr. Marian Falice, Manhattan psychologist and author. "For some yet mysterious fact," she says, "males from primitive societies reach the climax of their physical act in about one tenth the time that European and American men do. This is a fascinating aspect of human sexual response that has yet to be investigated."

Q: Now we're signing a consular pact with the Russians. This is despite the fact that the Federal Bureau of Investigation revealed earlier this year that Vasily V. Kuznetsov, a Soviet "diplomat" traveling in this country, was really Vasily Mozshechkov, head of the American division of the Russian K.G.B. espionage system. What did we do about it? Nothing! Aren't we just handing the United States over on a silver platter? J. Forster, Philadelphia, Pa.

A: Your anger is pretty understandable but there are a couple of things you have to understand. First, the travel of Soviet or American intelligence officers into each other's nations is not that unusual. Often it is "necessary" for us, or them, to check the security arrangements at our respective embassies. Also, officials attached to each embassy, some journalists and businessmen, are known to be agents. That goes for both sides. A source at the State Department says that "if the F.B.I. hadn't blown its surveillance of Mozshechkov, they never would have said a word."

Q: Special Forces soldiers have been fighting not only in South Viet Nam, but, the rumor goes, also in South America against Castro-led guerrillas in half a dozen countries. There are even stories about battles between Green Berets and vanished Cuban leader Maj. Che Guevara. Any truth to these tales? Gay Taylor, Rome, Ga.

A: The same sounds have come here from writers and friends in Washington. The answer to the first question, are American soldiers leading government forces against rebels south of the border, is yes. It's one of the Pentagon's top secrets as this issue goes to press and the lid first came off when some senators became curious about Army Information "black operation" funds, which turned up in Guatemala. As for the presence of Ernesto "Che" Guevara, it could as well be six feet under in Havana as any other place. There was a photo of a beardless Guevara released by Castro a few months ago but Bay of Pigs veterans swear it's not the same man. Quien sabe?

Why You May Be Losing Hair
and what you can do about it

How thousands have used a home plan over many years to help solve this problem.

A hair follicle (root) does not grow hair all the time. There is a resting period every so often. At the end of this period a new hair is begun, if all goes well. As it grows it pushes the older hair out, as shown by this diagram:

Thus you can see why it's perfectly natural for a few hairs to fall every day, even in healthiest scalps. It is believed, however, that thinning hair, and balding, are caused in many cases because the follicles do not resume their production after the resting period. Follicle deterioration follows, and the old hairs finally fall out—not to be replaced as nature intended.

This may be why

This may be why you are losing too much hair. Here's a technical description (parenthetical phrases are for explanatory emphasis):

"When a follicle approaches the end of its growth cycle, a club hair is formed above the bulb and the bulb is largely destroyed, leaving the follicle much shorter, and having a hair germ of undifferentiated cells (not of specialized form, character and function), which is the seed for the next generation of hair. When activity is set off again, the simple hair germ rebuilds a bulb which then manufactures hair and the inner root sheath again." (When activity isn't set off again, then hair thinning starts).

"During its period of growth, a follicle produces hair to its fullest capacity and cannot be pushed beyond its limits. Increased hair production, then, can only be achieved by initiating activity in quiescent follicles, and preventing them from going into the (permanent) resting state."

Before After

These pictures are not posed by a professional model. They are actual "before" and "after" pictures of a user of the Home Plan described here. The most dramatic revived hair growth has occurred in cases of alopecia areata (patchy baldness) and alopecia totalis (total baldness). If yours is "ordinary" baldness, however, you should know that pathologically all types of baldness appear to be the same.

One answer—DO NOTHING

With understanding of a possible cause for excessive hair loss which brings "more and more forehead"—what can you do about it?

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(Technical quotations on this page are from "The Biology of Hair Growth," a summary of papers presented at the London conference on The Biology of Hair Growth as edited by Drs. William Montagna and Richard A. Ellis and published by Academic Press, Inc., New York and London.)

While results may vary from individual to individual (as with any remedy) because of systemic differences, general health and localized scalp conditions, the Brandenfels Plan offers a real and tangible prospect of success in a substantial portion of cases.

25,233 testimonials

Independent state-licensed certified public accountants have counted and made affidavits as to 25,233 testimonials in the Brandenfels office, at their last tabulation.

The four benefits specifically mentioned most often in these testimonials are:

- **Renewed Hair Growth**
- **Reduction of Excessive Hair Fall**
- **Relief from Dandruff Scale**
- **Other Improved Scalp Conditions**

If you, or some one you know, have excessively falling hair, a rapidly receding hair line, or other unhealthy scalp conditions, you owe it to yourself, your family and your business associates to get full information on the Brandenfels Home System. Every day you delay may make your problem just that much more difficult.

Remember that even on heads which seem to be bald hair roots may still be alive and capable of growing hair again after proper stimulation. "Increased hair production can only be achieved by initiating activity in quiescent follicles—preventing them from going into the (permanent) resting state."

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(Continued from page 52)
man looked like. Then one gave me a high sign, and passed us through without checking the saddlebags, just a couple tourists back from a cycle jaunt.

We were almost to the edge of town when it happened. Sirens, like the world was made of them, from both directions. Cindy swung around in the seat and hauled out the grease gun and stuck it in the tripod socket. There were two patrol cars, and the cops had stopped and jumped out to fire. We got a couple of near misses and then Cindy fired one burst with the grease gun and they stopped. I'd put a few blocks between us by the time they got going again, and managed to lose them on the way out of the city.

"I hope it won't be like this every time," Cindy said, half in hysteria, half joking.

"This'll be the only time," I said. "Bargo made a bad mistake sending me through here. I know some people."

"But what are you going to do?"

"Time, probably, but that can't be helped," I answered.

May 17: We made the delivery late at night in the Texas hills. By daybreak we were back in Enciente, in a car I'd happened to find. I told Cincy to wait for me and stopped by to see a fellow I knew. He told me that there'd been a foul-up at the border point after we left. Bargo's man, it seemed, had panicked and pulled a gun to try to get away. Border patrol cops are pretty fast, and he'd gained a pound the hard way before he could get off two shots. We'd have to go back on the river. I explained the situation and he said he'd do his best.

May 17: Getting back across the border wasn't as hard as we'd expected, only needing a man with a motorboat who could use fifty dollars. McCarran wasn't where we'd left him and it took some hunting to turn him up.

"Ah, laddie," he said, "I was wondering if you two had got going on some sunny mountainside and forgot about your old chauffeur."

"A good thought, but the cops didn't give us time. Tell Bargo he's down one, his man at the border."

"Yes, I'd expected that," nodded McCarran, "fellow's hands sweated a lot. It's an invariable sign."

"One question, McCarran," I said. "Are we three the only ones forced into working for Bargo?"

McCarran frowned. "Far as I know, yes. The lab boys, the pilots, the other runners—all in on their own hook. But forget about it lad, he's got us boxed in proper, and too many people in that place to send out to make trouble."

"Maybe you're right, I suppose I should forget about it. By the way, how does Bargo keep this whole setup going?"

"Radio, as if you didn't know," McCarran said. "He does the wnole operation that way, using code phrases."

I checked the grease gun over. "Fascinating."

McCarran gave me an odd look. "Laddie boy," he said, "You look like trouble."

It was dark when we got back to the crater. As the truck moved swaying up the road I looked over at the lake. The dock lights were on and there were people working around the plane. "Looks like a big trip," said McCarran absently, skidding the truck into a parking spot next to the entranceway.

I looked at my watch and hoped the timing was going to work out. It was going to be a close one this time. Cindy looked at me worriedly—she knew I was up to something and had more or less resigned herself to our dying.

We went into Bargo's office. He was sitting there, drumming well-manicured nails on the desk top, and behind him were two men. They both had the high-cheekboned and dark-eyed Aztec look, but these eyes held a look I'd seen in people of many other nationalities as well—the cold, psychotically remote stare of the professional killer.

Maybe they'd been here all the time. In this setup it would have been hard to tell.

But there was one more thing in the room that gave the whole thing a kind of surreal, nonsense appearance. The floor was covered with large papier-mache clowns and animals, all covered with bright tissue paper trimming—*pinatas* used in the Mexican Christmas clelebration, when they're filled with candy and broken with sticks while they swing from the ceiling. There must have been twenty of the damn things.

"Having a party, maybe?"

Bargo glanced up at the two goons as if to make sure they were still there. "I was about to ask you a similar question, Mr. Stern. What happened at the border?"

"Not much. Your man just folded up like a wet cracker and nearly got us all killed. Here." I tossed him the silver coin the Texas contact had given me.

"But the police in Texas saw you. I shall not be able to use you again, and after only one job. A disappointment, a most expensive one, for me—and a fatal one for you."

"For Cindy and I, or McCarran too?" I glanced at the tall man, who still held his AR-15.

Bargo smiled. "I have a way of depending on McCarran."

"Are you sure?" I asked. "Why don't you try to reach him—the guy in Nueva Laredo? He really wasn't difficult to find."

The smile was off Bargo's face. "What is this—" he began, and then turned to a cabinet in the wall and opened it. There was a radio set inside, and Bargo fiddled with the settings for a moment and then pressed a signal beeper. Nothing happened and he tried again.

"Where?"

"Toot it all day long, Bargo," I said, "it won't wake up a dead man. McCarran—get outside and stop that plane!"

McCarran had taken it all in first time around, and he was out the door in an instant. As the two gorillas began to come to life I grabbed up one of the pinatas, a clown, and smashed it down on Bargo's head.

The thing burst open and a small fortune in money and jewels poured out. This had been the way Bargo planned to get his heroin profits back into the States.

It finally got through to the apes, and they both went for their guns. I got a chop at the larynx on one and he collapsed, gurgling, but now the other had the bad end of a .38 Special pointed at me. There was the sound of a shot and I wondered why I didn't feel anything, but then I noticed the hole in the side of Ape Number Two and looked over at the door. Cindy was crouched to one side of it, and in the doorway were two Mexican Federal Police agents. A wisp of smoke was still rising from the .45 one held in his hand.

"Mr. Barney Stern?" he said politely. "I see that we've arrived on time."

"Only just," I said, and suddenly there was a sound behind me. Bargo had recovered from that knock on the head and now he was going out thatother door, damn fast for one of his build. A cop started to follow but I grabbed his revolver and said, "No. Leave him to me."

Inside was another door and a staircase, and I was puzzled for a second until I heard the clatter of descending feet. I practically jumped down the flights to the bottom and crashed out the shaftway door.

This was the lab. Bargo, back in one corner, fired twice and fifty per cent of it hit me in the shoulder, but then it was my turn and it was spectacular.

The bullet went through his side and into the bottle behind him. There was a bright flash and then he was screaming, as the whole far end of the lab became a seething bath of flame. Bargo took two or three steps toward me through that hell, and then collapsed in a pool of liquid fire.

I got the hell out of there fast. The cops were waiting outside the tunnel with a batch of prisoners, and McCarran was holding his cherished AR-15 on the pilots down at the dock. As we watched, a sudden tongue of sweetish flame swept out of the entrance. There was a roaring sound, and then clouds of steam. An explosion had burst the walls deep inside, and now the place was being flooded.

One of the policemen came over to me. "And now, Mr. Stern, if you'll just put out your hands?" he asked, holding a pair of handcuffs.

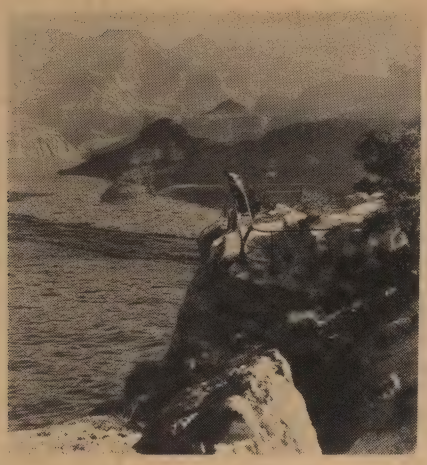
* * *

So that's it. Your people (Ed. note: Mexican & American authorities) have checked it out and you can decide what you want. You've picked up the guy in Texas and Bargo's other people. Now what goes with Cindy and me? END

Special Late Note: As FOR MEN ONLY goes to press news has reached us that in view of the circumstances and his actions in informing the authorities, charges against Barney Stern and Cindy Thompson have been dropped. Patrick O'Flye McCarran was given a suspended sentence, and the three have disappeared into Central America, no doubt to continue their cat-and-mouse games with the law.

BILLION DOLLAR PLOT TO RAPE OUR LAST FRONTIER

(Continued from page 27)



truth is that, backed by billion dollar schemes from selfish companies and short-sighted boondoggling from Washington, the engineers are on the verge of turning America into what one angry congressman calls "The Great Sewer."

Nowhere in the world can more fabulous natural wonders be found than are in the United States. Think of the vacations you'd like to take, the sights you'd want your kids to see—the Grand Canyon, the majestic Redwood forests of California, the fascinating Everglades of Florida, or the vast, snow-covered stretches of Alaska. Our advice is to take those trips soon because, according to plans underway for each of these outdoor eye-fillers, they won't be there long.

In the eyes of the Central Arizona Project, the Grand Canyon could be improved upon by flooding it with dirty water 600 feet deep in spots and 55 miles long. The nation's giant timber companies see each centuries-old Redwood tree as $2,000 of lumber, and are willing to wipe out the few goliaths remaining in public hands.

The Army Corps of Engineers have actually decided to drain the Everglades, a move that will profit some fat cat land developers another million bucks and deliver the executioner's chop to countless alligators and waterfowl, a $3 million shrimp industry and a growing tourist trade. In Alaska, our largest state, is the most colossal of the fabulous frauds, a dam that will flood an area larger than the state of New Jersey.

That's why the blunt talk has come to a climax this year from a growing number of fed-up tax payers and honest legislators. Never, in this country or any other, has there been such expensive, widespread, arrogant destruction. For a century we called the dispossessed Indians "The Vanishing American." Now, we suddenly look past the smog of gray-skied cities and say, with surprise and helplessness, "The Vanishing America." Don't blink, you may miss it.

To most Americans and the rest of the world, even Red China, the Grand Canyon represents this nation as much as the Bald Eagle that roosts in its primitive gorges. No picture postcard has ever been able to capture it, no words found to express the awesome beauty of this immense chasm. The birth of the Earth is recorded in its red-orange-silver layers. The greatest folly Man has ever perpetrated would be recorded in its burial.

The incredible $1.7 billion plan is to put a useless dam in the wild Marble Gorge and another, equally useless, in Bridge Canyon, a few miles from a "treaty-protected" Indian reservation.

We've always had a special affection for The Big Wrinkle—Teddy Roosevelt called it the most beautiful spot on earth—and gone to some measures to protect it. The measures, in fact, make this assault on the canyon not only stupid but crassly illegal.

There is a Grand Canyon National Park, very small compared to the real length of the canyon, and, next to it, a bit larger Grand Canyon National Monument. The fine print the engineers and politicians are banking on is the public's belief that a national monument has the same protection a national park does. It doesn't, and that's their back door for the whole scheme.

Very cagily, the project was put in the hands of the engineers of the Bureau of Reclamation and very loudly it was proclaimed the proposed dams would have 'no effect on our beloved canyon park.' Another expert of propaganda used to call that "The Big Lie." This, in fact, is what will happen when the dams are constructed with our money.

The Marble Gorge dam will back up

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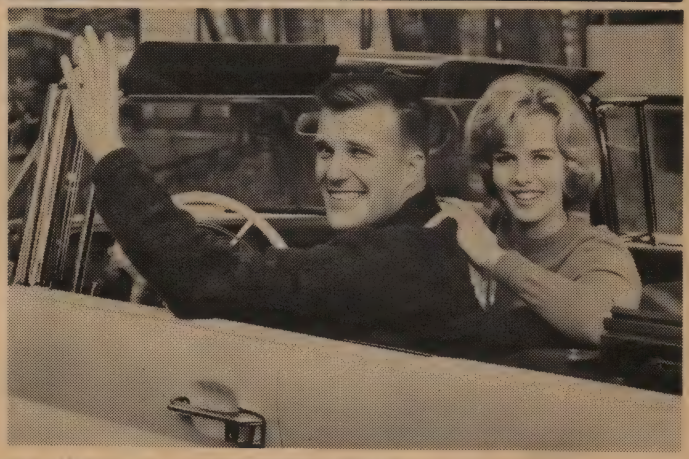

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river water 55 miles to a dam they've already slapped up at Glen Canyon. The water here, near the Arizona-Utah border, will be about 300 feet deep. So much for that part of history.

The Bridge Canyon dam will simply erase the whole Grand Canyon National Monument. Water, as a matter of fact, will be pushed 13 miles into the Grand Canyon National Park. So much for the law. Here, the still water will be 600 feet deep in places.

Will the rest of the "protected" national park, at least, be left in peace? Not a chance. The effect of the reservoir would be constantly massing deposits of silt. The ugly banks will rise 30 miles in the park. "... to conserve the scenery ... and the wildlife therein and provide for the enjoyment of the same in such manner and by such means as will leave them unimpaired for the enjoyment of future generations," reads the act that established our most famous park and set the limits on what a Secretary of the Interior may do to it.

Secretary Stewart Udall, who is often photographed taking a hike with Bobby Kennedy or paddling up a stream with Lady Bird Johnson, has shown signs of ducking the biggest fight of his life.

The painful part of the cruel scheme is its absolute uselessness. Is it a reclamation project? Is it to bring water to a parched country? Is it to secure the success of the Central Arizona Project or supply electricity to power-starved farmers? One thing is certain, we'll never be able to reclaim the Grand Canyon.

Asked what it exactly would reclaim, the project's first announced purpose, a surveyor scratched his head, thought a while and finally said, "You'll have to call Washington on that because I'm damned if I know."

As for water, the end result will be to lose it, hundreds of thousands of acre-feet of it a year through evaporation that doesn't take place now in its "unimproved" state. As for electricity—and that's the latest excuse for the boondoggle—independent estimates say local Arizonans won't need that much power for fifty years and maybe not even then.

The money from the power sold is supposed to go to the Central Arizona Project, which actually has nothing to do with the Grand Canyon but will bring water to the central part of the state from Parker Dam, already built and hundreds of miles below the Grand Canyon.

Put on the grill before a congressional committee, Commissioner of Reclamation Floyd Dominy admitted that without either of the Grand Canyon dams, the Central Arizona Project would not go into debt. Instead, he guessed, it would end up with a $100 million surplus. It was a conservative estimate. Other, less involved witnesses put the surplus at $800 million.

Just who will benefit from this greatest robbery the nation has ever seen? There are the land promoters and real estate operators to sell the land nearby to the government and the bankers so altruistically financing the Central Arizona Project. They can't lose. The inflated prices and fabulous profits you'll end up giving them are just part of your loss, though.

There have been a few insults, too, thrown at us for free. One was that we'll be able to see the prehistoric, twisted face of the canyon so much better from our rowboats. This prompted the reply that, for the same reason, "the Italians should flood the Sistine Chapel so that we can see the ceiling paintings of Michelangelo better."

Another ominous joke was President Johnson's appointment of Secretary Udall as administrator of the Water Pollution Act last year. In a few years after the dams are built, the glorious canyon will hold over 60 miles of stagnating, stinking water bordered by lifeless, growing mounds of silt like a bathtub ring—if Udall approves the dams.

A park ranger looked over the vast, dry hummocks that stretched like dunes over what was once the heart of the 1,440,000 acres of the Everglades National Park. Still in his hand was the small, bleached skull of a rare Everglades deer that he picked up an hour before. There were plenty to choose from at the dried up waterhole we had stood at.

"Take these deer," the ranger said, balancing the paper-thin brain cage in his fingers. "There's supposed to be one last herd of them out here between them and extinction. Only there isn't any great herd anymore. They have to stick by the last few waterholes, and the alligators have crawled into them to wait for water. The 'gators are trying to stay alive too.

"The birds are in trouble too. You won't believe this, but the egrets are actually nesting twice this year," the ranger smiled grimly, "almost as if they were fighting back. Not that it'll do them much good. The second eggs will be abandoned just like the first ones when the drought catches up to the new nests." He paused. "You know, it used to be all sawgrass here and you used to be able to almost fly through the water in an airboat and the egrets would whoop in fright and the wart hogs would stick their heads up and, man, this place was alive." He stopped then because, looking around, it was hard to believe him.

It's true though. A year ago, before the last "reclamation" project born by the engineers and politicos, Everglades National Park, on the tip of the Florida peninsula, was alive with seas of head-high sawgrass and its millions of fascinating citizens from spoonbills to panthers.

Today it is a graveyard lit only by the half dozen fires that continue to burn out of control across the brittle grass. Today, after $375,000,000 in past and planned "flood control" projects designed by the engineers, the State of Florida has to pour in 90 million gallons of water a day to the park from other areas.

The word "flood control" has never fooled anyone in Florida, though. They all know that the real estate developers ask their friends in the state capital of Tallahassee and Washington, whose campaigns they support so generously, to have the engineers drain a stretch of what they like to call "unimproved land." You and I pay for the work under its innocent label of "flood control." They've been pulling that game down here for a long time.

The only trouble is that the land speculators and engineers have, with their $375 million, finally succeeded in killing the golden goose. With all the new high land, and roads that go nowhere so someone can raise the land value and all the new canals to transport goods that don't exist except on paper, Florida is dying of thirst. It turned out that with the amount of rainfall the state gets each year, the old swamp lands were Nature's way of smothering floods and dousing droughts.

Debonair Gov. Claude Kirk, Jr. took a well-publicized ride through the Everglades in an airboat. Dressed in the colorful, striped shirt of a Seminole Indian, fishing pole under the crook of his arm, he said, "Those who are solely concerned about the national park have got to remember that there are more than a million people involved in this drought also."

The official opinion is that since "flood control measures haven't succeeded so far, we'll have to have more measures." A state engineer actually said that.

What is Florida losing? They're losing the $3 million dollar Tortugas shrimp industry as the Everglade shrimp eggs die in what Park Superintendent Roger Allin says will probably become a "brine basin." As the park decays, they will lose $11,000,000 in visitors every year—and the rate of tourists was rising. Plus, it will lose something else.

"See those goofy looking, coral-colored birds under that moss tree," the ranger said, pointing to distant dots of color as we walked through a still deep bay. "They're roseate spoonbills, I'd say a flock of 25. There are about 150 left in the world. The wart hogs and panthers are luckier because they'll be able to move with the water for a while. But they'll get them too."

That was the spooky part, because, he didn't say "the drought will get them," He said, "They'll get them." And I knew who he meant.

Across the nation, among the last, breath-taking stands of mammoth California Redwoods, some 360 feet tall, a man called Dave Brower is in the middle of another fight. As head of the Sierra Club, he's always taking on greed merchants throughout the U.S., but this is a personal standoff.

When Dave was 10 years old hiking through the California hills, he stopped at a ragged scar where the virgin forest had been ripped up by a lumber crew for an entire stand of proud Redwoods. He clambered onto one huge stump and began counting the rings. The forest monarch, he finally realized, was born about the time of Christ. The boy never forgot that.

The boy grew into a man who published a manual on ski mountaineering that is still a classic in its field. During World War II, he found the book had inspired the creation of the Army's unique 10th Mountain Division, the division he fought with as a major through the Italian mountain campaign. But when he came out, the decorated veteran of mountain demolition, he still hadn't forgotten that dead Redwood.

Neither had America's rich lumber kingdoms whose timber empires stretch throughout the Northwest. A Redwood, no matter how old, was and is a popular wood, $1,500 to $2,000 worth of it in a single giant. As of this year, the "public minded" companies have eaten up 86 percent of our most spectacular trees.

That wasn't enough. With 94 percent of the remaining monarchs still at their mercy, the companies are going for it all, chopping down the centuries-old kings indiscriminately. Instead of their vaunted "selective cutting" to leave enough vegetation to protect the land, they've begun a vicious attack on the last 6 percent out of their hands.

Advancing to the very boundary of Redwood parks with their "bare earth policy," they're threatening the last public stands with simple disaster. The scoured mountain ridges, without any roots left to hold them, loose great chunks of earth. A wall of soil wiped out 500 Redwoods in the famous Rockefeller Grove last year. Now an immense wave of loose soil hangs tenuously over more hundreds of trees.

The companies' fury is easy to understand. All that stands between them and success is Brower and his Sierra Club. The U.S. Forest Service has developed

a shameful look-the-other-way attitude because they're busy backing a company plan to cut 17.6 million board feet of Redwood and Douglas Fir on adjoining government land. The bad publicity might snafu the government's 25 percent on the cutting, a collaboration that has gained Washington millions of dollars.

Brower, moreover, has been a dirty word in lumber camps a long time, ever since he rallied enough support and money to buy a 5,000 acre stand of Redwoods right after the war as a National Tribute Grove for the men who didn't come back. The companies have been trying to destroy it ever since, usually behind the erection of power lines or state roads that always seemed to cut right through the heart of the park.

The Sierra Club counter-attacked, stirring interest among some congressmen for a National Redwood Park of 90,000 acres. The timber barons went into a collective swoon, then came back in typical fashion, "leapfrogging" through the proposed park, slashing whole stands of virgin Redwood. It was a performance so mindless, so fanatic that Secretary Udall himself attacked the companies for what he called "spite-cutting."

"You have to understand the mentality of all the lumber companies and their friends in the engineer corps, though, because they're not so different from the spoilers all over the country," said one parks official in a moment of angry candor. "You see, they all use the same plan. They see something they want, but they can't have it because it's beautiful and other people treasure it. So they have to spoil it, scar it, flood it or drain it so it no longer is worth anything to anybody. When it's ruined, it's theirs. It never fails."

"The hell of it is," says Brower, "in saving something you always know when you've lost a fight because what you were fighting to save is lost forever. But you can never know for sure when you've won. No matter how many spoilers you drive out, there are always some others waiting for a chance to get in."

For Brower the fight goes on. As he pushes his national park idea in Congress, the lumber slashers have stepped up their Redwood death rate to over 1,000,000,000 board feet a year.

For all of us, no matter where we live, if we care about more than the Almighty Buck, the fight goes on. New York City looks around for space to build a fourth airport and all it can see is New Jersey's Great Swamp National Wildlife Refuge, 8,000 acres of the wildest land on the Eastern Seaboard. It would be a pretty neat trick, even for government engineers, but they say they can build a 10,000 acre jetport in the 8,000 acre refuge and still leave room for the animals.

Tnen, there is what Dave Brower irreverently calls The Plot To Drown Alaska, which is known in bureaucratic circles as the Rampart Dam Project. It would merely flood a wild area of Alaska larger than the state of New Jersey. The Eskimos must need the electricity for all those refrigerators we've been selling them.

Or you could pick the last wilderness area on the Missouri where another dam is plotted to put the historic Lewis and Clark campsite under water.

Or any of the other dwindling, last frontiers of nature being gutted in America at the rate of a million acres a year. In the Bible, Jacob sold his birthright for a bowl of porridge. We're not even getting that. END

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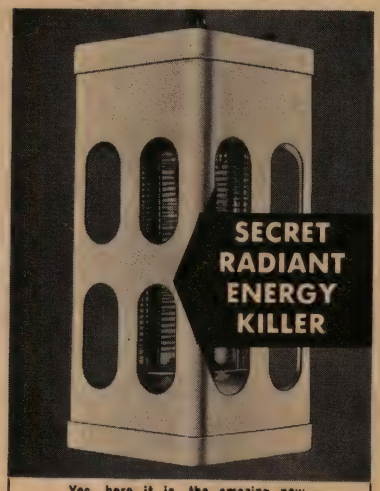

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THE UNDERWORLD SELLS YOU ROTTEN HORSEMEAT

(Continued from page 35)

has never appealed to American taste buds. And its sale for human consumption is illegal. But the odds are you've eaten it more than once—without knowing it. And probably with no ill effects, either.

What hurts is paying the price of prime when all you got was the old gray mare.

Consider yourself lucky if all you lost were a few pennies. It could have been your life. Or your health. For not just horsemeat is involved in these multi-million dollar Mafia swindles. According to New York County District Attorney Frank S. Hogan, one group of Mafia-infested meat swindlers pushed not just horsemeat on the hapless consumer, but "meat from diseased animals and from animals that died otherwise than by slaughter . . . meat from dead cows and horses and crippled and diseased animals."

These are the goodies which went into millions of "all-beef" frankfurters, bolognas, salamis and sausages.

These adulterated products were the tail end of a chain of illegal activities which stretched from Wisconsin to New York, from New England to New Jersey, and eventually to outlets from New York City to Pittsburgh.

According to Hogan, the tainted meat was sold to Army and Air Force installations, to city school systems and to state hospitals and prisons, and to major supermarket, hotel and restaurant chains.

In short, the adulterated food could have reached almost any ice-box or dinner table in the United States, The authorities say they have no way of knowing exactly how much of this "meat unfit for human consumption" was actually eaten. Or how much of it may still sit on supermarket shelves or in restaurant freezers.

Here's the way one major Mafia swindle worked—and how it was eventually uncovered.

Kingpin in all the shady dealings was a minor-league mobster named Charles Anselmo. He was a big, rumpled man with a booming voice and gruff manner. His speech was loaded with words like "dese" and "dose." "Almost a caricature of a movie hoodlum," said one business associate. But Anselmo was far more dangerous than a mere caricature.

Thirty-nine years old at the height of his illegal dealings, Anselmo brought a back-alley background of loan-sharking and bookmaking to the meat business. He was known in the industry as "the mob's man." Among other things, he was a close associate of Anthony (Tino) DeAngelis, the Bayonne, N.J., salad oil dealer who engineered the greatest Wall Street swindle of all time. Even in the rough-and-tumble atmosphere of the hard-trading meat markets, Anselmo was feared by other dealers as "a tough guy" who wouldn't hesitate to use muscle and violence to get what he wanted.

What he wanted was a quick buck. Anselmo's base of operations was an outfit called Triangle Meat Brokers, a hole-in-the-wall office in a battered brick building in Manhattan's Gansevoort Meat Market just off Greenwich Village. His office equipment was little more than a telephone and a scratch pad. He didn't need more. Anselmo's greatest business asset was his "connections."

One "connection" led to Utica in upstate New York. The Mohawk Valley community of 100,000 people has long had the unsavory reputation of being one of the most mob-infested cities in the United States.

Anselmo's connection there was Dominick Gerace, a slight, soft-spoken man who peered out at the world through thick glasses. His timid manner and bewildered look helped hide his underhanded business dealings.

Gerace was president of the Party Packing Co., a meat supplier which had three plants in the Utica area. Even more convenient for Anselmo's shady purposes was the fact that Gerace also headed C & G Products, Inc., where horsemeat was chopped up for pet food. According to Hogan's investigators, a high-ranking Mafia mobster was Gerace's silent partner and the real boss of his operations.

Among the meat trade, there were rumors that Gerace butchered "downers," cows and steers which through illness or accident couldn't walk into the slaughter house on their own. Often, it was said, the animals had died before they were brought in for butchering. Such a reputation could only endear him to Anselmo.

Another Anselmo "connection" led to Alma Center, Wis., a hamlet of 500 where Orland (Buster) Lea and his brother Sherman ran a mink farm and managed a prosperous pet food concern. A second Wisconsin link was Thomas Barr, a meat packer who's already racked up one conviction for peddling horsemeat.

Other Anselmo "connections" were in Boston, where Ralph Gasperello headed an operation similar to Gerace's, and across the Hudson River in Linden, N.J., where Robert Dvorin ran Eastern Packing Co. Until it lost its license, Eastern was the only horse-slaughtering plant east of the Mississippi. The only legitimate one, that is.

The stage was set.

Anselmo's circle of illegal activity was nearly complete. All he needed now to put his giant horsemeat swindle into operation was an outlet. What he needed was someone as greedy and as unscrupulous as he was.

In Norman Lokeitz he found his man. Lokeitz, 45, was a big, dapper-dressing businessman with a trim mustache, a glad hand and a glib manner. He was such a smooth talker he could charm the men who probed deeply into his illegal dealings. What's more, he even managed to convince some of them that he wasn't involved in the sickening swindle. Lokeitz told them—and they believed it—that he was just "an innocent dupe" of others.

Lokeitz was obviously well-to-do. He had a plush home overlooking the ocean in the Far Rockaway section of Queens, N.Y., an attractive family and a handsome son Sheldon whom he was grooming to follow in his footsteps. It was a pathway to the penitentiary.

In 1963, Lokeitz bought Merkel, Inc., one of the largest suppliers of processed meats in the New York area. The 500 workers in Merkel's giant Queens plant turned out more than 200,000 pounds of franks, sausages, salami and other processed meats each week. The firm had contracts with several federal, state and city agencies and a number of major super-market chains featured Merkel products exclusively. Even so, when Lokeitz took over, it was losing money.

Within a year, the firm was in the black. Sales soared to more than $25,000,000. Merkel dominated the New York market. Norman Lokeitz was riding high, and Charles Anselmo had shown him how.

Anselmo was one of Merkel's regular suppliers, so it was only natural that he and Lokeitz should sit down now and again to talk business. Except the business Anselmo proposed at their August, 1963 meeting violated virtually every city, state and federal law regulating the meat industry.

The laws had been drafted in the school of experience, for the United States has a long history of tainted meal dealings.

There was the "embalmed beef" scandal of the Spanish-American War. Col. Theodore Roosevelt, soon to become the nation's 26th President, told a Senate investigating committee that he would rather have eaten his battered campaign hat than try to swallow the canned meat the government gave its troops in Cuba.

A few years later came Upton Sinclair's sensational expose, *The Jungle*, a novel about the Chicago stockyards. People who read the book it was said, couldn't eat meat for weeks afterward. Sinclair told how the rats which roamed the stockyards were sometimes gathered up and ground into sausage. He told how tubercular cows were mixed in with the steers bound for slaughter. Most sensational of all, he told how the men who worked in the stifling cooking rooms sometimes fell into the boiling vats and were shipped out to the world as "Durham's Pure Leaf Lard."

The corporate names in *The Jungle* were fictitious. The facts weren't. The book quickly became a best seller. When its findings were confirmed by a Federal investigation, there were storms of rage and indignation. One newspaper printed the mocking verse:

Mary had a little lamb,
And when she saw it sicken,
She shipped it off to Packingtown,
And now it's labelled chicken.

As a result of the furor, Congress passed the Pure Food and Drug Act and the Beef Inspection Act. Sinclair himself was disappointed at the result. He was a fervent socialist and wrote his book hoping to shake the capitalist system to its very foundation. Nothing of the sort happened. "I aimed at the nation's heart and hit it in the stomach," he complained afterward.

But the laws he helped enact had their effect. Federal inspectors were stationed at slaughterhouses and packing plants across the country to enforce the stringent health regulations. Since the beef barons were brought to heel at the turn of the century, the nation hasn't had a major tainted meat scandal.

True, there were local slip-ups now and again. Before the day of the auto, there was an outfit in Hackensack, N.J., which picked up dead horses in the streets, supposedly for conversion into glue and fertilizer. Turned out the dead horses wound up at a local butcher shop which specialized in cut-rate cutlets.

A similar scandal developed during Adlai Stevenson's term as Governor of Illinois. Editorial punsters had a field day writing about "colt cuts" and "porterhorse steaks." One Chicago newspaper even carried the inadvertant headline:

GRILL STATE INSPECTOR
IN HORSEMEAT PROBE

But the Mafia's nation-wide network of tainted-meat operations was no laughing matter.

The scheme was simple. Anselmo proposed it and Lokeitz bought it. Mix horse flesh and tainted meat in with the regular shipments of beef to Merkel, grind them together in the mincing machines, add seasoning and spices, and finally process them into franks, salami and sausage. No one would know the difference. And the profits would be fantastic.

That thousands — perhaps millions — of persons might become ill, diseased or even die from eating the adulterated meat didn't bother the conspirators.

The scheme was simple, but the transactions were fantastically complex. It took months of patient probing by Federal and state investigators to trace the shipments from state to state and from plant to warehouse through a maze of repackagings, false labellings and juggled books.

Even today, all the details aren't known. What is certain is that millions of pounds of meat were involved—millions of pounds of adulterated food carrying the possibility of disease and death into nearly every household in the United States.

An example of how Anselmo's operation worked can be seen in the course of a 72,000-pound shipment, whose torturous path was finally nailed down by Hogan's investigators.

The origin was Wisconsin—Buster Lea's pet food concern. Horse carcasses where shipped — legitimately — to Gerace's pet food plant in Utica. In a series of midnight moving operations, the meat was secretly shifted to Party Packing. The books of both concerns were juggled to conceal the illicit transfer. The horsemeat was chopped up, packed in 40 and 50-pound cartons, labelled "boneless beef" and "beef trimmings" and marked with forged Federal inspection stamps. Then it was mixed in with the regular shipments of beef and sent to Anselmo, who re-sold it to Merkel. The tainted meat was stored in Merkel's huge refrigerated warehouse in Jamaica, Long Island. Soon it would be hidden from discovery behind the pristine cellophane wrappers of Merkel's "all-beef" products.

But the inevitable "hitch" developed. Another of Anselmo's horsemeat shipments had been discovered by Federal inspectors in Pittsburgh. Because of the false labels, the meat couldn't be traced back to its source. But the Feds noted the serial number on the phony inspection stamps and sent an alarm to inspectors around the country to impound all meat with the same marking. The meat at Merkel bore the same number. It had to be moved before the Feds found it.

So the midnight movers went to work again. The illegal shipment was hauled out of Merkel's warehouse and trucked to a freight terminal in South Kearney, N.J. There Anselmo and his crew of skilled forgers removed the old labels and replaced them with new ones. Of course, the new labels were just as phony, but they weren't on the Federal government's "most-wanted" list. By morning, the adulterated meat was back at Merkel —and soon it was shipped out as franks and sausage.

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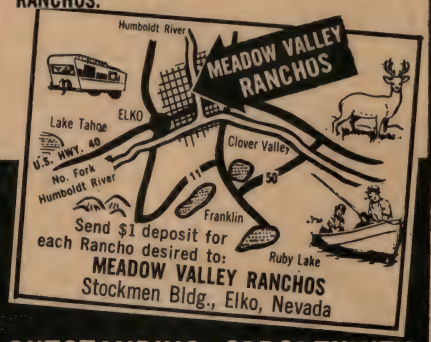

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The Feds traced a similar shipment—52,000 pounds of horsemeat from Barr's Wisconsin plant to Gasperello in Boston, to Anselmo and again to Merkel. Other horsemeat shipments, it was learned, started from Dvorin's slaughter-house in Linden, N.J. All wound up as "beef" at Merkel.

The profits, as Anselmo had promised, were fantastic.

Gerace would get the carcasses of diseased animals for nothing and he could buy horsemeat at 7 or 8 cents a pound. After butchering, the meat was re-sold, under the guise of "beef," to Anselmo for 22 to 24 cents a pound. Gerace's usual price for animal feed—which the meat really was—was 12 to 15 cents. Anselmo re-sold it to Merkel for 32 to 34 cents, slightly under the going rate for actual beef. He usually kicked back part of his profit to Lokeitz.

At each step in the illicit trading—packer, wholesaler, final processor—the illegal profits ran about 15 cents a pound. On 100,000 pounds, that's $15,000 each. And in one year, Anselmo shipped more than one million pounds of tainted meat to Merkel alone!

After a year and a half of these highly successful — and highly illegal — operations, the conspiracy was uncovered by the authorities.

The discovery was a fluke. What finally brought the conspirators before the bar of justice was their own sensational success, and their greed.

Anselmo could supply more horsemeat than Merkel could sell on the open market. To keep the profits rolling in the company had to sell more and more of its products. The trouble was it faced stiff competition from old, established brands. Lokeitz could not afford to undersell them openly or too many people would become suspicious. So he resorted to a time-tested formula for success—bribery and muscle. He'd simply slip a few hundred dollars each to the buyers for the super-market chains to induce them to increase their orders of Merkel products. The small store owners and butchers were prey to the muscle.

It worked well for a while. More and more Merkel products were placed on the market shelves. More and more horsemeat kept coming from Anselmo. More and more illegal profits kept rolling in.

Then A & P blew the whistle. Officials of the Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Co. —the nation's largest super-market chain —reported to District Attorney Hogan that Lokeitz had attempted to bribe one of the store's buyers. It looked like a simple case of commercial bribery. Hogan's investigators went to work to prove it.

Concealed tape recorders spun on two occasions when Lokeitz slipped $150 to an A & P buyer, who was playing along with the probers.

The DA's men could have made an arrest then and there. But they wanted to find out what else Lokeitz was up to. How many buyers for how many other super-market chains was he also bribing? What other dirty deals were up his sleeve?

Taps were placed on Merkel's phones and microphones were hidden in Lokeitz' office. For week after week the tape recorders rolled, taking down hundreds of conversations. Some of them shocked even the hardened investigators.

Thus, by accident, the DA's men got the foul wind of the giant horsemeat swindle.

Now the probers raced a double deadline. They had to get enough evidence to support indictments and convictions in the horsemeat swindle. And they had to do it before more tainted meat could be unloaded on an unwary public.

Hogan's office tipped off New York City Markets Commissioner Albert Pacetta, who impounded 40,000 pounds of meat at the Merkel plant. Each 50-pound carton of "boneless beef" bore the label of a Kansas company and a Federal inspection stamp. Both were forgeries. The Kansas concern didn't even deal in boneless beef. Laboratory tests showed the meat was 40-percent horse flesh.

Pacetta proudly proclaimed that his action had prevented any tainted meat from reaching the public. He tried to reassure the populace about the quality of Merkel products and posed for pictures munching on a salami sandwich at the Merkel plant. He said Lokeitz and other Merkel officers were not to blame; they were merely "innocent dupes."

But Lokeitz couldn't fool a grand jury so easily. He and Anselmo were indicted for conspiracy to mislabel adulterated meat. In the weeks that followed, the panel came down with a flood of additional indictments. Another conspiracy count was lodged against both men and Lokeitz was tagged with 14 counts of perjury. Two other Merkel officers—including Lokeitz' son Sheldon—were also charged with perjury. Two Federal inspectors were tagged for conspiracy. Seven meat wholesalers were picked up on charges of bribing super-market buyers. And a state legislator who allegedly promised to "fix" the case against Lokeitz also wound up facing the judge.

Lea and Gerace were promosed their freedom in return for prosecution testimony. But the Federal Government didn't let them off so easily. After an investigation conducted by Robert Morgenthau, U.S. Attorney for the Southen District of New York. both men were named in conspiracy indictments. The Feds also arrested Barr, Gasperello, Dvorin and their underlings. Another Federal inspector was tagged. And additional charges were piled on Anselmo's head.

By now, Lokeitz decided that his only escape was to co-operate with the authorities. The "innocent dupe" admitted his guilt and was let off with a six-month sentence. Anselmo tried to brazen it out, but when he heard the mass of evidence Assistant DA Nicholas Scoppetta was prepared to present to the jury, he also copped a plea. The judge gave him 18 months. Others are still awaiting trial.

Because of the cases still pending in the courts, the authorities naturally hesitate to discuss the full ramifications of the horsemeat scandal. But one investigator let his hair down on condition that he not be identified.

"I'm sure we've only touched the top of the iceberg," he said. "All we nailed down was one operation in one city. They managed to get away with it for nearly a year before we caught on to them. And that was just the sheerest accident.

"How many more Anselmos are there all around the country? How many more Lokeitzes willing to play ball with them? How do we know there's not a similar set up in Chicago? Or Detroit? Or Dallas? Or Los Angeles?

"The mob got away with it here. Why not elsewhere? They'd be silly not to try.

"We know that the organized underworld for years has been moving in on the meat industry all over the country," he continued. "They run slaughterhouses, packing plants, rendering works —you name it. Whatever operations there are in the meat business, the mob is in on it—all the way down to the corner butcher shop.

"You can't tell me that the top brains in the underworld decided to go into the meat business because of the five per cent profit they might make. Or because maybe they want a tax write off. Or maybe because the Mafia has suddenly given up its centuries-old ways and decided to go legit.

"Don't kid yourself. The mob moved in on meat because it's seen some simple ways to make a quick buck. Ways we've never even dreamed of."

He reached into his desk drawer and pulled out some thick manila files.

"Just look at some of these," he said.

"But then, of course, you may not like living next door to a nudist colony . . ."

There was the file on Peter Castellana, a second-generation Mafioso who was a member of the underworld "family" headed by Carlo Gambino. On paper, Castellana's business was meat—he was president of Pride Meat and Poultry Co. in Brooklyn. In reality, he bossed an underworld loansharking business.

Sometimes he'd make loans to his meat suppliers. If the packer couldn't pay up in time, Castellana would move in and take over his operation behind the scenes. The poor packer would be forced to buy thousands of dollars worth of meat on credit and re-sell it to Castellana at ridiculously low prices. Of course, the packer couldn't keep this money—that would go to re-pay the usurious loan from Castellana. Before the final accounting came due, Castellana would milk the firm dry, leaving the poor packer to plead bankruptcy. He'd be instructed to say he'd lost all his money gambling.

A Federal judge eventually gave Castellana five years for his part in the $1,300,000 bankruptcy fraud of the Murray Packing Co.

There was the file on John Dioguardi, better known as "Johnny Dio." Once the most feared mobster in New York, Dio bossed an underworld empire encompassing labor racketeering, juke boxes and narcotics. "The Dioguardis are to narcotics what the DuPonts are to nylon," one newspaper said.

After serving four years behind bars for extortion, Dio went to work as a "salesman"—first for New York Kosher Provisions, Inc., makers of "Tel Aviv" products, then for Mizrach Kosher Meat Products, Inc.

"We kept our eyes on him," the prober said. "We knew that anything Johnny Dio was involved in couldn't possibly be

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kosher."

The scrutiny paid off. Dio wound up on the short end of a Federal indictment charging him with defrauding creditors of Consumer Kosher Provisions, Inc., of more than $278,000.

Finally there was the file on Charles Anselmo.

"We're convinced he was just the front man," te investigator said. "Anselmo didn't rank high enough in the underworld to pull off a deal like this all by himself. Just look what's involved.

"You need plenty of truckers who'll work by night—no questions asked. You need skilled forgers who can make government inspection stamps so good even Uncle Sam is hard put to tell the difference. You need enough money and enough nerve to bribe scores of Federal inspectors, if need be. You need a legitimate operation big enough so that finding horsemeat in it would be like finding a needle in a haystack. And you need outlets where you can peddle the stuff.

"In short, you need a nation-wide network. Anselmo didn't have it—the mob does. And no one—not even the Federal government—is big enough to keep tabs on what they're up to at any given moment."

He jotted some figures on a scratch pad.

"Here's what we're up against," he said. "Thirty-one billion pounds of meat were produced in the United States last year. And the Food and Drug Administration has 637 inspectors in the field and 725 scientists in the lab. And remember, these guys don't handle just meat. They have to watch all the canned goods, all the fruits and vegetables, all the loaves of bread, not to mention all the penicillin, polio vaccines, aspirin tablets and all the other gook in your medicine cabinet.

"And that's assuming they're all honest. One crooked inspector—and we could have an epidemic.

"I guess we should consider ourselves lucky that no one died from eating the rotten meat Merkel peddled. At least, not that we know of.

"The hospitals and Board of Health have no cases of food poisoning deaths that we can attribute to it. We don't even have a record of anybody being sickened by it.

"But how many people were there who became nauseous, or vomited, or had diarrhea from eating that stuff and simply wrote it off as a one-day flu, or nervous upset, or overindulgence—that we'll never know."

The prober stopped for a moment to pull out his lunch—an egg-salad sandwich in a wax paper bag.

"You know," he said, taking a healthy bite, "before I started on this investigation, I used to order out for a hamburger and eat it here at the desk. Or, if I had time, I'd go over to Tony's and dig into one of those hot Italian sausages.

"No more. Now my wife fixes something for me from home. If I eat meat now, I order something like steak. That way I can see what I'm getting. I want to make sure it's from a steer and not Seabiscuit."

As I went downstairs, I ran into some detectives who had just come off the street. They were excited. With Assistant D.A. Nick Scoppetta, they had just cashed in another bad meat racket, this one a million dollar concern that sold rancid beef, spoiled chicken breasts and other questionable goods to restaurants, hotels and steamship lines. The story hadn't even hit the papers yet, mine included.

What made the arrest amusing to them was that the owner of the concern had tried a $1,000 bribe on them as they crashed into his office. And that his accomplice, a shady salesman, was picked up as he tried to get away in a car that was reported missing from a car rental agency since March.

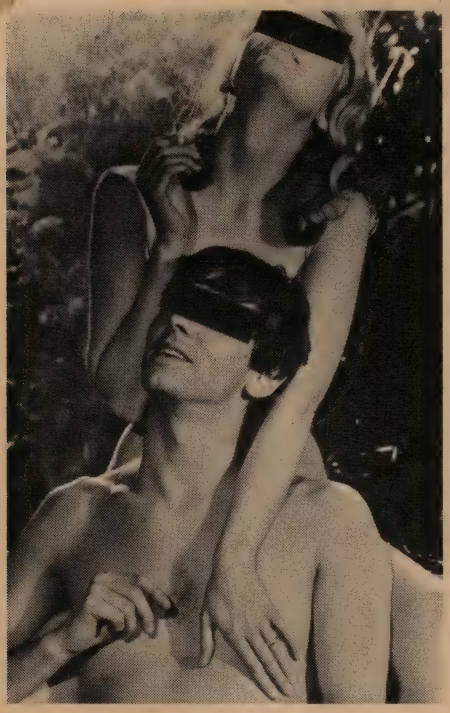
What didn't amuse them was that they found evidence that the meat dealer had used as a meat preservative sodium sulfite, a potentially dangerous drug when taken internally. And that a crude bleach additive was used on the rotten meat to give it a fresh look.

I phoned the tip in to our man in City Hall, then rang up our headline writer to give him a head start. This was front page news. I just resisted the temptation to offer my own suggestion: "Seabiscuit Rides Again." END

The photographs in this issue are from the following sources: p. 11, UPI; p. 13, UPI, Keystone; p. 14, Camera Press-Pix, UPI; p. 15, Wide World, UPI; p. 16, UPI, Wide World, D.P.A.—Pictorial Parade; p. 17, UPI; p. 18, Lockwood-Black Star; p. 19, Wide World; p. 22-24, Graphic House; p. 25, U.S. Coast Guard; p. 26, Wide World; p. 27, Wide World; p. 29, Bedi-Pix, Paris Match-Pictorial Parade; p. 33, Camera-Press-Pix, Keystone, Wide World; p. 34, Ewing Galloway; p. 35, Authenticated News Int'l, Ewing Galloway; p. 36, Wide World; p. 37, Wide World; p. 38, UPI; p. 39, Wide World, UPI; p. 40, Herbert-Pix; p. 41, UPI; p. 42, UPI; p. 43, Wide World, Hamilton-Globe; p. 46, Ewing Galloway, UPI; p. 84, Graphic House.

"NO LIMIT" NUDE BEACH

(Continued from page 15)



the publicity put San Gregorio on the map.

Property owners in the area complained of trampled vegetation and cut fences caused by curious spectators. Finally, San Mateo County police took action. They arrested 19 curiosity seekers, all of whom were fully clothed.

The people, who ranged in age from 18 to 58, were on the bluff overlooking the beach, watching the nudists. Police arrested them for trespassing and the nudists were left to frolic unmolested. Police said many of those cited admitted that they saw "No Trespassing" signs on fences and gates but ignored them.

Later the same day, police arrested a few nudists who strayed from San Gregorio, where the owner permits them free reign, and wandered to adjoining beaches, where the owners are not so lenient. They too were cited for trespassing on private property.

One of the nudists ran for his clothes when hailed by a deputy sheriff. He was cited for resisting arrest as well as trespassing. Another was cited for contributing to the delinquency of a minor because he had a 17-year-old girl with him. She was taken to juvenile hall and held in protective custody because sheriff's officers believed her to be "in danger of leading a lewd and lascivious life."

With reporters prowling the area, Walter Bridge, a dairy farmer, who owns one of the two primitive roads leading to the beach, closed the path when newspapers publicized the fact that he was charging $1 for parking. That left only one access road through the jointly owned property of two avowed anti-nudists. This too was closed with an armed guard to bar the way.

But this didn't daunt the enthusiastic free beach lovers. They continued to arrive wave on wave every weekend. Some make their way around the southern promontory at low tide; others form human chains down the dangerous cliff-side paths. All keep their sneakers on, at least until they hit the beach.

College students from San Francisco leave the city late Saturday morning and drive to San Gregorio, arriving in the early afternoon. Many of them are members of the East Bay Sexual Freedom League and find the free beach an excellent spot to practice what they preach after night falls.

On a typical Saturday afternoon San Gregorio beach buffs are pretty evenly divided, though between adults and children and the college crowd. The sun-worshipers are of many different hues. Most wear no bathing suit, some half a suit (the women), and a sprinkling of the more conservative minded wear a complete swim suit. One flamboyant coed paraded around wearing bright red knee-length socks and nothing else, except a smile. Some sported beautiful, over-all tans while others had distinctly white bodies.

The beach is strewn with rough, twisted pieces of driftwood, which have been naturally sanded by the elements. It is a long, charmingly peaceful beach and has a natural sand bridge, with black rocks covered by green moss. The sea is dark blue and the surf as white as freshly fallen snow. Far out in the ocean, freighters chug their way up the coast.

During the day activities at San Gregorio are no different from most other American beaches. Children play in the sand making holes and mountains, people stroll up and down the beach, sunbathe, play ball, read, and swim or ride the waves. The only difference is the nudity and a more abandoned spirit of pleasure and enjoyment.

However, as dusk falls, and the adults and children return home leaving the beach to the college crowd, the character of San Gregorio takes on a much different complexion. With transistorized radios turned on loud, a Bacchanalian blast begins. Liquor flows and the college kids start to swing and sway to the rhythms of a Frug, Twist or Watusi.

The firm, full breasts of the curvaceous coeds bounce and toss, and their buttocks and bellies shiver and quake to the blatant beat of the music. Now and then, the swingers take a short break from their naked torso tossing to drink more liquor, then dance some more with renewed energy.

Soon their contortions closely rememble an aboriginal sex rite. The young coeds become increasingly bold as they strut and jerk in tempo with the monotonous beat of rock and roll rhythms. They writhe and wriggle and shake their lithe young bodies, proudly thrusting out their ripe rounded breasts and buttocks and undulating their smooth bellies. After an hour or two of such frenetic dancing, they sink down to the sand in near exhaustion.

After regaining their strength, everyone pairs off and makes love under the light of the silvery moon. The epitome of sexual freedom reigns supreme. The free beach of San Gregorio rocks with passion and desire.

On the night I was there to observe the festivities one extremely well-endowed coed, who was more than slightly drunk, ran around pleading with the boys to feel her breasts.

"Just feel these," she gasped, "they're all mine. Not an ounce of silicone or other phony stuff in either one. I believe in the massage technique for a big bosom."

A number of guys willingly aided her cause.

From time to time, hot and sweaty couples took a break in their lovemaking and ran into the waves to cool off. Then they resumed their rapturous revels with relish. Many of the free-sex lovers passed out before midnight.

Sunday morning the beach resembled Skid Row—minus clothing. The young sybarites moaned for a cold beer and plunged into the ocean as they tried to sober up.

While they were sobering up, I asked several girls why they indulged in such amorous antics.

Gloria Glass, a buxom blonde with lovely legs, said: "Just because I sleep with a guy, I don't feel that I am rebelling or revolting or creating a new morality. I just feel that I am expressing myself the way I feel at the moment, in the most natural way. Sex builds toward understanding. It's a purely emotional and physical relationship.

"By having sexual intercourse with a lot of different fellows, I'll be in a much better position to decide who the right man is for me when I decide to marry. People just plain need each other. A lot of times communication can't be established until the hangup of sex is gotten rid of. I sleep with someone only if I feel it's worthwhile. I'm not professing undying love for someone, but sex is part of an established meaningful relationship."

Sally Eisenberg, a petite brunette with an hour-glass figure, was quite vocal on the subject of sex. "Love! You've got to be kidding! Sex—good, old healthy sex is what I want. I don't need love. There's a big difference between sex and love. Sex is conquest. Love is surrender. Who wants to surrender?

"I've met a lot of guys who I like but I certainly couldn't love all of them. Love means responsibility and right now while I'm young and single I don't want any responsiblity. I want to be free to do what I want when I want to.

"I'm not hung up on the idea that love, sex and marriage inevitably must go together. I find the thought of sex used exclusively for pleasure congenial and attractive. And I don't think anybody should put you down for what you believe and do."

Susan Collette, a voluptuous redhead, said: "As far as sex is concerned, there should be no predetermined rules. One should be free to choose to have sex or not to have it. A girl can sleep with a different guy every week or every night, but if she brings something honest and valuable to that relationship, she is not promiscuous in my mind. On the other hand, there is the professional virgin who makes out with as many different guys as possible, deliberately arousing sexual anxiety to feed her own ego. That's promiscuous."

The concept of the free beach, while new in America, is one of long standing in Europe. European naturists take their beaches for granted, so long have they enjoyed open and unrestricted bathing in the areas that have been designated for their use. All these beaches are open to the public at no charge. One doesn't have to be a member of a nudist club to be admitted, or even a citizen of the specific country.

One is welcome to the beaches even if he has never been a nudist and may not be one again. In fact, anyone is welcome whether he choses to go nude or not. In this regard the nudist beaches of Europe are "free" in the broadest

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meaning of the word. Children mingle with adults, adults mingle with friends and strangers mingle with strangers.

The latter is a phenomena of the European way of life. It is admired by many Americans but difficult to fathom by most. We have been so conditioned to that form of modesty which dictates that one never removes one's clothing in front of strangers that this mingling of strangers with other strangers on the free beaches of Europe seems very uncomfortable.

No one really knows when nude bathing on European beaches began because individuals and families have, for generations, been going to isolated seashores to swim and play in the altogether. The idea of organizing these naturists into a group did not occur to anyone until the turn of the century when the idea began in Germany.

Many European naturists who frequented their beaches in warm, sunny weather, were not overly conscious of the "healing" aspect of their activities. They went to the beaches, as do present-day naturists, for recreation and relaxation without giving any serious thought to the therapeutic values involved. In all the years the naturists on the Continent have been swarming to the seashore, there has been no serious conflict with the authorities.

That is, not until Brigitte Bardot became interested in the naturists' stronghold at St. Tropez on the French Riviera. Naturally, where she went the public followed. Most of her following were not nudists and resented those who were. The French police were called in to rid the beach of the naturists—and are still trying.

The fight to bring a free beach to the U.S. has been a long uphill battle which is far from won. Only a few years ago, anyone suggesting the opening of a free beach in this country would have been the object of scorn and public derision. It would have done little good to point to the free beaches of Europe as an outstanding example of what can be accomplished by a liberal policy of "live and let live." American puritanism was still running strong.

Today, however, there are indications that this puritanism is beginning to weaken. Although the U.S. has only one free beach—San Gregorio—it constitutes a milestone in the growing sophistication of the American public that this beach exists at all.

As one nudist magazine put it: "Despite this small victory for a free beach, there is still a tremendous amount of work to be done in order to have Jaybirds and nudists welcome at any beach. It is a job of educating the public, of convincing all who will listen that the most logical and wholesome way to enjoy ocean beach swimming and sunbathing is in the nude. The job of education will not be easy for those who equate nudity with lewdity are often a difficult group to convince.

"Yet, by and large, the general public has shown that it is open to an acceptability of nudism today that it would never have considered a few years ago. We need only to point to the public acceptance of nudity in movies, in fashions, in art and in the theater to make the point that the American public is far more sophisticated in such matters of life than its overprotective leaders would have it believed. In a sense, this public acceptance of nudity makes the battle for widespread free beaches that much closer to victory.

"Public acceptance, however, would never be enough by itself to carry the free beach idea throughout the land if it were not for a growing attitude on the part of public officials that nudity is not against any law. This enlightened view on the part of law enforcement agencies, at least in some communities, is a far cry from the state of affairs a few years back when citizens in the U.S. were actually arrested for 'indecent' exposure on their own property!

"As long as nude sunbathing and swimming are done within well marked areas, so as to give fair warning to those who might be offended by nudity, many law officials see no reason for making arrests. Such far-sighted office-holders are to be congratulated for their open-mindedness.

"The enlightened views by the general public and by law enforcement officials about nudity are very encouraging signs in the struggle to bring the advantages and health benefits of nude sunbathing and swimming to American beaches.

"Together, they give great promise that the U.S. will be able to match the vast expanses of free beaches that are readily available in European countries. In fact, not just match those European beaches, but exceed them in every respect in the traditional American manner of doing everything better than anyone else."

According to the believers of freedom in sex and sunbathing, the designation of California's San Gregorio as a free beach is an impressive step in the right direction. They feel that maybe someday nude Americans will be as free, open and accepted on their beaches as the nude Europeans have been for so many years. The college kids of San Gregorio are already making up for lost time. END

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HOW THEY MAKE OUR HERO POW'S "CONFESS"

(Continued from page 19)

January 1967," the loudspeaker went on. "I was instantly captured and humanely treated by the people of Vietnam. I have been made to see how my lack of courage in standing up to the illegal, immoral and unjust policy of the American government has caused much harm to innocent people . . . I sincerely acknowledge my crimes and repent at having committed them."

Attention spun from the speaker to the curtained door. Photographers scrambled to be first in line when Ho Chi Minh's apparent propaganda coup of the war stepped through.

"His voice sounded alert, sincere and intelligent," reported freelance photographer Lee Lockwood, the lone Yank in the room. "I expected to see a man matching that voice come through the curtain—I was not prepared to see the sort of man who ultimately appeared."

It was a blocky, crudely crewcut man who stepped slowly forward and stopped when the curtain was drawn back. The statement had been 2,000 words long, but this man didn't say a word. He just stood there with a cold-reddened nose, dressed in maroon and purple striped prisoner pajamas with socks and sandals on his feet.

"Then one of the officers barked out this command," Lockwood said, "Stratton immediately began to bow—it was sort of in slow motion—his head reaching down almost to his thighs. He made a quarter turn to his right, made the low bow, then turned to his left and bowed again. Then he stood straight again. There was another command from the Vietnamese officer, and immediately Stratton obeyed with the same series of bows. He did it three times. The photographers' lights were flashing all around him."

The American shutterman tried to push his way to the front of the mob. "I was tremendously shocked," he said later. "I tried to catch his eyes, but he wouldn't focus on anything. He looked physically healthy, but completely expressionless, completely vacant. He just wasn't there." Lockwood said.

The newspaper account was, to some, like an echo from an old nightmare. It must have been so for Brigadier General Andrew Evans. The slight, wiry Evans is one of the most trusted men in the Pentagon, a World War II ace, winner of the Silver Star—and signer of a Red Chinese confession that he flew germ warfare missions in Korea.

If anyone could understand Stratton's position it is Evans and men like him. This is taking into account the confidential comment made after an Air Force Board heard Evans' story:

"The cases we investigated fell into three categories—the stinkers, whom we got rid of; a considerable number to whom we gave the benefit of the doubt because we weren't sure of the facts; and a few who deserved a great big medal. In my judgment, Andy Evans' name heads the list of the few who merited medals."

The fact is, however, that Gen. Evans broke. And, that under current psychological understanding of Communist brainwashing technqiues, any man, no matter how brave or determined, will break. The technique is the same Peking style in North Vietnam that it was in Korea. As one Pentagon-assigned psychologist says, we will never understand what might have happened to Stratton until we understand what was done to Evans. "The most terrifying thing," he adds, off the record, "is that, with enough time and perverse patience, it is all really very simple."

For General, then Colonel Evans it all began just two weeks after he had won his Silver Star for leading a mission into the northernmost part of Korea against a very heavily defended rail bridge—an attack that is said to have been the basis for the movie, "The Bridges of Toko-Ri."

This time, though, on his third mission of the day, Evans fell one hundred yards short—that was the distance to the American lines when he parachuted down from his riddled F-84 thunder jet. As the Chinese "volunteers" swarmed over him, Evans emptied his .45. Machine gun slugs spit around his feet and the pilot raised his arms. For Andy Evans, the "process" had just begun.

"We have found procedure booklets on everything from how to collect taxes to prisoners on the bodies of dead VC officers," says one Army Intelligence captain today. "A particular thing we discovered is that the Viet Cong and North Vietnamese are much more interested in obtaining pilots and navigators as prisoners than GI's or Marines." A pamphlet of instructions discovered on one political commissar had this to say about "the process":

". . . Do not put your cadre in danger to retrieve an enemy infantryman. An enemy pilot, however, can be of real value for both tactical and ideological reasons when properly rehabilitated. The prisoner is to be treated with both contempt and sincere concern on his way to friendly areas of control and north. Remember, political rehabilitation consists of certain procedures that have been proven by comrades in previous wars of liberation."

For "friendly," insert guerilla; for "previous wars of liberation," Korea; and for "political rehabilitation," brainwashing.

It was proved on Evans probably better than on any other American prisoner in Korea for the bare fact that he was about as hard a subject as they could pick. The self-confident, tough jet jockey had the Red Chinese captors hopping in a dozen different directions for the first ten days of interrogation. "I rather enjoyed matching wits with my hosts," he said later. He even winked at a Chinese WAC.

The laughs ended shortly after that, when the Reds gained a load of interesting information on Evans from an American radio broadcast. They had a real prize, and now they knew it. Evans knew it when they smashed into his dirty cell, swearing at him as "a dirty, filthy liar."

"I had been advised that the days of name, rank and serial number were over," Evans said, about the slim preparation he had before being downed. "In case of

capture, I was told to play it by ear, to rely on my own judgment." It is disturbingly close to the amount of concrete preparation that American soldiers and pilots are armed with now.

Now the "process" began in earnest. Interrogation could be brutal and 24 hours long or almost pleasant and minutes at a time. But always there were questions and on an always varied schedule. "There never was an opportunity for me to develop a routine where I could sort of bunch my muscles for what was coming next," he said. "I was completely unaware that the enemy wasn't after military information from me but something unreal—an admission of germ warfare. I had a childlike innocence of Communist techniques and objectives."

Meanwhile, though Evans was ignorant of it, the Reds were making progress. They would get their objective—a world shaking admission from an American hero of germ warfare.

First, they got Evans to sign a small statement that he was just who he was. What he admitted, nothing, didn't count. What mattered was that he had signed his first statement, and being conditioned to sign more.

Secondly, he was grasping at the rare opportunities in his interrogation to talk about personal, "harmless" matters. "One thing followed another in an amazingly well-planned pattern which I was constantly trying to fathom but never could grasp," he revealed. "They would hammer for hours on a high-level military subject, then, after getting no satisfaction from me, they would slip into a seemingly harmless personal question which I must admit came as a sort of relaxation." The relaxation would cost him dearly when the Reds would use the personal info to back up his already plotted confession for fictitious crimes.

The months of mental torture were taking their toll despite Andy Evans' hard veneer. His will was neatly drained by malnutrition, his sense of plain reality distorted by the constant rain of lies and half-lies. His one link to home, a snapshot of his wife and kids, was ripped to pieces—by himself when he realized that the Reds encouraged him to look at it to strengthen his homesickness. He was never allowed to see even one other American.

The "process" now entered a new stage, one in which the lice-ridden, wasted POW ached for physical pain. "I was filthy, exhausted. I felt like a cornered animal," he told the Air Force Board. "I thought no one could be forced to sign something against his principles unless he was drugged. I simply didn't know."

The Red timetable ground on. He was shoved in front of a tribunal of three judges just as Stratton would be. Charged with germ warfare, he had 24 hours to admit his guilt. The charge was fantastic, but he was going to die unless he admitted to it. For the first time, Andy Evans cried, and within minutes a sympathetic interrogator was in his damp cell. Evans told him to go to hell.

At the end of the 24 hours he was marched outside to a small, fresh, unfilled grave. He was jabbed in the back with a gun and ordered to confess. "I won't sign," he said, shivering in the cold North Korean air. He was given another 24 hours, then marched out again to the still unfilled grave. The muzzle was shoved into his neck. "I prefer to die," he said again. He was taken back to his cell.

At the end of a third 24 hours, Evans

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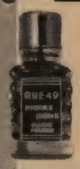

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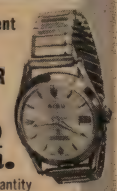

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could barely walk from weakness and the prolonged tension. His back against a tree, he faced a firing squad. "Will you confess?" he was asked. "No, get it over with," was Evans' third and, he firmly believed, last reply. Without another word, he was dragged back to his cell. He had offered his life for his country and they hadn't taken it.

"We think of giving our life for our country as the ultimate sacrifice. That's not so. Death would have been the easy way out," he realized later. "Many times I would have preferred to be strung up by my wrists, to have been beaten into unconsciousness. It is hard for us to imagine torture of the mind. But I have been through it. Believe me, death is preferable."

It was time for the Communists to move into the final, degrading stage. For Evans, a Montgomery, Alabama hero, West Point graduate, and tough-as-nails Yank, the end was near. He was moved into a 6 by 6 cubicle, already filled with broken pots and rats. He could see no sun. His rare reading material was English-language newspapers of Red China's victory over the U.S. Searching for one last, true word before being swallowed up forever behind the Chinese lines, Evans got it. It was a tape recording of his best friend, a fellow flier, confessing to germ warfare. At this point, as surely as a train schedule, the pilot had completely lost any sense of reality. He was operating on the ghost of his own tremendous guts.

For the second time he cried. The chief interrogator appeared, full of commiseration. Together, they began working on Evans' "confession." Obstinately, the shattered pilot refused to backdate it four months, compromising on one. Taken to a clean cell, given real clothes and food, deloused, allowed to bathe and smoke, he worked on his testimony. It was so ludicrous the Reds were furious—Evans, who admits he was "only half man" now, was fighting them all the way. He told them what they could do with it if they didn't like it. It was back to the old cell.

It was his last stand. Fully believing the Chinese had won the war, believing he would live the rest of his life in a 6 by 6 cell, he had only one thing left, a few last strands of sanity before becoming a complete zombie. He broke.

This time the Reds wrote the "confession" and, typically, Andy Evans had fought them even here. On every date he'd given the Chinese for his alleged germ warfare attacks, he was actually on leave in Hong Kong. Smugly, they forced him to read it into a tape recorder, although his stutter was so bad by now that it took 18 hours to record the 20 pages.

Within three days he was being repatriated with other American prisoners at Panmunjon. A Chinese cameraman tried to take films of them. Evans gave him a gesture that any American could recognize; in fact, many of the other prisoners did see the starved-eyed colonel's motion and feared the Reds would stop the trade.

But it was time for Evans' awakening. He had thought his fellow officers and American newsmen would listen to his tale of bravery and torture and join the horselaugh on how he had fouled up even the Reds' last, triumphant "confession." He was wrong. All they heard was that he had signed a statement admitting to a horrible war crime. He was a traitor. "No one understood except those who had been through the experience," he still remembers.

Since then things have changed for the determined pilot. He is an officer doubly respected in inner Pentagon circles for what he has gone through, with a good family and a still rising future.

Things have not changed though for us, for our understanding of what really happened to Evans, or Stratton, most likely, and how to combat it. The truth, instead, would seem to be that there is no way to combat it and pretending there is only makes it tougher on future American prisoners.

After the Korean War, we were full of strong talk about the number of turncoats and "confessors" and how it would never happen again because new soldiers would be better psychologically, morally and politically armed. We ran and run mock prison camps to "inoculate" soldiers against Communist POW pressure. The only trouble is that if we gave inductees a real shot of the "process" they would all be completely useless for some time afterwards and some would snap entirely.

There were those loudmouth officers who proclaimed the "process" would only work on prisoners who didn't get choked over Mom and Apple Pie. They just weren't patriotic enough, of course. But the truth is that in the depths of his

"Good evening, sport fans!"

psychological torture, even when Andy Evans attempted to commit suicide by slashing his wrists with a broken light bulb, never did his faith in America or Democracy waver. Indeed, that was not what the Reds were after.

What we are faced with in the Peking Process is something basically physical. The timetable for it is inescapable. The prisoner sees no friends and suffers long, irregular interrogation. He is deprived of food and sleep until his resistance and sense of reality sink out of sight while his lone, vague image of himself is one of degradation and filth. At last, and the time depends on the prisoner, the break will come, no matter what.

There is no way, no faith that will fight it, because the flaw is in our own makeup as human animals. Our complex brain is dependent on a certain amount of outside stimulation such as food, sounds, colors and touch. Too much will actually damage the brain, and so will too little. Recent studies have come up with the shocking confirmation of what the Reds have known for 17 years, that just 24 hours—the time given American prisoners for their "confessions"—is enough time for any man deprived of total absence of light, sound or touch—the final stage of the "process—to lose part of his sanity, to start hallucinations.

Under these weird circumstances the brain starts to fight for its own survival desperately. It must survive and the only way to do that is to bargain for a touch, a sensation—just as Evans was eager for a vicious beating. That's when reality no longer means a thing, when a statement of terrible crimes is less than petty compared to stepping out of the months of incessant weariness and a 6 by 6 black cell. But that is what we still have not accepted as the Red Chinese and their lackeys go into a second generation of brainwashing.

These are the "men who are not there" that we are seeing again in Viet Nam. The Reds are so sure of our lack of understanding that they've made little attempt to make it more sophisticated. Even the Cubans and French were shocked at the bald presentation of Stratton. "A frightening experience," shuddered one shaken Parisien as he left the room.

"Cubans, Poles—all the non-Vietnamese who saw it displayed their dismay," Lockwood said. "I told some Vietnamese officials the next day that this would be the worst possible kind of display as far as American public opinion was concerned."

Stratton, the man in the middle, may never have a chance to explain what went into his "confession." At the Hanoi show he bowed with the jerky motion of a puppet to his guard's commands, commands the North Vietnamese swore later they didn't give. When the report reached the United States of Stratton's condition, it was the miserable job of one of Castro's reporters to have a second interview of sorts with Stratton. He was the only newsman allowed to have one.

None of the other international reporters could be trusted, even the pacific Japanese. They'd run into the second most famous American pilot/prisoner earlier on the street. He obliged them and his North Vietnamese guard with a sidewalk "confession." The interview turned into a horror for the Japanese. They reported on their return that Cmdr. Jeremiah A. Denton, Jr. confessed to his crimes, but "in the manner of a man who was not himself anymore."

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admitted to crimes in North Vietnam? With anger or understanding? In most cases, as usual, the first. Meanwhile, the Red studies of mind warping go on. They pursue such strange discoveries as the fact that a prisoner floating in a tank of water with his eyes masked will quickly lose his sense of which way is up.

With that lack of understanding in their own background, our soldiers and fliers gain not much more help from the Armed Forces Code of Conduct. According to the code a POW should still give only his name, rank, serial number and date of birth. Psychiatrist Bryant Wedge of Princeton, who studied the treatment of our men in Korea, argues that the best way to resist is to keep talking with as much misleading information as possible. This, he claims, can give the prisoner a "strong sense of psychological superiority" over his own interrogators. A soldier who tries to follow the code to the letter and then tries to evade breaking by lying or any other trick will still feel he has failed, and end up an easy mark.

Using the imagination as Wedge suggests would appear to be the method in the "confessions" of Lt. Cmdr. Charles Tanner, 34, of Covington, Tennessee, who, managing a straight face, announced from his prison cot that two fellow pilots on the U.S.S. Coral Sea had refused to fly missions over North Vietnam, were court-martialed and discharged. On cue, Hanoi proclaimed the bravery of Lt. Cmdr. Ben Casey and Lt. Clark Kent.

In a way, the best weapon is the American sense of humor. As for the weakness of our prisoners in North Vietnam, says Wedge, "the question is not one of the American character but of the human mind itself."

"It's a one-way street in South East Asia, where American POWs are prey to whatever Hanoi demands for propaganda. The North Vietnamese capital refuses to permit the International Committee of the Red Cross or any other neutral observers to visit the prisoners, as required by the Geneva conventions. "In the absence of such verifications," says the State Department's Robert McCloskey, "North Vietnam's professions of humane treatment cannot be accepted."

There are about 400 American prisoners in Ho Chi Minh's hands, though definite figures can't be obtained since he won't provide the Red Cross with lists. Propaganda statements have been attributed to approximately 25 of them, few of the testimonies resembling anything but Quotations from Chairman Mao. The educated guess is that the Reds have arbitrarily divided their prisoners between those they will treat normally and those they have determined to break. And these men will, in all probability, break.

"The point is, you don't have to go to a weird technology," said MIT psychologist Edgar H. Schein. "All you have to do is isolate and pressure the prisoner. The techniques are old and it's just that the Communists are willing to use them." "No man," adds a psychiatrist and former Air Force officer, "can be sure what his own performance would be under those conditions."

Andy Evans, the man who has been there, puts it this way, "I think we must decide whether a person's life is more valuable to us than a Communist propaganda lie. I believe our men should be instructed to hold out to the limits of their endurance, but we must recognize such limits do exist."

"There are," as Washington said, in another war, "many ways to become a hero, and many kinds of heroes." END

25 WAYS TO RELEASE YOUR HIDDEN SEX POWER

(Continued from page 41)

"easy score" with a promiscuous woman, but an honest relationship with a girl who would not play the tease and would let him know exactly where she stood on the matter of sex.

My client left me after two counseling sessions, relieved that he had no deep-seated emotional or physical hangup. A few months later I received a call from him telling me he'd just come back from a honeymoon with "a wonderful girl" and adding, "I'm running on all 200 horses."

Not to push the comparison between man's sexuality and the automobile engine too far, few males operate at top efficiency in the area of sex relations. (And, of course, no man is ever 100% efficient in terms of his sex potential.) There are many simple, practical ways you can increase your *usable* sex power, just as did the man I've discussed above. Here, based on the latest scientific and medical research and backed up by my own experience in psychological guidance, are twenty-five reliable ways to build up your sex power:

1. NEW FINDINGS ABOUT THE MALE "SEXUAL CLOCK"—HOW THEY CAN INCREASE YOUR POTENCY. A team of researchers from the University of Rochester have recently announced some surprising discoveries about the time of day when the average male performs best sexually. It seems that, while nighttime is the period most often devoted to lovemaking, the male "sexual clock" is set for daylight saving time. Most men, it seems, are at their most effective at 7 a.m. in the morning. Indeed, there are reasons for this other than the merely physiological: a man is rested and refreshed after a night's sleep and the troubles of the previous day are half-forgotten. I have used these new findings in helping several married couples who came to me complaining that they were having trouble with sex relations. The suggestion that they try making love early in the morning was startling to them, but in at least two cases the results were dramatic and gratifying. The man who sets his "sexual clock" for the daylight hours can count on an added reserve of sex power.

2. IMPROVE YOUR SEXUAL PERFORMANCE BY THE USE OF COMMON ASPIRIN. Probably the two most frequent sex problems of men are: 1) premature ejaculation (that is, reaching a climax before the partner has reached hers) and 2) inability to prolong intercourse so that the woman who requires more than one orgasm for full release has been satisfied. In either case, my medical colleagues have recommended a mild tranquilizer with considerable success. However, it has recently been confirmed that three common aspirin tablets, taken about a half hour before lovemaking, have the effect of a mild tranquilizer. Men who have had troubles with premature ejaculation report that they have substantially improved their performance by this method.

3. PROPER TIMING OF LOVEMAKING THROUGH AN UNDERSTANDING OF "BODY LANGUAGE." Dr. Eckhard H. Hess of the University of Chicago has recently reported that pleasure (and displeasure) can be recognized by the enlargement or contraction of the pupil of the eye. This can be an important help in gauging a love-partner's responsiveness; if, during the early caresses, the lady's pupils become enlarged, she is favorably disposed toward you. If, on the other hand, the pupils become smaller, it's best to slow down and later your approach. In the latter stages of love play, if the woman frequently moves her arms and legs, it's a reliable sign that she is becoming increasingly receptive and you should go "full speed ahead." As the right moment for the sex act approaches, a faster rate of breathing is a reliable indicator that your partner is ready for the climax.

4. THE *RIGHT* WAY TO USE LIQUOR AS AN AID TO SEX. A man came to my office for consultation, complaining that his love life was falling apart because he came home from the office so "wound up" that most of his romantic overtures ended either in an argument or in "a big zero." Further questioning showed that here was a person who never relaxed, who ate a sandwich at his desk while working top-speed. I recommended that he and his wife try having a champagne cocktail or a vodka martini or two in the evening before going to bed. A few weeks later, he informed me that his sexual performance had definitely picked up—and, as a result, he was feeling a little relaxed about his job and had decided to take a vacation for the first time in five years. Alcohol, as most of us know, is a *depressant.* Taken in more than mild quantities, it definitely slows down sex responses; taken heavily, it can actually eliminate all sex feeling. But, in certain circumstances, where a man feels tense in a man-woman situation, it can be a valuable "expediter."

5. GET RID OF THE #1 MALE SEXUAL FEAR. All of us have heard the legends about the exploits of men with penises of extraordinary size. Many men come to psychologists with fears of inadequacy about themselves because of these legends. Let us once and for all dispel these legends. Dr. Louis P. Saxe, an outstanding medical man, in his book, SEX AND THE MATURE MAN, states flatly that penis size varies only an insignificant fraction from one man to another. There is, of course, the one-in-a-million exception, but this fellow very likely finds that his gift of nature causes more trouble than it's worth. Moreover, the authors of HUMAN SEXUAL RESPONSE, the important study of men and women who performed sexual acts under controlled laboratory conditions, have stated that size of penis has nothing to do with a man's prowess as a physical lover.

6. FIND THE EXACT PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT WHEN YOU'RE AT YOUR BEST. For each man, this situation can vary. Some of my clients have told me that their most gratifying sexual experiences have come after a battle with their mate. There is no doubt that the release of anger and other hostile emotions can actually pave the way to a most happy lovemaking session. As a

psychologist, I most strongly recommend lovemaking after such quarrels as the most wholesome way to heal the mental wounds. Other men, I find, are sexually most capable with their wives after being forgiven for some minor misdeed. It is, of course, a psychological fact that the person who is in a forgiving mood feels very warmly toward both herself and the person being forgiven. My advice on this whole matter is: study your patterns of behavior; examine the circumstances surrounding your happiest sex experiences. Then try as much as possible to duplicate those circumstances.

7. CHANGING JOBS CAN BOOST YOUR SEX POWER. When a man's working life gets stale, his sex life tends to get the same way. One of my former clients had this problem; he wasn't getting any fun out of life in bed with his very pretty and responsive wife. He had been working as a clerk in an insurance firm for about twelve years and he admitted that this bored him. I suggested he look into a new job—in a different field. He soon landed himself a semi-skilled laboring job in a factory at about the same money. He told me, two weeks after taking the new position: "This isn't brainy work, and I get home tired as a dog. But I feel as though life is opening up for me" His sex life, needless to say, picked up noticeably. Recently he wrote me a note, saying he'd been promoted and was now taking special courses at a technical school to prepare him for further advancement. "I'm working harder, but enjoying life more—a better husband and lover," he wrote. And, he added the most important thing of all: "Sometimes you've just got to shake the dice."

8. THE ASTOUNDING FACTS ABOUT APHRODISIACS AND LOVE POTIONS. Science scoffs at the supposed effects of such things as cantharides (Spanish fly) and yohimbine (from the bark of an African tree) as aids to sexual vigor. But, one of my colleagues knows of several clients who showed definite signs of improved sexual performance after a diet of eggs and oysters. Undoubtedly the scientists are right in saying there is no such thing as an aphrodisiac. But if a man *believed* that three stalks of celery a day will make him a better lover, we psychologists know that this may very well come to pass.

9. THE LOST ART OF TAKING A WOMAN BY SURPRISE. You'll have a

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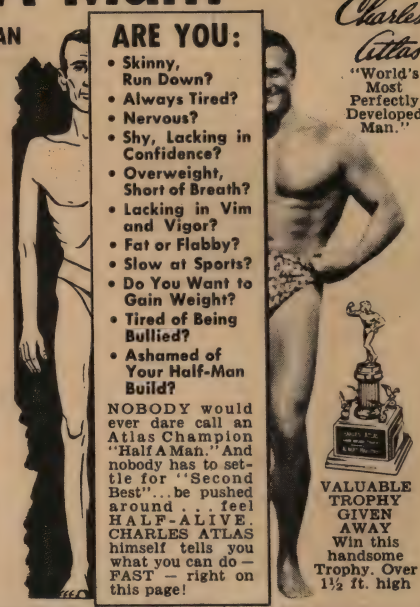

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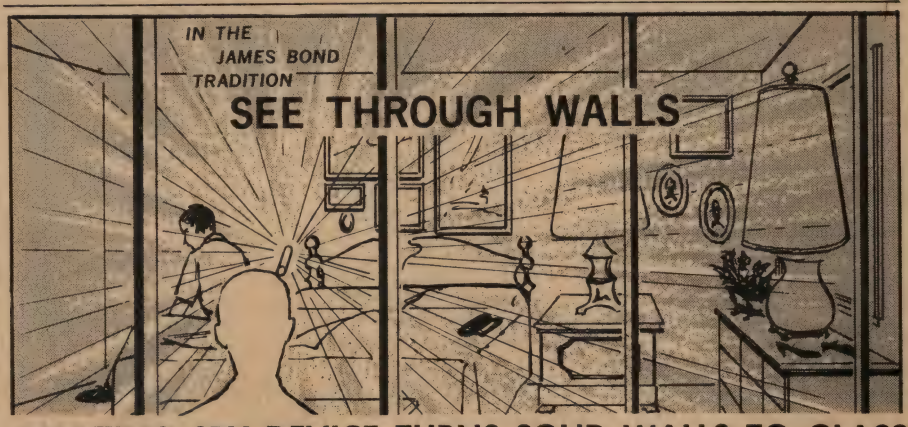

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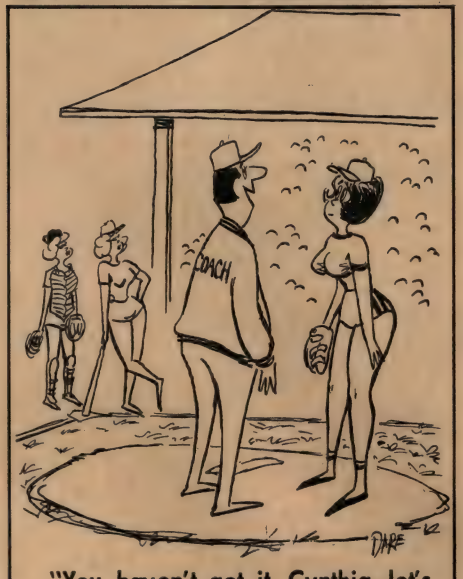
definite edge in sex power over the next fellow if you learn to use the lost art of surprise in courtship. Does your love play follow a predictable pattern? Does it always begin with the same words? At the same place? Same time of day? Once a woman is receptive, she enjoys the unexpected, likes to be taken off balance. If your first approaches are usually very shy and gradual, try picking her up in your arms suddenly and whisking her into the bedroom. If, on the other hand, you're the let's-get-down-to-business type, take the lady out to a cocktail lounge and woo her slowly by candlelight. Surprise her, and you'll surprise yourself with the increase of your passion.

10. GETTING THE MOST OUT OF PREMARITAL EXPERIENCES. Most men who have sex problems in marriage involving a bride who is "cold" haven't properly evaluated their first sex experiences. Very often, these men divided women into two groups: the girls "you don't take home to your mother" with whom they had all-out sex, and the "nice" girls, with whom they held hands. When this attitude carries over into marriage, it confuses the young wife, who isn't very sure of herself sexually. She is not, generally, "cold" at all, but merely in need of loving guidance. She is also in need of being treated not like a fragile doll, but like the full sexed and desiring woman she is. The lesson every man must learn from premarital experience is that the "nice" girl he marries is every bit the sexual creature that the "good-time" girl is. She just requires a little more time and cultivation.

11. TEMPORARY IMPOTENCE—HOW TO OVERCOME IT. Every man has run into a situation where he suddenly finds himself unable to reach sexual climax. If it happens two or three times in a row, it is probably a case of temporary impotence—a very worrisome thing, but not too difficult to overcome. Usually, it is related to some outside situation in business or family life, and when that situation is cleared up, the problem vanishes. One man I counseled was ready to commit himself to an institution; his brother and business associate had left their small enterprise and gone abroad in the midst of a financial crisis. Meanwhile, he found himself totally impotent, incapable of sexual arousal. I explained to him that he had a deep feeling of being betrayed by his brother. This in turn had raised doubts as to his ability to win love from others, thus leading directly to his sex problem. The brother was persuaded to return; more funds were borrowed and finally the business got back on its feet. At that point, my client found himself back in his usual sexual form.



"You haven't got it, Cynthia—let's go take a shower."

12. UNDERSTANDING THE FEMALE ORGASM—A KEY POINT IN BUILDING SEX POWER. As demonstrated in the studies of the Masters-Johnson researchers, reported in HUMAN SEXUAL RESPONSE, women are capable of having numerous orgasms (or climaxes) during one sexual episode; most men are capable of only one within such a brief span. Moreover, most men can reach a sex climax in about two minutes or less; most women can't reach a climax in less than four minutes. Working with these two key facts, a man can vastly increase his effectiveness as a love partner. The woman must be much more intensively stimulated in love play than the man in order to bridge the "time gap." Manual and oral caresses by the woman mustn't take place until she herself has reached a high state of excitement or the male will reach climax too early. The need of some women to have more than one orgasm makes it necessary for the man to hold himself back almost till the moment of the woman's first climax. (See the earlier suggestion that use of three aspirins can be helpful.) I stress to all my clients this vital fact: the more a man knows of the scientific facts about a woman's body and her unique sexual response, the better he will be at finding mutual satisfaction.

13. THE ONE WAY A PROSTITUTE CAN MAKE A MAN A BETTER LOVER. In my experience, nearly all men who visit prostitutes go to them for the wrong reasons. Often, they are youths who expect to learn this way the mysteries of sexual love. Sometimes, they are immature, neurotic men, frequently unmarried, who are afraid of more permanent relationships with women. Again, a large number of basically sound men, usually married, go because a small part of them is still emotionally retarded—they still separate sex and love somewhere deep in their minds. All these men are doomed to disappointment; if they can learn from this disappointment, the visit to the prostitute will be worth the $10, $20 or $50. The lesson they must learn is that there's no such thing as "plain and simple sex." The only sex that means anything is the kind that's all mixed in with affection, warmth and love. Once a man learns this, he will indeed be a better lover. And he won't need to go to prostitutes, because the "good" women will swarm all over him.

14. HORMONE INJECTIONS—WHAT THEY CAN AND CAN'T DO FOR VIRILITY. Lengthy experiments have been conducted with male hormones in the treatment of homosexual patients. The results weren't what was expected; the patients merely increased the number of their homosexual experiences. My medical friends tell me that hormones can, in some cases, strengthen a man's sex drive. But such treatment is only necessary in one man in 2,000,000. The rest of us, doctors assure me, have more sex power than we need, if we can only find ways to bring it into action.

15. FOOD AS AN AID TO SEX POWER. We've discussed the supposed aphrodisiac effects of certain foods. Here, we're concerned with the timing of meals as it relates to lovemaking. "How soon after dinner should I make love to my wife?" asked one of my more matter-of-fact clients. The answer is: ideally, make love *before* dinner. Many doctors and psychologists point out that many people use food as a substitute for love, sex and other satisfactions. Within reasonable limits, the longer after a meal, the greater will be your potency.

16. MAKING THE MOST OF THE FEMALE "SEX PEAK." Few men, I find, are aware that there is a definite period each month when women are more sexually responsive. The experts haven't yet explained the reasons, but the human female experiences a distinct rise in sexual responsiveness immediately after each menstrual period. And, as is quite logical, the more responsive a woman is, the more potent and effective a man will be.

17. EXERCISES FOR SEX POWER. Books have been written, prescribing various intricate "sexercises." The doctors with whom I work recommend, for added sexual vigor, a simple series of "situps" with hands clasped behind the head and feet anchored to the floor. These, taken in moderation, will strengthen back, stomach and groin muscles, all of which play an important part in lovemaking. Incidentally, such exercises shouldn't be engaged in immediately prior to the act of love, or they'll defeat their purpose and drain off needed energy.

18. THE GREAT SECRET OF ALL SUCCESSFUL LOVERS. This is an all-important fact of female psychology. Once a man truly knows it, he can vastly enlarge his prowess. The secret: women, almost without exception, give the man credit for a successful love act. On the other hand, women do not blame the male, but rather themselves, when there are sex failures. This was established in the famous Hamilton-MacGowan depth study of 100 married women, and every bit of scientific evidence since backs it up. Whenever I counsel men who feel inadequate as lovers, this is the first point I stress. Most of them tell me it's the point that is most helpful to them.

19. MONEY AND THE IMPROVEMENT OF SEX PERFORMANCE. Are rich men really better lovers? If a man wins the Irish Sweepstakes will it make him a casanova? From a psychologist's viewpoint, there's no doubt that the tension growing out of poverty, debts and the like can sap a man's sexual juices. But too much money brings its own variety of worries. Statistics show that, in terms of sex-activity, semi-skilled laborers are on top of the scale. Then come professional men—doctors, teachers, etc. Big earners are near the bottom; they engage in less sex activity than almost any other group. You'e in the best position if you pay your bills and have a good job with just enough money left over for a night on the town.

20. IN LOVE, THE WRONG TIME MAY BE THE RIGHT TIME. It's an established fact that sex can rear its lovely head at unexpected moments. Sometimes it happens when a man wakes up with a bad hangover. Or when he's tired or has a bad cold. Or when he's with a lady in a public place. Desire pops up unpredictably; your problem is to take advantage of such moments, even if you have to do some fast thinking and fast moving. Certainly, seizing these occasions can add to your sexual power.

21. BE A LEADER. I find that many men are being confused by the propaganda about "woman's equality." They believe everything they read about the new-found status of ladies—right on a par with the once-lordly male. One of my recent clients nearly let this idea spoil a delightful love affair. He wasn't getting anywhere with the lovely lady

in the lovemaking department—after one highly successful weekend in a ski lodge. Close questioning showed that he was waiting for the girl to "do the leading." I explained that in this area, girls don't have equal rights and don't particularly want them. They expect the man to make the passes, still. Then, it's up to them to either accept them or turn them down. My client found that my advice worked wonders. He is now engaged to be married to the very same lady—and he is very much the boss in the lovemaking department.

22. SATISFYING THE "INSATIABLE WOMAN." This is a worry that robs many of sexual confidence. They are always afraid that the next woman they meet in a romantic situation may be one of these "insatiable" creatures. The chances are that there is no such woman. As Freud knew, and Kinsey demonstrated, most women have highly flexible sex needs. The scientists showed in HUMAN SEXUAL RESPONSE, that a woman could by mechanical means, be brought to a great number of sexual climaxes within a short span of time. But women are far more sexually adaptable than men. In the rare case where the woman has greater sex desires than her mate, she can be brought to full satisfaction by manual and oral stimulation. (One of my doctor friends reports the case of a man, castrated by a shell fragment in World War II, who leads a happy sexual life with a highly sensuous wife, using just such techniques to gratify her.)

23. INCREASE YOUR SEX POWER BY PROLONGING *FOREPLEASURE.* Most Americans are impatient people; they want to get the job, they put great emphasis on speed. As a result, I find that too many of the people who come to me for help in solving their sex problems, are neglecting a most important part of their sex life. That is, the playful preliminaries to the actual climax. Touching and exploring in a leisurely way all the ins and outs of one's partner should take no less than an hour. Many doctors agree with me that the explosiveness of the orgasm is in direct proportion to the length of time taken in "the buildup."

24. BE GLAD YOU'RE "NATURALLY PROMISCUOUS." A great many men limit and hamper their sex lives by worrying over the fact that they're "woman crazy." The fact of the matter is that most of the experts agree that the human male has a fundamental drive and need for not one, but a number of sex partners. A leading anthropologist, Dr. Delos Bernano, says: "The need of the male animal for a variety in his sex companions exists beneath the surface of every culture." And, of course, Kinsey reported that three out of four men studied told of a wish for extramarital activity. It's something every man should learn to live with; he'll be that much more potent.

25. HOW TO HAVE GREATER SEX POWER AFTER 35—AND 45. Despite the hard, physical facts that man's body reaches its maximum sexuality at about 18—you can be a better lover at 35 than you were as a teenager; and a better lover at 45 than you were at 35. A man who gets past his first youth is relieved of many worries and problems; generally, he has more leisure, more job security, he's more relaxed with himself and with women. When he reaches 45, his kids have grown up, he's at the peak of his earning power, the world is his oyster. Under these circumstances, I've had many men tell me, "I may be an old coot—but sex is better than ever." It can happen to you. END

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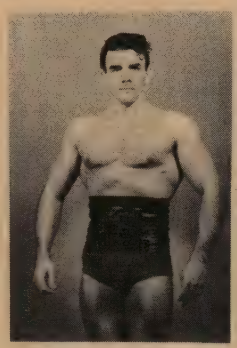

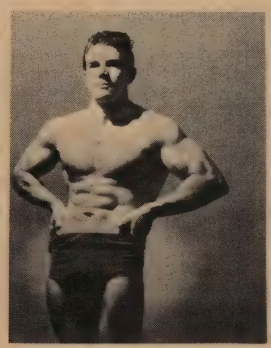

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MURDER TRIAL GENUIS WHO'S SAVED 700 FROM EXECUTION

(Continued from page 17)

Who in this courtroom wouldn't confess if he were left alone with these two men for an hour?"

Foreman turned toward the "Gold Dust Twins" and the jury followed his gaze. It came to rest on a rock-jawed Sheriff Kern and a granite-faced Ranger Klevenhagen. Foreman went on and on about the brutalities these two had perpetrated on his poor, innocent client.

The jury went out but didn't stay long. They quickly said, "Not guilty." At this both Klevenhagen and Kern emitted strangled cries of outrage, leaped over the courtroom railing and started pummeling Lawyer Foreman. "See," one juror said to another, "I told you the sheriff did it."

The anger felt by these peace officers was natural, for this wasn't the first time Percy Foreman had thwarted their intentions. Foreman is the most successful criminal lawyer in the country. During his flamboyant career he had defended 700 accused killers. Almost half of these never went before a jury at all. Either Foreman was able to talk the grand jury out of presenting an indictment or he got his clients off by pleading them guilty to lesser offenses. Only 50 of Foreman's murder clients ever so much as spent a day in the hoosegow, and of the 370 murder cases which Foreman brought before a jury, only one ended in the death of his client, a gentleman who shot his wife one quiet evening in 1952.

"The trouble with that case," Foreman said, "is that it was a thoroughly senseless killing, and the circumstances surrounding it were pretty gruesome. Anyway, you can't win 'em all."

Still one lost little murderer out of 700 accused isn't a bad batting average. For that reason, men who have just strangled their loving spouses, heiresses who have dipped poison into their kindly uncles' nightcaps, women who run off with the gas man and leave their husband dripping blood down the cellar stairs, businessmen who dispose of their partners with sticks of dynamite—all of these, when they feel the cold hand of justice at their throat and greet the dawn behind the iron bars of the county jail are apt to open their mouths and scream, "Get Percy Foreman."

It's a pretty good idea. So formidable is Foreman's reputation that one state legislator arguing for the abolition of capital punishment in Texas said that he was only making the same law for rich and poor since, "Nobody who has the money to hire Percy Foreman has any real fear of the death penalty."

Foreman will do just about anything to secure an acquittal. He isn't interested in the spirit of the game but in winning it. Prosecutors have charged that he will resort to shouting inadmissible evidence through doors and transoms when the jury is out of the room. The have called him both a fraud and an egotistical clown. Foreman doesn't mind. "It is the object of the defense," he says, "to prejudice the minds of all persons possible. My clients want freedom, not justice."

Foreman is in the great tradition of criminal lawyers. He is most often compared to Clarence Darrow, a comparison he doesn't consider wholly flattering. "I've tried more murder cases in one year than he did in his whole life," he said when a newspaper called him the Clarence Darrow of Texas.

Foreman has a high estimate of his own talents. When asked who he considered the greatest lawyer in the 19th century, he pondered briefly before replying, "Well, since I was born in 1902, the question is really, irrelevant, wouldn't you say."

His opponents take him equally seriously. Conrad Castles, Houston's assistant district attorney, who has battled him on more than one occasion, said, "He has more energy than any living man I ever saw. He can wear out a prosecutor and wear out a judge. You've got to battle him. If you don't draw a line, he'll run you right out of the courtroom."

Like many successful criminal lawyers, Foreman is something of a hambone who loves playing to an audience of 12 attentive jurors. In one murder trial he asked a witness, a criminal lab technician, to change places with him. The matter in dispute was the exact position of a handprint found on the buttocks of the murdered man. Foreman got into the witness box and bent over, his rear toward the jury. The judge looked at him in some alarm. "You're not going to testify, are you?" he asked.

Foreman deadpanned, "Not in this position, your honour," and brought down the house. He never made much of a point about the handprint but he had given the jury a good laugh and established that he and his client were likeable, regular fellows.

Foreman has great skill in the all important matter of selecting jurors. He tries to avoid Germans and Scandinavians whenever possible. "They're too severe and well-disciplined," Foreman says. "They have little understanding of mistakes." He is also opposed to jurors with occupations which demand undue precision — actuaries, bookkeepers, accountants, engineers, draftsmen and the like. He favors emotional types who have a background of being oppressed and is always happy to see Irishmen, Jews or Negroes on a jury list.

Occasionally, though, Foreman will play a hunch on a juror. In a murder case in Belton, Texas he asked a prospective juror if the man knew him by reputation. The man replied that he did.

"Would you be prejudiced by what you know," Foreman asked.

"Yes," the man answered, "because you are a shyster. They wouldn't hire you unless they were guilty."

Foreman astonished the court when he said, "I'll accept this juror. He's an honest man."

The point was that Foreman knew he had something going for him and that the man would bend over backwards to discount his admitted prejudice. He was right because the juror eventually helped swing the verdict to a five-year suspended sentence for Foreman's client.

Foreman is particularly eager to defend the weak if he feels that after softening the wrath of offended justice, he will collect a nice fat fee. While Foreman will occasionally take on a poor client if the case interests him, he more often is interested in obtaining something of value for his labors.

He says, "If a case is so nefarious that a man is going to the electric chair except for my efforts, I have no compunction about charging all the traffic will bear. The laborer is worthy of his hire ... that's Scripture."

He also seems to feel that no client of his should get off scot-free, no matter what the jury says. "My fee is their punishment," he says. "I don't represent wealthy clients. If they aren't poor when they come to me, they are when they leave."

Foreman insists, though, that money is really not his main concern. "I hate money," he has said. "I have talked myself out of $7 million bringing about reconciliations with divorce clients." Still, when he can't reconcile a couple, it's liable to prove expensive to somebody. He got $9.5 million for Mrs. Cecil Blaffer Hudson, the wife of a Texas oil man, and this is the biggest contested divorce settlement on record. Foreman's share of this loot was probably over one million dollars.

"Most of my clients hate me," Foreman sometimes admits. The reason is probably the hard bargain he drives for his services. One rich Texan charged with homicide said that he couldn't decide whether to hire Foreman and spend the rest of his days a poor man or go to trial without him and be executed rich. Another lady once burst into his office, waving a revolver in an alarming fashion. "You don't want to shoot me, honey," Foreman told the woman "I'm the only one who can get you off."

If a client lacks ready cash Foreman will accept anything of value—boats, cattle, sentimental trinkets, washing machines. Around Houston he now owns 40 houses, an office building and several hundred acres of land. His home in Houston once belonged to a client named Blum. "It was the best home Blum ever had," Foreman says. His sports car came as a down payment from another client. He once took four elephants from the owner of a small circus. He is particularly fond of diamonds. He has so many that he had a pair of his wife's evening slippers completely studded with $75,000 worth and hardly made a dent in the supply he has stashed away in various Houston safe deposit vaults.

As Foreman sees it, cash on the line is the essence of the proper lawyer-client relationship. "If you don't do that," he says, "you can't control the client. If they haven't paid for advice, they won't take it."

A little mixup about a fee lost Foreman one very interesting case. After he had shot Lee Harvey Oswald, Jack Ruby asked for Foreman. Ruby's family balked at the price and instead got the great Melvin Belli from Los Angeles. Foreman said, "Somehow, there was a great deal of confusion over legal fees. Anyway, Ruby's family was quoted a figure which happened to be four times higher than the fee that I had actually asked and they

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turned it down. I don't know how something like that happened—but it did."

There are those who think that Foreman with his intimate knowledge of Texas juries would have done a great deal better for Ruby than Belli, who insisted upon placing the city of Dallas on trial—and succeeded in getting his client a death sentence.

His unit's most famous case was the defense of Candy Mossler and her nephew and very close friend, Melvin Powers. Jacques Mossler, a multi-millionaire banker, was found dead with a crushed skull and 39 stab wounds in Miami on June 30, 1964. Three days after the murder, Foreman's telephone rang with a call for help from Powers. He had just been nabbed by the Houston police and was in the process of being intensively grilled. Powers had been carted off without being allowed to make a phone call, but he had hollered to a cousin on the way out, "Get in touch with Percy Foreman."

Powers and Aunt Candy were duly charged with murder. On the face of it the prosecution had an air-tight case. Prosecutor Richard Gerstein, who had won 24 previous capital cases, said that Candy and Powers had lived and loved together on Jacques Mossler's money. Annoyed by their affair, Mossler planned a divorce that would cut off Candy's present income and eventual inheritance. Therefore, Powers jetted from Houston to Miami on the day of the murder, jumped into a white car provided by Candy, drove to a bar near Mossler's Key Biscayne home and picked up a large Coca-Cola bottle with which to belt Mossler.

Then, at the unusual hour of one a.m., Candy took her children out for a little drive in the car, got a migraine headache and checked in at a local hospital where she received phone calls from a gentleman unknown. A little later, Mossler's neighbors heard him scream, "Don't! . . . Don't do this to me!" and saw a man leap into a white car and drive away in a great hurry. Finally, Candy came home and found Jacques all cut up and with his head crushed in.

Foreman's strategy in this, as in practically all of his murder cases, was simple. "The best defense in a murder case," he says, "is the fact that the deceased should have been killed, regardless of how it happened." So Foreman digs down and gets the dirt of the deceased and anyone else handy. "In a murder case," he explains, "you should never allow the defendant to be tried. Try some else—the husband, the lover, the police, or if the case has social implications, society generally. But never try the defendant."

In the Mossler case, Foreman (who represented Powers, while a team of Florida attorneys defended Candy) went after everybody. In his opening statement Foreman castigated Jacques Mossler as a "pirate" and a depraved homosexual. He told the jury: "He (Mossler) slept with an axe at the side of his bed for people who had threatened him."

The only statement Powers made to the police was ruled inadmissible when Foreman told the judge how the Texas Rangers had kept him from his client. Foreman also went after the Florida constabulary. At that time, a series of scandals had just broken in Dade County in which the Miami police figured prominently. Over and over again, Foreman implied that there was a conspiracy between the Miami cops and Mossler's other relatives to get control of the estate.

Foreman did a mammoth job of collecting facts tending to discredit the state's witnesses and when he didn't have any facts he had a ready tongue. "Be a witness, not a policeman," he yelled at one officer on the stand.

Midway through the trial, Foreman discovered that Billy Frank Mulvey, a jailbird with a long record had been subpoenaed by the state. When the trial recessed for the weekend, Foreman paid Mulvey a visit.

"Hello, police department lost and found? I wonder if you could tell me if anyone reported finding a black leather satchel containing a large sum of money in the vicinity of the Sixth National Bank today?"

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Mulvey was coy about what he was going to say in court, but Foreman stayed with him for over an hour. At the end of their conversation, Foreman knew the names of Mulvey's prison mates, members of his family and other long time associates.

With this information, Foreman flew to Houston and sought out Mulvey's pals. He returned with several, including Mulvey's wife, who were prepared to swear that Mulvey was a dope addict who could never be believed, even under oath. Mulvey's testimony, which was to the effect that Candy gave him $7,000 to kill Mossler, was disregarded by the jury.

Another convict by the name of Grimsley also testified to an offer of money by Candy and Powers to dispose of Jacques Mossler. Grimsley had incidentally mentioned that he had found God in an Arkansas prison cell and was taking a correspondence course in the Scriptures. When he was finished testifying, Foreman rose slowly and painfully to his feet and lumbered over to the court recorder's table for a paper cup of water. He pushed his shaggy hair back from his eyes and plucked at the crumpled suit that hung from him like a damp potato sack. He coughed, sipped some water, fiddled with a fistful of pencils. When he was confident that he had the complete attention of the jury, he went to work on Grimsley.

"You say you are now a student of the Holy Writ?" he asked innocently.

Grimsley said he was.

"Have you studied about a character in there by the name of Ananias?" Foreman asked.

"I certainly have," Grimsley replied.

"Have you or not modeled your ministry after his individual?"

"No sir, I have not."

"Who was Ananias?"

"Sir, I will preach you a sermon if you would like to hear one," Grimsley snapped.

"We do not want a sermon," the judge said. "Just answer the question."

"Tell the jury, who was Ananias," Foreman repeated.

Grimsley by this time was thoroughly confused. "At this time, sir, I couldn't tell you," he said.

Foreman smiled maliciously and pulled himself to his full height. He boomed, "He is the biggest liar in all antiquity. Does that help you?"

After 21 days of this kind of bantering of the state's witnesses, it was the defense's turn. Under Florida law, if Foreman called witnesses for Powers, he would lose the right to make the closing argument. He called none, but Candy Mossler's attorneys quickly went to work on Jacques Mossler's memory. They produced an ex-Mossler handyman who said he had seen the financier cavorting half-naked with three youths. They dredged up an insurance agent who owned a white convertible and had once lived with Mossler. They found cops who had questioned an interior decorator who owned a white car and was found bloody and beaten six miles from the murder scene on the night of the murder. Interior decorators, as everyone knows, are inevitably homosexuals.

Then Foreman got his closing argument. "We have come a long way together," he began. He told the jury that State Attorney Richard Gerstein had "guts and courage" and needed them to personally try such a flimsy case. "Anywhere else the eminent district attorney would shunt a case like this to an assistant," Foreman said.

He spelled out everything, stressing that a "cabal" was out to get the defendants, implying that the police were shielding the homosexual interior decorator. "Wheelbarrow loads of manure were dumped from that witness stand, and you are asked by the prosecution to accept this," he thundered. "Sometimes the boat gets overloaded and sinks. That's what happened to the State's case."

Foreman harangued the jury for over five hours. Three jurors, including the foreman, were for conviction, but the

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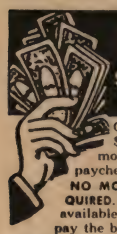

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other jurors were more interested in the possible guilt of the interior decorator, despite the fact that there had been practically no evidence linking him to Mossler. It was a great tribute to Foreman's mesmeric way with a jury. An even greater tribute was the "Not guilty" verdict they eventually brought in.

The case of Mrs. Ethel Simpson is generally considered to be Foreman's masterpiece, however. The state's case was simple, direct and utterly damning. Ballistics tests showed that a gun belonging to Mrs. Simpson was the murder weapon. Parrafin tests showed she had fire a gun. Mrs. Simpson had confessed to the crime under police grilling and the confession was admitted as evidence. There was a $13,000 insurance policy on Mr. Simpson and it looked as if his wife had been mighty interested in this.

Then Foreman went to work. A succession of defense witnesses portrayed Simpson as a very violent gentleman. Mrs. Simpson described nightly beatings by the deceased and called him "a brute with an ungovernable temper," who she swore she would have left long since "if it hadn't been for the children."

When Foreman asked, "Why did you shoot him?" the jury leaned forward to catch the sobbing widow's answer.

"He was after me with a hunting knife," she replied.

Even more effective were witnesses Foreman found who suggested that Simpson was a sadist who might have been responsible for the death of 20 dogs and who actually had stomped a puppy to death. No good clean American dog lover on the jury was going to stand for that.

"This woman's life," Foreman concluded to the jury, "was hell on earth. Any man who would beat his wife and even stomp a puppy to death..." Foreman paused and shook his head, then continued, "Send this woman back where she belongs—to the people who love her, to her children."

The jury found her not guilty. As Foreman later put it, "That jury was ready to dig up the deceased and shoot him all over again."

Percy Foreman came a long way to national prominence at the Mossler trial. His father was the sheriff of Livingston, Texas, and at the tender age of eight he witnessed his first and only hanging. "I don't believe six people in Polk County stayed home," he recalls. He delivered the meals to the prisoners in his father's jail and soon discovered that murderers have higher standards that those held for lesser crimes. "They usually think they have done right," he explains.

Foreman was a high school drop-out, but repaired this fault through a correspondence school course. He was admitted to the University of Texas, but never got to the campus until Thanksgiving and never stayed past Easter Sunday. He spent the rest of the year on the Chautauqua circuit, hobnobbing with magicians, jugglers, "snake bite tonic" peddlars and Swiss bell ringers, and haranguing rural audiences on such subjects as "America's Social Ideal" and "The High Mission of Woman in the 20th Century."

"If you didn't talk for two and a half hours in those days, people thought they were being cheated," Foreman says and boasts that he never shortchanged an audience. It was wonderful experience for a future criminal lawyer, and Foreman was a big success with the Chautauqua people, rising from advance agent and ticket seller to circuit manager at $30,000 per season. By the time he hung out his law shingle in 1927, Foreman had a tidy $67,000 tucked away in the bank.

He spent the next decade as an assistant district attorney in Houston. "I was Saul before I was Paul," he likes to say, In 1940 he ran for district attorney of Harris County and lost so he moved to the other side of the bench. Since then he's defended every known variety of criminal, with the exception of hot check artists and con men.

Despite his flamboyance and his tough way with a buck, there is a touch of the crusader in Percy Foreman, as there must be in any good criminal lawyer. He is opposed to capital punishment and argues with savage irony that executions should be public affairs. "I think it is more sensible to hold executions in public than in the wee hours of the morning in total confinement," he says. "Let's reach the greatest number of people. Let's let all of Texas know about it. And all the electrocutions should not only be on television, but sponsored by the Texas Power and Light Company, which supplies the juice."

Foreman became the first president of the National Association of Defense Lawyers, an organization devoted to restoring the prestige of criminal lawyers. "The criminal lawyer," he says, "was respected in America 50 years ago. Today he's still respected everywhere in the world but in America. We propose to see that he regains his place at the bar of America."

While he awaits this respect, Foreman goes on battling clients and district attorneys impartially. He is currently in the news because he is being sued by Powers and Candy Mossler to recover certain jewelry and property which they gave him as collateral. Foreman is not worried. "Depending on what newspaper you read," he says, "Mrs. Mossler inherited $9 million or $33 million by the death of Jacques Mossler. She would not have inherited one penny of this had she not been acquitted. Therefore, I would be willing to accept a modest fee, handed down by a jury, of between $4 million and $16.5 million for my services."

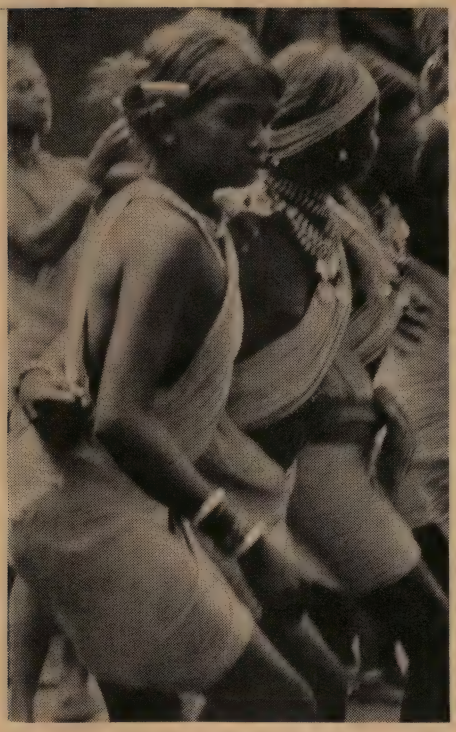
Foreman is inclined to doubt that the issue will ever come to trial, since, as he says, "It is quite possible that one of the by-products of such a trial would be to satisfy the curiosity of the public as to who killed Jacques Mossler."

THE END

"Like that appendix has got to come out, man."

FORBIDDEN LOVE SCHOOL OF THE STONE AGE MURIAS

(Continued from page 29)



behavior? What are they, what do they mean here in the wilderness, a thousand miles away from the nearest blue nose prude. Here there is no sin. This is the "Garden of Eden," before man fell and became a sinner. At least, that is how it seems to an outsider.

Don't read this report if you can't look at other worlds, other customs and other ways of life without comparing them to your own. Don't read it if you're convinced, absolutely, that our Western values are the only ones to judge people by and that all others are perversions or sick or corrupt practices.

Perhaps you don't have to go as far as Verrier Elwin, the famed theologian and anthropologist who, as he came to know these Muria love cultists, stripped off his church robes and said, "There is only one God, and I have found him here among these people. His name is Truth." Elwin later wrote that living with the Murias, and imitating their ways, he was walking more closely in the footsteps of "the good and the right" than he could do preaching from a pulpit or spreading Western ideas among the "heathen" Indians.

Following the path blazed by this English missionary, Nancy White, a FOR MEN ONLY staff photographer, and I, a staff writer, managed to make contact with the Murias early in January of 1967. It was a long trip—and a dangerous one, for the Muria tribe, all 200,000 of them, live south west of New Delhi in the still-partially unexplored state of Bastar. There, surrounded by dense jungles, man-eating tigers, snakes and almost impenetrable swamps, they survive, cut-off from the mainstream of modern India and the rest of the world.

"They are devil children," an Indian official sneered in Delhi, when we told him of our destination. "They are not Hindus, not Moslems—just savages who've made a big thing out of sex." (He, we later discovered, was a married Hindu with a mistress and a collection of pornographic movies.)

We met our first devil-child in a small clearing in the jungle. A young boy about ten years of age, alone, cheerful, singing.

Since arriving in India, this was the first time we'd heard singing. In villages or on the road, one sees little or no smiling, music, or gaity of any kind. And here, suddenly, is a youngster who sings and smiles happily. He is not shy, and doesn't shrink from our frank and surprised stares. In his hair are four red flowers. Around his neck a chain of carved wood. Unasked, he approaches and hands us a flower.

"Are you a *Motiari* (virgin) or unmarried?" he asks calmly of our staff photographer, the only girl in our group.

She nods.

"Then take this flower, it is a sign of love."

This pint-size Tarzan has us in the palm of his hands. Perhaps it's all a dream brought on by long marches through the jungle. Embarrassed, I ask him how he got the flowers.

"My *Motiari*," he says, and a warm look comes over his face.

"And how old is she?" I ask.

The boy describes her outline with his hands, then grasps his chest and cups imaginary breasts. "Not bigger than that . . . her breasts are like small juicy grapes . . . but she is the most beautiful in the whole village."

As we walk towards the Muria settlement we see our first girl, and speculate about her age. It isn't difficult. Over her chest and buttocks she wears a folded, loosely-draped cloth that lifts revealingly with every movement of her body. A permanent "birth certificate" in full view. Using the "fruitbowl" yardstick of our ten-year-old friend of the jungle, we guess her to be in the category of oranges and apples . . . well past the juicy-grape stage.

She informs us that the village elder of Chilputi can't come out to receive us for the moment, but hands us a bowl of *Salfi,* palm wine that tastes better than any champagne we've ever drunk. But the wine doesn't cheer us up, because without the permission of the village elder we won't be able to start our research. An older boy explains: "The *Sirdar* is not feeling well. He has had too much *Salfi,* and feels he will insult you if he greets you drunk. Be patient, please."

A clever man. Right away we feel more cheerful. But we want more than just permission to stay here in the village. We want to be allowed to study the lives of the Murias, remnants of the 30 million inhabitants who populated the Indian sub-continent long before the Aryans came down from the north to conquer. These people, the last of the Murias, live today as they have for over a thousand years, farming their jungle patches, hunting and fishing, and untouched by India's Hinduism—or any of the other religions that surround them.

And they have retained intact their most important institution, the one that qualifies them for the name "The Happy People Of The World"—the *Ghotul,* Pleasure House.

The Pleasure House is to be found in every Muria village, usually built at the edge of the jungle and slightly removed from the village outskirts. There, every child over the age of suckling baby, lives in complete independence usually up to the time of marriage. The *Ghotul,*

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sometimes described as a Children's Republic, is without any adult supervision, without adult interference. Youngsters live there, day and night, exclusively by their own laws and following their own desires. For us it is important that we get permission to visit a *Ghotul*. Few Westerners, if any, have ever been inside one.

It looks as though we're in luck. The polite young man who told us to wait until the village elder is sober, is *Sirdar* (chief) of the local *Ghotul*. He has been to school. Because of that, we can convince him that we are not curious tourists looking for supposed orgies, or egghead "researchers" out to poke fun at his tribe's age-old customs and traditions. We have come to see, to describe, to learn—not to make judgements or criticize other people's ways of life. Most of all we want to witness the ritual that's been called "the healthiest upbringing of children in the world today . . ." The Pleasure House life of the Murias.

We start out by exchanging gifts, a traditional ceremony among tribal people who have been uncorrupted by Western habits. That evening we are already allowed to see the publically-held *Motiari* Dance. Two days later, we are declared "official guests" of the tribe, ambassadors from the "outside," according to the village *Sirdar*. From now on I am considered the blood-brother of the village elder, and given the honorary title of *Belosa*. Our staff photographer, Nancy White, is named *Divan*, another mark of respect. With these titles we will be allowed entrance to the *Ghotul*. The jackpot prize is ours.

But all these honors won't shield us from the strict rule only to stay in the *Ghotul* until midnight. What happens after that hour is the secret knowledge of the youngsters, and will remain, forever, out of sight of adults.

So now we sit in a circle of children and teen-agers, lithe-bodied young girls and gangling boys, as they divide partners for the night. It is eleven o'clock.

The 14-year-old who refused her first and second bed partner, is finished with the comb. Now she undresses the little boy who so angrily demanded her company for the night, and begins to massage his back and arms, slowly, sensually, with a steadily mounting tempo. She is a head-and-a-half taller than he, a woman compared to a child. It is hard to remain impartial, a detached observer, and not judge them by our Western standards of behavior. I could still hear the words of the Indian official in New Delhi as he described (from rumors he had heard) what we were now witnessing. "They are devils . . . why the government doesn't outlaw these animals, I'll never understand." But, try as I might, I sense no whisper of sexual perversion in the act of this girl and her young companion, only a massage, strong and muscle toning.

The young girls in the *Ghotul* are serious in what they do, despite their gaiety. They are like a group of college undergraduates having a bull session, gossiping about the next day's classes. While five or six girls are combing the hair of their partners, a group of the older boys are discussing the crops, listening to younger members reporting on their chores, assigning new ones, laying out work schedules.

Head of the *Ghotul* is the *Sirdar* (from whom the English word "Sir" comes) and the chief girl is called *Belosa*. There are punishments in the Pleasure House, when necessary, but manners and behavior are almost without exception good. The authority of the *Sirdar* and *Belosa* is accepted by the group (who elected them, in the first place) and duties and privileges spring naturally from their position. *Ghotul* discipline, what there is of it, is self-imposed and strictly adhered to.

In this immediate future you will be faced with a very confusing situation at your local newsstand. You will discover several new magazines displayed that are clever imitations of your steady favorites. To make certain you are buying the ones you really want—the magazines that contain the greatest in NEW Adventure Reading—look for the Sign of the Diamond found only on the magazines listed below:

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Parents or outsiders have no say in what goes on in the *Ghotul*. They are not allowed to interfere. Their authority is limited to the general well-being of the village, and the village *Sirdar* (also called the Village Elder) is responsible for relations with neighboring settlements and tribes and for those few contacts with the Indian government that are maintained. Also, the Village Elder supervises the local school, now more and more being attended by Muria children.

Naturally, parents feed the youngsters of the Pleasure House, in return for which *Ghotuli* do the major part of the farm work. During the day the youth of the village are out in the fields or at school. But at six sharp, the hour of the *Ghotul* begins. The Pleasure House is not only an institution for sex education (though that is its admittedly most important function) but serves, also, as a community center for the village. Its members and graduates organize hunting expeditions, fishing parties, weddings, burials, feasts and all other Muria activities. Without it, without the *Ghotul*, the day-to-day existence of the Murias would collapse into chaos.

At the moment, the *Belosa* asks whose turn it is to stand guard against tigers. Four boys volunteer, two are chosen. One 17-year-old, one under ten. There is almost no need to give orders for decisions are arrived at communally. *Sirdar* and *Belosa* are no tyrants, nor do they get their position through power, wealth or influence.

"The best always rise naturally to the top," say the *Murias*, "and just as naturally, all others obey." It's a theory that's caused a lot of trouble in the West. Hitler had the same idea, once, but

couldn't get people outside of Germany to agree with him. Here, among the *Murias,* it seems to work just fine.

While we are talking to him, the *Sirdar* of the Pleasure House we're in starts to laugh. A ten-year-old girl is trying to comb his hair like a "grown-up" and is almost scalping him in her enthusiasm.

"Did you pick her?" I ask.

"No," he smiles back. "This little one wants to spend the night with me and I'm not allowed to refuse."

Thick tufts of hair cling to the comb in the little girl's hand.

Tonight, a 14-year-old, full-breasted girl will share her sleeping mat with a nine-year-old boy, and the 17-year-old *Sirdar* has to share his sleeping space with a comb-happy infant.

What will happen? Probably nothing. Or very little. Because here there isn't any need for impatience, no sexual curiosity that *must* be satisfied, now, quickly, in case another chance doesn't come along. Because this is no "one time only." This "free love" drama is a regular part of a young *Muria's* life, repeated nightly. It is a normal happening, like eating, drinking and sleeping. The 14-year-old will take her tiny lover in her arms and fall quietly asleep with him. Others will exchange gentle carresses, a few kisses and fondlings, before their tiredness overcomes them. Older members of the *Ghotul* will steal out into the night and make love, somewhere, privately.

In the meantime several boys have rolled out their sleeping mats. Next to them stand their girls, chores (combing the boy's hair, massaging them) completed. Now they are waiting for us to leave the *Ghotul* before moving into the arms of their partners.

The *Belosa* leans over our photographer, Miss White, and says, "Only another ten minutes, then you will have to leave."

But we are not being asked to leave because we might witness sexual orgies or scenes of wild depravity and perversion. The rule of the *Ghotul* is that love-making must be done in private, discreetly. Inside the building, nothing happens that is "forbidden." And this, like all rules of the Pleasure House, is strictly obeyed.

For a Western observer, these rules are barely understandable. The Murias believe that sexuality is the main problem facing the people of the world, that any attempt to sublimate or hide these "natural desires" is a sure way for man to order his own destruction, mentally, physically or spiritually. That's the reason for the *Ghotul.* There men and women will be tamed, there the demon sex will be domesticated, accepted, used.

Sex rules the paradise of the Murias. For them it means harmony and freedom.

There is certainly enough proof that it is true, that it works. Other Indians, especially the so-called "Westernized" Indians, have running loose in their midst a staggering number of crooks, sex perverts, suicides and criminals of all types. But with the Murias, this sort of behavior is completely unknown. There is no crime, no prostitution, no homosexuality — not even petty theft. Indian statistics — not the friendliest of figures for the Government-hated Murias — prove that these "simple" people are the best-adjusted, most law-abiding on the whole sub-continent of India — and probably in the world.

In the *Ghotul,* there is no formal instruction, no lessons, as such. Everything comes "normally" by instinct or shared experience. The Muria's basic concept of sex and their attitude towards wood for the fire," he answers.

"Is that the only criteria?" I ask.

"Of course not," he says seriously. "Children are admitted to the Pleasure House as soon as they realize what happens at night between their mothers and fathers. That's bad for a child, understand? When a child sees or hears its parents making love, then it's time he or she was in the *Ghotul.*"

The Murias know what agony it is for a youngster, usually half asleep, to witness parental love-making. They also know that, subconciously, a child's sexual desires are directed, at first, toward its parents, and that this can cause all kinds of mental problems. They handle this man/woman relationships is widely different from accepted Western standards. The 13-year-old girl on our left, who is sharing a bed with a sixteen-year-old, we are told by the *Sirdar,* is still a virgin. Not because her parents have insisted on this, it's just that she hasn't found a boy yet with whom she wants to share this ultimate pleasure — even though, since the age of five, she has shared her bed with a different boy every night!

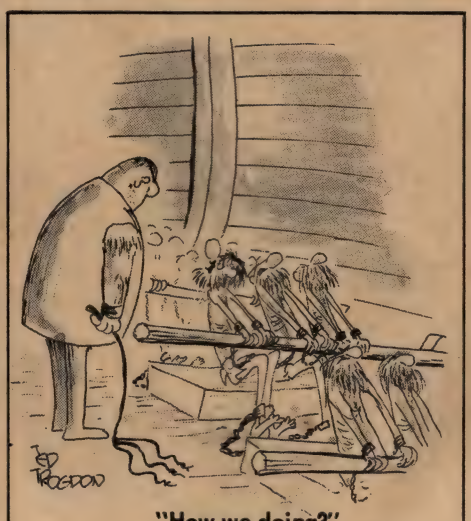
The time has come for us to leave the Pleasure House. Now begins the hour of sleep, of affection, of love making. Possibly, tonight, the 14-year-old girl will introduce the art of "love play" to her nine-year-old companion. Perhaps the 16-year-old boy will, tonight, make gentle — but genuine — love to his eager, though inexperienced bed partner.

It is also one of the traditions of the *Ghotul* that older girls teach younger boys the refined art of gentle love; without roughness, clumsiness or violence, and without instilling any feeling of guilt or "now you have to marry me . . . "

Should there be any attempt to use force on a girl or boy, should one of the two partners try to take what is not freely offered, then the punishment of the Pleasure House is severe; hanging by the thumbs for three minutes, for a first offence, banishment from the *Ghotul* for a second. Exclusion from a *Ghotul* is the equivalent of a death sentence to the Murias.

The *Sirdar* gives us the sign. It's 12 o'clock. Every youngster touches our left shoulder as a mark of respect, wishing us a good night. Outside I ask the *Sirdir* how old a youngster has to be before he or she is allowed into the *Ghotul.*

"When a child doesn't wet his bed anymore, and is big enough to collect



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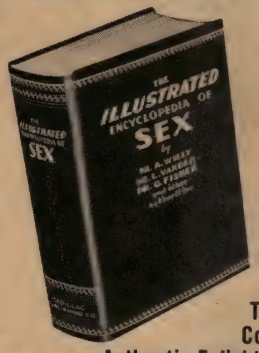

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MEN

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potentially explosive situation by packing the young boy or girl off to a *Ghotul,* where all these sexual urges can be directed toward someone of their own age and status.

Also, the whole business of rebelling against parental authority is removed from Muria children. There is none. There is nothing to rebel against. The members of the *Ghotul* are all equal, obeying only rules made by themselves, for themselves, administered by themselves. This fact has the added advantage of producing strongly independent young people, experienced in self-discipline and responsible members of the community.

There is no possible conflict between children and parents, neither in sexual matters nor in matters of authority. Consequently, the child's love for its parents is stronger, undiluted, and lasts an entire lifetime.

It all sounds too good to be true. But every modern school of psychiatry agrees with these 2,000-year-old Muria concepts. The *Ghotul* is the best possible introduction to "sex education." It contradicts, of course, our own ideas of family living and sexual innitiation and morality. But experts in the field (even the Swedish parliament) are seriously discussing whether such *Ghotuls* wouldn't help today's youngsters get out of the sexual anarchy in which we in the West find ourselves.

One thing is certain, neither I nor our staff photographer have ever seen so many happy, relaxed people as we saw among the Murias.

What happens when a Muria girl falls *genuinely* in love? When she meets a "special" man and wants him, above all others — permanently?

The rule of the Pleasure House forbids this. If it happens, it means the time has come for the couple to leave. Inside the *Ghotul,* a girl may make love to a boy only three times. After that she is punished, unless she changes partners. She may love the boy later, another three times, but not before she has shared her body with at least three other male members of the *Ghotul* in the meantime.

"In this way, love is maintained, always fresh," an old Muria explains to us. "If they bind themselves to a partner too soon, then love will die."

We tell him that in the West the exact opposite is held to be true. That we are taught to believe the first, young love is the most likely to last throughout a lifetime.

The old man shakes his head. "Where there is too long love before marriage, there is very little after, and less all the time."

"It's easier to stay faithful," another Muria chimes in, "if you don't know too much about your mate before marriage. He who knows everything about one girl, isn't going to remain curious for very long."

"What happens when a girl falls in love with a boy," I want to know, "but marries someone else?"

"That happens," the Village Elder admitted. "Then the couple separate, and marry the partners they love more. We have three such cases in the village. Everyone considers that quite normal. Nobody has complained, not even the partners who were left for someone else."

We asked several young men how they felt about these restrictions. "In the *Ghotul* there can be no steady love," we were quickly told, "no pairing off permanently, otherwise there would be bad feelings and competition among the boys and girls. The Pleasure House couldn't function. What would happen to the ugly ones? Should they be kicked out and forced to live without a *Ghotul?"*

"Doesn't a boy get upset knowing the girl he loves in the *Ghotul* is spending the night in the arms of another man?" we ask.

"Upset? That happens very rarely," we're told. "From a very early age we are taught the art of sharing. Anyway, any sign of jealousy is severely punished."

We question a number of girls if they wouldn't prefer to have steady lovers, instead of being obliged to change partners every night, or every three nights at most.

"Then we'd all be pregnant," one of them says bluntly. "No, no, we like it the way it is. In the *Ghotul* things are right the way they are."

The Murias are convinced that a girl only gets pregnant if she falls deeply in love with a man and stays true to him. That may be a ridiculous old wive's tale, but this belief is so deeply rooted in Muria tradition that, amazing as it seems, it almost always is the case. No deep love — no pregnancy. Genuine, faithful love — and the girl becomes pregnant. It is just another of the unexplained mysteries of the remarkable Murias. There is almost no pre-marital child birth in the tribe. We heard the figure four percent mentioned among those girls enjoying complete sexual freedom. By any standards, that's an incredibly low figure. And, as soon as one of these girls marries, there's usually a child within the first year!

Doctors and psychologists have discussed and examined this curious phenomenon without coming up with a satisfactory answer. Perhaps there are rules in the *Ghotul,* regulations about times when love-making can take place, methods of love-making, that we don't know of and were kept secret from us. That may account for the low pre-marital pregnancy figure. Perhaps, but we will never know.

The *Ghotul* we visited shared many of its secrets with us — but hid a thousand more. Of that we are sure. The more visiting Indian government officials try to get into them — and try turning them into private houses of prostitution — the more closely they are guarded. So far, thank God, the Murias have succeeded in keeping them houses of pleasure — and not of sin.

But for how long? Civilization, as we like to refer to ourselves, has a long history of spoiling and dirtying what it doesn't understand. The Murias are considered savages by the flunkeys who sit in New Delhi; they are laughed at, called "devil children" and their customs held up to ridicule and suspicion.

And, at the same time, these "civilized" officials want to turn the Murias' most sacred institution, the *Ghotul,* into pleasure pens for themselves. They have tried threats, bribes, alcohol — anything and everything — to make the tribal Pleasure Houses their own. With their dirty hands and dirtier thoughts they are determined to bring "civilization" to the children of the jungle, contaminate them and give them a sense of guilt. These officials, whether they know it or not, are the genuine snakes in paradise.

The English theologian, Verrier Elwin, who spent a large part of his life with the Murias, wrote: "I could never make up my mind if these people are a hundred years ahead of the rest of the world — or two thousand years behind. In either case, it would hurt us all very little if the spirit of the Murias, and of their *Ghotul,* were to infect mankind everywhere." END

PACE SETTERS

Continued from page 25

SPACE WATCHERS

open to the charge that he is whitewashing the agency."

But this won't be the first time "Tiger" Teague has faced a personal dilemma. Back 21 years ago, Teague was a political unknown just out of a military hospital when he made his first elected trip to Washington. He had won the seat in Congress largely because he was a war hero. Fellow veterans in the little, conservative cotton towns of north-eastern Texas considered him "their boy."

They were wrong. Olin Teague spearheaded the fight that blocked the 1949 multi-billion dollar veterans bonus bill. ("It was a give-away swindle," he said at the time.) Veteran groups swore to "get him" at the next election. They were wrong again. Teague won by an even larger majority, and has continued to do so ever since.

"Tiger" Teague was born a fighter, in College Station, Texas. He worked and fought his way through Texas A&M, by cleaning out cow barns at night, mowing lawns by day "and taking odd jobs in between." After graduating, he went to work for the post office and then, in 1940, volunteered for Army service. As Commander of the First Battalion, 314th Infantry, 79th Division, he stood up to massed artillery fire for 90 straight days of combat at the Battle of the Bulge. Teague was wounded six times, won eleven decorations and came out of the war with the rank of colonel.

The shell fragment that nearly cut off his left foot should have written *finis* to any athletic ambitions the young Texan might have had. But it didn't. He had a special sneaker made and, after his hero-election to Congress, became the undisputed paddle ball champion of the House of Representatives. Olin Teague walks like an express train, gardens, roughhouses with his three children ("except my oldest boy, now; he's in the Green Berets), and is almost as well known for his steak dinners as he is for his legislative prowess.

Considered by many Congressmen as "the guy who keeps veterans off our backs," Texan Teague is at once the veterans' greatest champion (he sponsored the Korean GI Bill of Rights, the war orphans scholarship program and rate increases for widows and disabled children) and their greatest critic. As chairman of the House Veterans Affairs Committee he sometimes has the painful duty of saying "no" to the very people who've supported him in office.

Now, presiding over the subcommittee looking into the affairs of NASA, he's in for another fight. That there's something wrong in the wood pile is pretty clear. But the trick is to find out what, and correct the mistakes, without chopping the whole program to pieces. That's going to take brains and guts, some soul searching and blunt talk.

There are plenty of men in Congress who say that "Tiger" Teague is just the man to do it. END

SAILOR WITH A THIRST

drunk there for a couple of pennies U.S., have all the women you wanted, smoke a pot of opium and eat dogs. What more do you want?"

Madden especially remembers the bars. While the barrel-chested Chief has almost every attribute of an old sea keg hound—stand a wet deck in a Force-7 gale, spin a good sea yarn, and quaff a half-keg of rum. He's missing only one ingredient: no tattoos. Asked why, he says, "I was always too busy in a jug."

The Chief's fondness for hooch also kept him, during the over-twenty years spent in the Navy, from promotion to Chief Petty Officer. Frank reached that rank only a few weeks ago, and he made it this time because he finally decided that it was worthwhile to stay sober for 12 months or so.

"I decided to make a career of it a short while back," the Chief radarman admits, "when I went to sign up for another six years. Maybe I'll last 55 years. Anyway, I want to stay in the Navy until I die."

Who was the best captain he'd served under?

"The present one," he snaps back. "Always the present one. The Navy doesn't put bums in charge of their Destroyers."

What was the wildest experience he had had in the Navy?

"The LSD *Lindenwald,* in the winter of 1954. We were stuck in the ice off Thule, Greenland, for almost two months," Chief Madden remembers. "We were down to crackers and rice at the end. There were ten movies aboard. I memorized every word of dialogue in them."

Then, having captured his listener's attention, Frank Madden spins his sea saga with professional gusto. "There wouldn't have been any trouble, but the ice breaker captain, the guy we were supposed to be following, told our skipper (his name was M. F. Ramirez de Arellano, so help me God) to stay close to him if he wanted to shoot a polar bear."

Nobody present could top that, so Chief Madden goes on. "Then a big white bear ran across the ice, and the old man yelled, 'Right full rudder!' We heeled over and broke one of our screws. For 54 days we just lay there, frozen solid."

Wrapping his giant paws around a cup of coffee, Chief Petty Officer Frank J. Madden looks the visitor right in the eye. "You want to know what I want out of life? Well, some slobs want to be millionaires or movie stars," he laughs. "Me? I just want to be a sailor." END

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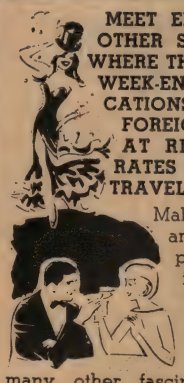

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editor's notes

TEEN-AGE TRAIN

To the Editor:

Today, for the first time, I came across For Men Only here in Viet Nam and I must say it is an outstanding book. One story I thought was very interesting was "How Rigged Laws Railroad Teenagers Into Jail" in the April issue. I was in a crime like the one described myself, but due to an outstanding Juvenile Delinquency district in Utah was only sentenced to 6 months and put with a foster family for a year—great people who kept me out of trouble.

Roger Nasfell
U.S. Navy, Viet Nam

We're happy to report that the publicity created around Jerry's case caused it to be reviewed and, with a new judge, the sentence modified. Right now, Jerry is helping to teach school lessons to the real "baby con's" of reform school, while waiting to go back to classes eagerly himself in two months. He's on his way back up, just as you've already made it. Ed.

SUPPLY AND DEMAND

To the Editor:

Is that all your Kathy wants? A man? Tell Miss Crowfoot (Kathy: For Adults Only, July issue), that here at Fort Bragg, that's all we've got and how would she like to come down and even up the odds.

Sgt. A. Smith
Fort Bragg, N.C.

AFTER THE OPERATION

To the Editor:

Your March issue fell into my hands. There is a letter in Answers For Men Only from a Sam Johns, who called "sex changes" a "freak operation." For 40 years I was what society called a man. I served my country in the service every single damn day we were at war—a hell of a lot of normal men can't say that. You call us freaks but why don't you find out what we have to suffer—going to a clinic for 18 months, medications to use, molds to wear that hurt, a new way to talk and to walk. And I made the grade, Mr. Johns.

Today I am happy, tears and heartache are behind me. If the world was more lenient in its thinking and would help those who are unfortunate perhaps this would not be such a world of "freaks."

Vivian Le Mans
Salt Lake City, Utah

BATTLE STATIONS

To the Editor:

It was with enthusiasm that I started to read the "Incredible Torpedo Run of the Sub That Sank Itself" in the February issue. But, obviously, the author, Mr. Field, didn't research his story well enough.

Basically it is true, but when the U.S.S. Tang started her last war patrol she officially had credit for 17 sinkings (10 in one trip), not 9 as mentioned. Another error was that the convoys hit during the last two battles of the Tang were heavily guarded and not unprotected as stated in the story.

David Bishop
Los Angeles, Calif.

As the deep red creeps over Mr. Field's face, let us say that no one agrees with you more than the Navy's Ship's History Dep't in Washington, particularly on the astonishing fact that the Tang compiled 24 kills in but 5 patrols. Only the U.S.S. Tautog could top that number with 26 confirmed sinkings. Ed.

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THE DEPRAVED ONES

continued from page 21

withdrew his right hand from his jacket far enough for Parker to see the silver sparkle of a Hi-Standard .25-calibre automatic. "Be nice," he said. "We have a nice talk about old times. And old friends."

So it was about Joe. Parker stepped back and motioned for Tiftus to come in. Smug as a peacock, Tiftus stepped over the threshold and into Parker's right hand. Parker chopped him midway between belt buckle and automatic, and Tiftus' face turned from tan leather to gray elephant skin. Parker plucked the automatic from his hand, yanked him farther into the room, and shut the door.

Tiftus was making a sound in his throat like an air-raid siren heard from far away. Parker pushed him into the room's one armchair, and went over to the window to look out. Captain Younger was still down there under his cowboy hat, leaning against the fender of his black Ford in the September sunlight.

Parker put the little automatic in the drawer of the writing table and looked over at Tiftus, but he was still sitting ramrod-straight in the chair, forearms clamped to his belly.

Parker took the time to finish looking at the paper. He'd already opened it to the obituaries.

SHARDIN—Joseph T., Sept. 17, no living relations. Funeral Wednesday 10 A.M. Bernard Gliffe Funeral Chapel. Interment Greenlawn Cemetery.

Wednesday; today. Ten A.M. He looked at his watch, and it was after eleven now, so the funeral was probably over.

He turned back to the first page and went through the paper completely, reading all the headlines, looking for some reference to the way Joe died, but there was no mention of Joe at all except the obituary notice. The notice didn't say what Joe died of.

Parker closed the paper finally and went over to stand in front of Tiftus.

Parker said, "You wanted to talk. Talk."

Tiftus moved his lips, but he didn't say anything. Then he closed his mouth, and swallowed noisily, and licked his tongue across his dry lips, and finally he did talk, saying, "You didn't have to do that." His voice sounded rusty. "I almost threw up," he said. He sounded offended.

Parker said, "How old are you, Tiftus? A hundred? You don't know about guns, at your age? Don't ever show a gun to a man you don't want to kill. You're a moron, Tiftus. What did Joe die of?"

Tiftus seemed honestly surprised; so surprised, anyway, he forgot about pouting. He said, "What the hell? How should I know?"

Tiftus spread his hands in a gesture of peace. "We've got no reason to fight each other, Parker," he said. "We've never been enemies, never in our lives."

"There's never been anything between us. When did you get to town here?"

"Just now. What do you think, for Christ's sake? Parker, I haven't even unpacked yet. I got off the train, I came across the street, I saw you coming into the hotel, I got your room number from the desk clerk, that's all. I got a room, one floor up, left my suitcase there and came right down to see you. Why should we work against each other?"

"Why should we work with each other?"

Tiftus was getting sure of himself again, smug again. "Because we're both here," he said. "We're both after the same thing."

"What if I told you I don't know what the hell you're talking about?"

Tiftus laughed and looked cunning and said, "Oh, come on, Parker! What are you *doing* here, then? I suppose you're here for your health, or you just thought you'd come by for Joe's funeral, is that it?"

Parker considered. Tiftus was stupid in some ways, but clever in others; it wasn't likely he'd tell Parker more than he'd already told. But if Parker kept poking around, asking more questions, Tiftus would begin to believe he really didn't know the story after all, and that would be no good.

Parker leaned forward, his left arm straight out, hand resting on the back of the armchair by Tiftus' head. Lowering his voice, he said, "All right, Tiftus, I'll tell you the truth. I'll tell you why I'm really here."

Tiftus cocked his head, the better to listen.

Parker clubbed him across the side of the jaw. Tiftus' head snapped over and bounced off Parker's left forearm. He sagged forward and would have fallen out of the chair, but Parker pushed him back.

Nothing in pockets or wallet told him what Tiftus was doing in Sagamore, Nebraska, a useless town forty miles from Omaha.

Parker put everything back in Tiftus' pockets except the room key. He picked Tiftus up like a ventriloquist picking up his dummy, threw him over his shoulder, and went over to the hall door.

There was no one in sight in the hall. Parker took the time to go back across the room and get Tiftus' gun out of the dresser and stuff it in his pocket. Then he went out to the hall, locked the room door, and went down toward the red light that showed him where the staircase was.

Tiftus hadn't been lying. His suitcase, closed and full, sat on the bed.

Parker went over and dumped Tiftus on his back on the bed. He heard a sound just as he let Tiftus go, and turned. The connecting door to the next room had opened. A woman was standing there in the doorway, wearing a white hotel robe on her left forearm and pink, puffy slippers on her feet and nothing else. She was a blonde all over, and she'd been out in the sun for a tan while wearing a two-piece bathing suit. She was built heavy but not fat; firm flesh well padded over a big-boned frame. Her face would have been beautiful except that she had the eyes of a pickpocket and the mouth of a whore.

She said, "What the hell are you doing?"

So Tiftus had left three things behind before coming to see Parker; bag, coat, and bag. Parker said, "Go back in there and keep your mouth shut."

"Says you. What happened to my man?"

"Your what?"

"Never mind, you. He's little but he's wiry." And about twice her age, if she was the thirty she looked.

Parker said, "I'm the one he had business with. Beat it."

As an afterthought, she held the towel up in front of herself.

Parker walked over and put his hand on the middle of the towel and pushed. He shut the connecting door and threw the bolt lock, then went back over to the bed. The woman rapped on the door a few times, but quit when Parker ignored her.

Parker dropped the room key in the empty suitcase and went over to the door. He stopped there to look back, but Tiftus was still out. There was no sound from the woman in the next room. Parker left, closing the door carefully behind himself.

The room stank of flowers and death. Parker stood in the main entrance a minute, getting used to the dimness after the bright sunshine of the street. He shut the front door and started across the room, his passage making no sound at all on the thick carpet.

Bernard Gliffe at last came through the draperies at the far end of the room, like an apologetic Sidney Greenstreet. He came forward as improbably light as a Macy parade balloon, his dead-fish hand extended. "I am Bernard Gliffe," he said. "You are . . . "

For Gliffe, Parker put on his businessman face. He shook Gliffe's hand and said, "Willis. Charles Willis." It was the name he'd used before on trips to this town, so he was using it this time, too. The way he said the name, he had to be a businessman of some kind. The way he looked, big and square and hard, it had to be a tough and competitive business; used cars maybe, or jukeboxes. "A friend of Joseph Shardin's."

Gliffe said, "A sad thing about Mr. Shardin. Sad indeed." It was just words, a conversation-filler.

Parker said, "The paper didn't have much to say about how he died."

"A heart attack, I believe. You knew Mr. Shardin well?" Again there was that touch of excitement in his eyes, quickly covered.

"Since before he retired," Parker said.

"Ah." Gliffe nodded solemnly, eyes hooded, and formed a little tent with his hands on the desk, fingertips together. "I never met Mr. Shardin in life," he said. "A recent resident in our community."

"How come you got the job?"

Gliffe looked slightly offended for just a second, but then it was gone and he said, "As there were no known living relatives, it fell upon the municipality to make the arrangements for burial, and the assignment devolved upon me."

"Who's handling the estate?"

"The Citizen's Trust, I believe. Yes, Citizen's Trust. You were both in the same business?"

"For a while." Gliffe's attempts to pump for information were surprising in their strength. Gliffe shouldn't be that interested in someone he'd never known alive.

Before Gliffe could ask his next question, Parker said, "Who was his doctor?"

"His doctor?" Gliffe seemed puzzled. "I believe it was Dr. Rayborn. Why, what makes you ask?"

"I thought I might go see him. I'd been out of touch with Joe; I'd like to know what happened to him."

"Well, of course, age must come to us all eventually, and Mr. Shardin was not a young man; seventy-one years of age, I believe."

"Something like that. Where is this Dr. Rayborn?"

"His office is just a block from here, west on Lake Avenue. Though, to be perfectly frank with you, Mr. Willis, I don't understand your desire to see him. Mr. Shardin is gone; nothing any of us can do will bring him back."

"I don't want to bring him back. I want to hear about how he died."

"Surely you have no suspicion there was anything unusual in Mr. Shardin's death?"

But Parker shook his head. "I know he had a bad heart," he said, lying. "That was why he retired when he did."

Certainly." Gliffe nodded, smiling fatuously. "The golden years," he said. "I myself am looking forward—but that, of course, is in the future. What business did you say Mr. Shardin was in?"

So he'd finally come out with the question head-on. In answer to it, Parker said, "He wasn't in any business around here, he was retired."

Before Gliffe could say anything else, explain what he'd meant to say or try to pin Parker down more closely, Parker got to his feet and said, "I better be going. I don't want to take too much of your time."

"Not at all, not at all."

Tiftus was on the lawn, sitting on the sign that said FUNERAL HOME.

He got to his feet when Parker walked out to the sunlight, and came over toward Parker smiling and tapping his head. "Am I smart?" he wanted to know.

Parker said, "No."

Parker said, "Good-bye." He started down the street.

But Tiftus trailed along, bright as a counterfeit penny, trotting to keep up with Parker's long stride. "You really put a scare into Rhonda," he said.

Rhonda. She must have picked up the name the same place she got the tan.

"We're both in this," Tiftus said, panting a little because of having to move so fast. "Don't think I'll quit."

Parker kept walking, ignoring him.

Tiftus said, "I know it, Parker, I know all about it. You used to come up here and visit him all the time, I heard about that. You think you got the inside track now, don't you?"

Parker said nothing, but he was listening. Tiftus might say something useful after all.

Tiftus said, "I'm not greedy, Parker, you know me, you know I'm not the greedy type. We could work something out. You hear me?"

Parker didn't slacken his pace, but he said, to see if Tiftus would tell him anything, "Work what out?"

"The split," Tiftus said, as though that explained anything. As though it explained everything. "The split." He said it twice. "I don't ask fifty-fifty," he said, and his voice showed he knew how generous he was being. "I know Joe was your friend, you got more of a claim than me, I know that. But I'm here, too, Parker, you got to accept that. I got a claim, too, because I'm here. You got to work out a split with me."

"How much?"

"Make me an offer."

Damn Tiftus! He kept talking all the time, talking as though he knew exactly what he was talking about, but he never said anything.

Some things were obvious: Tiftus was here because he thought there was money to be made here somewhere, and his hope for money was connected with Joe Sheer somehow, and he figured Parker was here for the same reason. But did Tiftus' hopes and expectations have anything to do with Joe's troubles? Or with the way Joe died? Or with why Captain Younger was hanging around?

There were too many questions, too few answers, and not enough time.

The only thing to do was get away from Tiftus, ignore him, find out what there was to know from other sources. Parker stopped, turned, and grabbed a handful of orange shirt. "Here's the offer, he said. "Third time today."

"Don't!"

Parker clipped him, enough to feel but not enough to knock him out. When he let the little man go, Tiftus sat down on the sidewalk like a baby.

Parker stood over him, hands closed into fists. "The next time you show up," he said, "I'll fix you so you don't show up any more. You know me, Tiftus, you know I don't say things for fun."

Tiftus didn't say anything. He just sat there.

It looked like a private home, except for the small metal sign on the lawn:

L.D. RAYBORN, MD

Parker went up on the broad porch to the front door. He rang, then tried the knob. The door was locked. Exasperated, he rang again, longer this time.

"Yes? Can I help you?"

"I'm looking for Dr. Rayborn."

"That's me."

"I want to talk to you about one of your patients, Joe Shardin."

"Oh, Joseph Shardin?" He seemed unaccountably pleased. "You knew him?"

"We were old friends. My name is Willis, Charles Willis."

"Come in. I'd love to chat with you." As he led the way into a large, airy room full of overstuffed furniture, he said, "Joseph Shardin was a fine man, a fine man. The kind of man you hate to lose, if you know what I mean. Sit down anywhere."

Parker was assuming that Gliffe had called to warn the doctor Parker was coming. In a town this size, everybody knowing everybody else so well, Gliffe would do that whether there was anything to cover or not. And the doctor would make believe he hadn't gotten any call; that he was being polite.

Settling himself in an armchair that just kept sagging downward till he was almost sitting on the floor, the doctor said, "You say you were an old friend of Joseph Shardin?"

"We were in business together," Parker told him. "Years ago." He wasn't being evasive for the hell of it; it was just he didn't know much about Joe Sheer's cover story, what Joe had been claiming around here to have retired from.

The doctor said, "He was retired now, you know."

"I know. He retired five or six years ago."

"When he moved here." The doctor nodded, as though they'd come to an important agreement about something or other, and then he said, "I believe he had relatives in Omaha; that's only thirty-five miles from here, you know. Or, no, wait a minute, he didn't have any relatives at all, did he?"

This was complicated, and for a minute Parker wasn't sure how to handle it. Joe Sheer had divided his time between a house in this town here and an apartment down in Omaha. It was in Omaha, in the safer privacy of a good-sized city, that he'd met with old friends from time to time, or occasionally took on the role of advisor to some group planning a tricky score. Here, in this little town, he'd just been a retired old man, a fisherman, a checkers player, a porch sitter, a pipe smoker. If he'd explained his trips to Omaha by letting it be known around town he had relatives down there, then by his death he'd blown that part of his cover sky high. He didn't have any relatives in Omaha; he didn't have any relatives at all. None that would claim him, anyway.

The best way out of this was to plead ignorance: "I never knew much about his family. Did you treat him long?"

"The last three years, about," said the doctor, and nodded, agreeing with himself.

"I was out of touch with Joe the last three years," Parker said, lying. "I wondered how long he'd had this heart trouble."

"Two years or more," the doctor said, lying right back at him. "In fact, I think it was his increasing blood pressure that first brought him to me."

Joe Sheer didn't have any history of heart trouble, right up to three months ago, Parker knew that for sure. He also knew Joe had a doctor down in Omaha. A sudden unexpected heart attack could have taken him here, and then this doctor would be in charge instead of the doctor in Omaha, but that was the only way. The story the doctor was telling was bushwah.

Which meant Captain Younger was headed this way, no question.

Parker wanted to talk to the captain, wanted to find out what the captain was trying for, but not yet. There was still more to be done first. He got to his feet and said goodbye to the doctor.

Parker had come the front way the last time, and by night. This time he was coming the back way, by day, walking across the scrubby weedy fields with his hands tucked deep in his coat pockets and his shoulder hunched against a cold breeze blowing across from his left.

The screen door was unlocked, but the inner door wasn't. There was no point fooling with it. He held the screen door open, raised his right foot, and slammed the flat of his heel into the door just above the knob. It made a hell of a racket. Parker stepped in, latched the screen door, and shut the door again.

What was he looking for? He didn't know himself, exactly; just something to tell him what was going on, something to tell him how Joe had died, who had helped him if he had been helped, and what Captain Younger was up to. There might not be anything here at all, but it was the first place he should look.

He searched the rest of the kitchen and found only the stuff you'd expect to find in a bachelor's kitchen. He was all finished and ready to start on another part of the house when he remembered something. He got a table knife from the silverware drawer, took down the flour canister from its shelf, and took the top off. He poked the knife down into it, poked and pried around, and there wasn't anything in there but flour.

That wasn't right. There should have been a tobacco pouch down in there, with twenty fifty-dollar bills rolled in it; Joe Sheer's runout money. He'd kept it there just in case he ever had to leave

here too fast to close out bank accounts, and a couple of years ago he'd mentioned to Parker where he had it stashed.

Parker went into the living room next. He couldn't get a corner on it, not a corner.

He went on searching the place, for whatever he might find.

It took a long time to go through Joe's house, and when he was done Parker had learned nothing. Throughout the whole house, nothing he knew of was missing except the thousand bucks from the flour canister. The telephone and utilities were still on, there was additional proof that Dr. Rayborn had been lying, because there were no prescriptions in the medicine cabinet, and there was no sign at all that anyone else had made a search through here. He knew a few facts and no reasons.

There were still two places to look, the attic and the cellar. He turned and opened the cellar door, and something with a sack over its head came lunging up out of the darkness, swinging something that whistled like the wind as it came around and smashed into the side of Parker's head. Parker had time to feel his hand scrape along burlap, time to see the cellar stairs rushing in on a long curve toward him, getting bigger and bigger, and then he went out like a burned-out bulb.

" . . . out of it. Come on, Willis, snap out of it. I don't have all day. Get with it, fella, get with it."

Now there was something else added to it all; somebody poking and pushing at his left shoulder. He complained, and moved around again, twisting on the concrete floor, and all at once he was out of it completely, eyes open, brain working. He sat up and stared into the face of Captain Younger.

Captain Younger was sitting on the next-to-the-bottom step of the stairs leading up to the main floor, and Parker had been lying on his back right in front of the stairs.

Captain Younger said, "You conscious now?"

Parker said, "I was slugged."

Captain Younger said, "Don't pass out again. I got questions for you."

"Don't worry."

"Like for instance," Captain Younger said, "what were you digging for?"

Parker turned his head, slowly, and looked over where the captain was pointing. There was a coalbin over there, with wooden slat sides. The coalbin had a dirt floor, most of which had been dug into. A big mound of dirt was out on the concrete.

Captain Younger said, "Well?"

"I didn't do that."

"Come on, Willis, you think I'm stupid?"

Parker squinted up at him, trying to think. Younger wasn't kidding around; he really did think Parker had done that digging. So there was somebody else in this, too, somebody Younger didn't know anything about.

Tiftus? Could it possibly be Tiftus? Could that little bastard have been the one down here?

Captain Younger leaned forward, his round face inches from Parker's. "I know what you're looking for, Willis. I knew what you were up to the second you came to town. You found out the old bastard was dead and you figured to just come in here and have everything your own way."

He wasn't making any sense at all. Parker shook his head and said, "You're talking Chinese."

Parker turned in the cellar door but it hit and his brain exploded.

Parker looked up at him and said, "Let's go upstairs."

"What were you digging for, Willis?"

"It's the way I exercise." He put his hand on the banister again, and started up the steps.

The face he looked at in the mirror over the sink was a mess. The left side of it, from the jawline up into the hair above his ear, was all mottled red and purple and black, as though somebody had thrown bright-colored mud on him.

"Call your tame doctor, I need him."

"Sure, Willis, Just as soon as you tell me what I want to know."

Parker was feeling impatient, and he was still rocky from having been slugged, so he said more than he would have usually. He turned to look at Captain Younger and said, "You know everything already. You know I was digging down there without a shovel, and you know I hit myself on the side of the face. You know what I was looking for. What the hell else do you want?"

"What was that you said? About the shovel?" Captain Younger was so startled he almost crossed the threshold and got close enough for Parker to reach out for him.

Parker said, "Did you see a shovel down there? What do you think the guy hit me with?"

All of a sudden there was a gun in Captain Younger's hand. "So you found it," he said, "You had an accomplice, and you found it, and he took off with it."

"With what? When do you start making sense?"

"Where's he going, Willis? There's still a chance for you to get a cut. You tell me where he's going, what he looks like, what name he travels under. I can get out an alarm on him, have him picked up for questioning no matter where he goes. You can't get him, but I can."

Parker shook his head. "There's a hell of a lot of morons with guns," he said. "I talk to you after I see the doctor."

Captain Younger seemed to consider for a minute, and then he said, "So you're not worried about wasting time. So maybe you *know* where he's going."

Parker waited. Sooner or later Younger was going to have to start making sense.

Younger motioned with the gun. "All right, Willis," he said. "Let's go into the living room. I'll call Dr. Rayborn for you. He's a very good friend of mine. I'm not taking you down to headquarters; I'm keeping you right here, and when we're done with the doctor you'll tell me everything I want to know."

They sat in silence a minute or two, and then Younger said, "I know what you think. You think I'm just another hick cop. Well, that's all right, Willis, I don't mind. You go on thinking that, you think that just as long as you can. Dr. Rayborn'll be here in a little while, and he'll get you all fixed up nice and new, and then you can start telling me all about yourself and what your connection was with Joe Sheer."

It took Parker a few seconds to realize that Captain Younger had just said Joe's real name, not the cover name he'd been buried under. Parker squinted, and saw Captain Younger sitting over there pleased and contented, smiling like the Cheshire cat.

" . . . all about yourself and what your connection was with Joe Sheer."

That was easy. What his connection was with Joe Sheer most recently, he had come up to this rotten little town to find out if it was going to be necessary to kill Joe Sheer or not. And all about himself, that was even easier; he was a thief.

Once or twice a year, Parker was in on an institutional robbery — the robbing from organizations rather than from individuals. It wasn't out of humanity that he limited himself to organizations, it was just that organizations had more money than individuals; organizations like banks or jewelry stores or one of those firms that still paid its employees in cash.

He always worked with a pick-up group gathered for that single specific job. Every man was a specialist, and Parker's specialties were two; planning and violence.

It was rare for a job to take more than a month in the planning and the operation, so it was rare for Parker to spend more than a month to six weeks a year at his work. The rest of the time he lived on the proceeds, usually in a coastal resort center, under the name Charles Willis. Charles Willis owned pieces of small businesses—parking lots and laundromats and things like that—here and there around the country; they never brought him a dime, but they justified his income on his Federal tax forms. As Charles Willis he had a complete background, documents and everything, enough to satisfy anybody.

He had been Charles Willis in Miami Beach, spending the money from his last job when the first letter had come from Joe Sheer. It had read:

Parker,

I think I got some trouble here, but I'll take care of it. But maybe you better not try to get in touch with me for a while, until I get everything squared away again. I'm not down in my place in Omaha, but staying up here in my house in Sagamore. If anybody tried to get in touch with you through me for the next while I'll have to tell them to go to you direct if I'm sure of who it is. If I'm not sure, I'll just play dumb, until this trouble straightens itself out. I'll let you know when everything is okay again.

Joe

Joe Sheer was an old-time jugger. He wasn't working any more now, but in his day he'd been one of the best safe and vault men in the business.

But about five years ago he'd retired. Like Parker, like most of the professionals in this business, he'd had a cover name for years, complete with a faked-up way of earning a livelihood and all the documents you could ask for to prove identity.

Joe had retired from the active side of the business, but not from the profession entirely. He still sat in on occasional planning sessions, for a small piece of the action, and he operated as an answering service of sorts for Parker and a few other guys in the business.

The thing was, when Parker was being Charles Willis, he didn't want anybody contacting him as Parker. So Parker, like a lot of others, had a friend who relayed any messages that might come along, who served as one link between Parker and Charles Willis. Joe Sheer was the friend.

For the last five years, that had been the main connection between Parker and Joe Sheer, the message bit. Plus, one time a couple years ago, he'd holed up at Joe's place in Omaha while Joe got him set up for a plastic surgeon to give him a new face; the one he'd carried around till then had gotten unpopular. Since then, except for occasional messages from other people through Joe, Parker had had no direct contact with him.

When he got the letter, he wondered a little what sort of trouble Joe was in, but since Joe had sounded confident that he could take care of it himself, and since in their business worrying about one' own self was a full-time job, Parker hadn't wasted any sleep over Joe Sheer.

The second letter came a month later. It read:

Parker,

You got to excuse an old man. I need help. You know I never in my life pushed for anybody to get me out of trouble, but I'm getting old and rusty and scared. If you want to tell me to go to hell that's okay, but if you got the time and inclination I could use a hand up here. I don't promise you any profit out of it at all, In fact, I don't see how you could even break even on travel expenses unless I pay for them, and I will. If you got a woman, bring her along and I'll pay for her too. A young Hardcase like you could take care of this problem of mine with no sweat, and sit around and drink beer awhile afterwards. This isn't trouble I would have thought twice about ten years ago, but now is another story. Anyway, if you're coming, just come, and if you're not then don't and I won't hold it against you. Whatever you do for God sake don't call me on the telephone.

Joe

Parker read the letter three times before he made up his mind about it. A man didn't ask for help in a personal problem in the first place. In the second place, if a man asked for help about anything at all, he never said a word about *paying* for the help; he might say something about how big a piece of the action the helper might expect, but that was something else again. This business of offering to pay transportation was just cheap.

When he finally made up his mind it was really Joe Sheer who had written that letter, Parker pulled out a suitcase and started packing. It wasn't for Joe Sheer he packed, he was going for himself. He was going because in Joe's letter he saw a danger to himself much more obvious and lethal than any danger Joe had been trying to describe. What he saw was the shaky penmanship and shaky mentality of an old man. Joe was going senile. At seventy, he'd lost every trace of the code of ethics he'd lived by all his adult life.

But he hadn't lost Parker's name and address.

Joe Sheer could crucify Parker, he could nail him to the wall with a hundred nails. He knew him by his old face, because who else but Joe Sheer had set Parker up with the plastic surgeon? He knew Parker's cover name, he knew enough about Parker to skin him alive.

He didn't plan on staying at Joe's place this time because he didn't know what his relationship was going to be with Joe this time. And he used the Charles Willis name because that was the name he'd used other times coming up here to see Joe, the name he always used with Joe. He didn't know then that this time was going to get complicated, that a local cop would be in the act before noon the next day; if he'd known it, he would have used some other name.

Joe was dead, but that didn't solve everything after all. Parker still had to know how Joe had died, and who had been causing what kind of trouble, and if there was now anyone in the town of Sagamore who could later on cause trouble for Parker or Charles Willis. He had to know now, and not wait for it to come looking for him, because then it would be too late.

So he stayed over that night, and in the morning he went down and asked the desk clerk about the local paper, but the local paper and a weekly that came out on Thursday, so what Parker wanted was the district paper, and the district paper office was over in Lynbrooke, seven miles away.

He'd been followed on his way to the Sagamore Hotel and the taxi driver told him it was the Captain of the local police force.

Parker had trouble.

When the doctor had come, silently fixed Parker's face, and left, Captain Younger walked around the room a little bit, still keeping well away from Parker, and finally he said, "The question is, do you know where it is or don't you? That's the question."

Parker said, "I think you're a hick and a moron and a bigmouth and yellow from your head to your ass."

The captain stopped in his tracks and stared at Parker. His face got red, and his hand on the gun got white.

"I could kill you, Willis, don't you know that? I run this town, I run it. I run the police force. I could kill you, right there and now, shoot you down dead at my feet, and nobody'd ever say a word to me about it. You're surely wanted somewhere for something, an old friend of Joe Sheer's like you, you've got to be on somebody's wanted list. I caught you burglarizing the house and when I tried to arrest you, you jumped me and I shot you in self-defense. Don't you know that? I could kill you right now and not think twice about it."

"If you kill me," Parker told him, you'll never know anything."

"I won't? I won't?" For some reason that seemed to make Younger even madder than before. "Explain that," he said. "Make it snappy, you, explain yourself. By God, I *will* kill you! You give me a reason not to do it, just one good reason not to shoot you down this minute."

Parker said, "I went to see Gliffe."

Younger waited, but Parker didn't say any more. Finally, Younger said, "So what? What's that supposed to mean?"

"You figure it out."

"What the hell are you talking about?"

"You don't understand what's going on, Younger. You got a theory and it doesn't work, it's full of holes. There's some little man I'm supposed to be partners with, but I'm seen hitting him on the street and he hits me with a shovel down in the cellar here. You call that partners? Does your theory tell you why I went to see Gliffe and Rayborn?

Younger went over and picked up the phone before it could make its noise a third time.

Parker watched and waited and wondered if in a minute or two he was going to have to jump Younger and kill him and start covering his tracks around here.

This thing was just getting worse and worse, and now he was in it too deep to get out again, and the worst part was he was in it using the Charles Willis name, the safe name, the cover name, the background name. If the Charles Willis name got loused up he'd have to start all over again from scratch.

He looked at his hands. The tips of those fingers were on file in Washington listed under the name of Ronald Casper. Ronald Casper was wanted for killing a prison-farm guard in California. Parker himself was probably wanted for a few robberies here and there, though without the connecting link of fingerprints. But up till now Charles Willis wasn't wanted anywhere.

He couldn't afford to have Younger book him, not for anything, not even for spitting on the sidewalk. He could afford to have Charles Willis connected up with Ronald Casper, the two names meeting in the middle at Parker. Somehow he had to come out of this with the Willis name still safe.

Over there on the phone, Younger was swaying, "I'll be right there. And leave

the state boys out of this one, we'll do it ourselves."

Younger hung up the phone and turned to look at Parker. He was frowning again, looking baffled. "All right," he said, "Maybe you're right."

"Right about what?"

"Things I don't know, things I got to find out."

Parker watched him, wondering what had happened to change Younger this way.

Younger said, "They just found your partner clubbed to death, it looks like with a shovel." He nodded. "In your hotel room," he said.

"*My* room?"

"That's what I said." Younger looked down at the gun in his hand as though he'd never seen it before. He shook his head and tucked the gun away inside his coat. "Come on. Let's go see him."

The room was full of law. Apparently somebody on Younger's force had invited the state police to attend after all; the pack of technical men, with their cameras and chalk, powders and notebooks and little white envelopes.

Parker watched and waited. Across the room, Younger wasn't being happy. He was trying to argue, but he wasn't winning. The state man was being polite but firm, and Parker could see that Younger didn't stand a chance.

Younger saw it too, after a while, and gave up. He came back over to Parker and said, "Out in the hall."

Parker knew it was a dumb move, but this was Younger's party right now. He followed Younger out to the hall, feeling the state man's eyes on his back all the way.

In the hall, down a way from the door, Younger turned and, standing close to the wall, said, "You're in the clear on killing him."

"And?"

"With me," Younger said. "*I* know you're in the clear. They don't.

"Why not?"

Younger was taking some satisfaction from this exchange, evening the score for losing with the state man. He took his time. "They know when he was killed. Within half an hour they know it. I was already with you then. I'm your alibi."

Parker said, "And I'm yours."

Younger was surprised. "Mine? What the hell do I need with an alibi?"

"You're looking for something, and so was Tiftus."

"And so are you, God damn it."

Parker shrugged.

Younger said, "We don't have much time, Willis don't waste it with a lot of crap. I'm your alibi, that's the point, I'm your alibi if I want to be. If I don't want to be, you've had it."

You didn't say anything yet?"

"Not a word. Regan, the guy I was talking to, he wants to ask you some questions."

Parker nodded. "So you want to deal."

"Partners," Younger told him. "Fifty-fifty split, all the way."

"I don't know where the stuff is."

"So we'll both look for it, we'll team up." Younger jabbed a thumb at the room they'd just left. "*Somebody* killed him," he said. "It wasn't you and it wasn't me. So there's somebody else in this. We got to stick together for our own good."

The best thing now was to ride along with Younger and look for a chance to get the Edge. Parker said, "It's a deal."

Once in the office, Regan remembered something else he had to do, excused himself, and left Younger and Parker alone. Parker said to Younger, "Could this place be bugged?"

"What? Of course not."

Parker shook his head. He couldn't figure out what Regan was up to. He had to know Parker and Younger had already talked together in the hall, and he had to know they'd arrived at the room together in the first place. So what was Regan up to?

Regan came back in, finally, and said, "Sorry to keep you waiting, Mr. Willis. Willis isn't it?"

Yes, Willis. Charles Willis."

"Of course. Abner, sit down, why don't you?" Regan went around behind the manager's desk and sat down there like a man about to get caught up on his work. "Could I see some identification, Mr. Willis? Just for the record."

Parker got out his wallet and put it, open, on the desk. "Everything in there," he said. "Go on through it."

"Ah, thank you, that won't be necessary. As I understand it, you and Mr. Tiftus were in business together."

Parker shook his head. 'Not me. You've got that wrong."

"I do?" Regan reached out and patted Parker's wallet, off-handedly, the way another man might doodle. "That was my understanding," he said. "You knew Mr. Tiftus in some other way, then?"

"I'd met him before."

"Yes, of course."

"In Miami, at the dog track. He owned a few dogs."

"And are you in racing, Mr. Willis?"

"No, I'm in business. Various businesses. Real estate, parking lots, laundromats, here and there across the country." Parker pointed at the wallet. "There's papers on some of it in there."

But Regan wouldn't give any attention to the wallet. He said, "Then you and Mr. Tiftus didn't come here together."

"No. I didn't know I'd see him here at all. But I came here for Joe Shardin's funeral, and I guess Tiftus did, too. You meet somebody at the funeral of a guy you both knew, that isn't coincidence."

"Retired man," Younger told him. "Just died a few days ago, buried this morning. Lived here about five years."

Regan gave his attention back to Parker. "So you both came here for this Shardin's funeral."

"I couldn't say. I know I did, and I figure he did, but I don't know about him for sure."

"And about his slaying? Do you have any ideas about that?"

Parker shook his head.

Regan nodded, smiled, and said, "Well, we won't take much longer. I appreciate your cooperation, Mr. Willis." He nodded some more, and said, "I'm puzzled. He was killed in your room. Did you give him permission to be in your room?"

"No."

"Well, do you have any idea what he might have been doing there?"

"He might have been looking for something to steal."

The time Regan was surprised; he wasn't faking the look he gave Parker. He said, "Steal? You mean Mr. Tiftus was a thief?"

"I wouldn't say that for sure. I heard rumors, around Miami."

"I see. Then would you say—"

The door opened, and two cops came in, and between them Tiftus' woman, Rhonda. Regan looked up, irritated, and one of the cops started to say something, and Rhonda took one look at Parker and screamed, "That's him! That's the bastard killed my husband!"

Parker looked at her, and now he knew what Regan had gone away for: to set this up. He looked at Regan to see how it was supposed to play from here.

Regan was playing it to the hilt. He got to his feet and gave the cops stern looks and said, "Don't you know better than to barge in like that? I told you men to wait outside."

The woman kept hollering: "That's him! That's him!"

Regan said, "Get her out of here. What's the matter with you two?"

Regan said, "I'm sorry about that."

Parker could play it open-face too, when he had to. He said. "Am I a suspect? I didn't realize that."

"No, I wouldn't exactly say you were a suspect, Mr. Willis. We are checking everything, of course, that's our job. By the way, do you mind? I don't mean to pry, but your face . . ."

Parker touched the side of his face where the shovel had hit him. It was still sensitive to the touch. "I fell down some stairs," he said. "Cellar stairs.

"Is that so? Did you have a doctor for it?"

"I'm the one sent for a doctor," Younger said.

Regan was surprised again, but he covered it better this time. He said, "You were there?"

"Willis and I were in Joe Shardin's house when it happened."

"I see."

"That young lady seems to think you might have had a reason to kill Mr. Tiftus, Mr. Parker. Why would she think that, do you know?"

"No."

He looked at Younger again and said, "Have you known Mr. Willis long?"

"A couple of years," Younger said. "Joe Shardin introduced us, one time when Willis was up for a visit."

"I see." Regan tap-tap-tapped his fingers on Parker's wallet, still sitting on the desk. "Well," he said, "I guess that's about it for now, Mr. Willis. If I want to talk to you again later, you will be around, won't you? You weren't planning on leaving for Miami again right away, were you?"

"No. I'll be around a day or two anyway."

"That's fine. Thank you again for your cooperation."

Younger stood up, too, but Regan said to him, "Why not stay for the rest of the interrogations, Abner? You can help me check the local details and what not, see I don't waste a lot of time on false trails."

On his way out, he invited Rhonda to meet him at Joe Shardin's when they'd finished questioning her. For some reason she agreed.

Parker opened the door and said, "Come on in, Rhonda."

She came in with the belligerent air of a dumb woman afraid something's being put over on her. She said, "What's with you and that Captain Younger? He's a cop, ain't he?"

"That's right." He shut the door and let the way into the living. "Sid down. We don't have much time before Younger gets here," he said.

"So what's that to me?"

Parker shook his head. She wanted to be snotty, and there was no reason for her to be snotty. He said, "Whatever the drag is here, you inherit Tiftus' cut. Don't that mean anything to you?"

"How come I'm in? You kept throwing my man out, but me you let in. What is this, be kind to widows week?"

"Your name ain't Tiftus."

"Thank God it ain't. What do you

want from me, buster? You figure to move in now my man's gone?"

"No," Parker told her, and it was the truth. He had a woman in Miami for one thing, and for another he was working. This wasn't his usual kind of work, but it had the same smell to it, and when he was working he had no time for women. Before and after, but not during.

She cocked her head and studied him, trying to decide if he was telling the truth or not. She finally shrugged and said, "Okay, so much for my sex appeal. You already seen me naked, so now you don't want any more. If that ain't it, what do you want?"

"I want to know the game."

"The what?"

Parker said, "Tiftus came here looking for something. Younger's looking for it. Whoever killed Tiftus is looking for it. Everybody figures I got the inside track on where it is. But I don't."

"Why not?"

"I don't know *what* it is."

She opened her eyes wide and looked at him. "You don't?"

"Did Tiftus tell you what he was looking for?"

"Sure."

"What?"

"Money," she said, as though it were the most obvious thing in the world.

"Yeah, but how? Cash? Jewelry? Goods of some kind?"

She shrugged. "Beats me," she said. "Money is all I know. He said we were coming here to make as a hundred G's or maybe more."

Parker said, "From Joe Sheer? Joe Shardin?"

"You got me, buster. All I know is what I told you."

"He never said anything about anybody, except you. He seen you, when we went in the lobby, and he said, 'Oh oh, there's somebody else standing in line. I know that bo.' And as soon as we checked in he went to see you.

What about the woman? Maybe she was the one killed Tiftus herself, and maybe she knew the whole story and was keeping it to herself.

Except it hadn't been Tiftus down in that celler, and it hadn't been the woman, and it hadn't been Younger.

It didn't feel like a professional. The way he'd got himself cornered in the cellar, and the way he'd gotten out of it again, both of them smacked like the doings of an impulsive amateur. Same with the killing; cutting Tiftus down hadn't solved anything or proved anything. All he'd done by killing Tiftus was alert all the law for miles around, make it that much tougher on himself and everybody else.

So it was an amateur, probably somebody local. Dr. Rayborn? Or Gliffe, the undertaker? Parker didn't know enough about either, or know how much either of them knew. He'd have to talk to Younger about them.

In the meantime, there were other things to do.

After Rhonda left, careful not to be seen by the kid sitting on the front porch of the house next door, Younger came in and said, "That Regan's a pain in the ass." Then, "What did you say to that Samuels woman?"

"Who?"

"Your partner's girl friend. Rhonda Samuels. She clammed up the second time she came in, said it was all a mistake, you looked like somebody else."

"Nothing. Come on in the living room."

They went into the living room, and Younger said, "I've been thinking."

"Yeah?"

"The guy that killed your partner, he's the same one hit you, the one that was digging in the cellar."

That was too obvious to answer. Parker lit a cigarette and went over by the front window. The Harold Teen was gone from the next door porch.

Younger said, "That means he didn't find it, you see that? If it was buried in the cellar and he'd found it, he would of took off with it, right? He wouldn't still be around, he wouldn't of killed your partner."

Parker said, "What if Regan gets to him?"

"Don't pass out again," the cop said. "I've got questions for you."

Younger said, "You mean, before I do? Don't worry about it, Willis, I'm still in charge."

"What about that doctor, Rayborn? and Gliffe?"

Younger frowned. "What about them?"

"They're in this. What if it's one of them, the guy that killed Tiftus?"

But Younger shook his head. "Not them, not either of them. They don't know anything about this, Willis."

"They're in it up to their ears. Gliffe called you when I went to see him."

"They don't know anything about the money."

Parker went over and sat down in an armchair. Now was the time to get the full story. He said, "Where do you think it's hidden? In the house?" He already knew it wasn't; while waiting for Younger, he'd finished up the searching he'd started earlier in the day.

"Not here," Younger said. "Take my word for it, Willis, that money isn't in this house. All the old bastard kept in here was a thousand bucks in the flour canister, and I already got that."

Parker covered his surprise, and said, "How'd you find that?"

"Don't you worry, Willis, I'm not as dumb as you think I am. Or as Joe Sheer thought I was, either. I know what's going on."

"Yeah. So figure there's still a hundred thousand hidden away somewhere, but not in—"

"A hundred thousand? That's low, Willis, that's so low it's funny. You don't know as much as you think you do."

"I don't? Then how much?"

"Hidden away?" Younger sat forward on the sofa, leaning over in a confidential way, and half whispered, "The way I figure it, it has to be at least half a million. Maybe more."

Parker looked at him. Joe Sheer had never had half a million bucks in his life, for one thing, and if he ever had that much dough he wouldn't have hidden it somewhere in cash.

The whole thing had to be a pipe dream. Tiftus, Younger, the third guy whoever he was, all after the wild goose. Tiftus was stupid enough, and Younger was greedy enough, and the third guy was amateur enough.

Parker shook his head; he still couldn't believe it. He had to know for sure. He said, "Spell it out for me, Younger. Show me how it adds up that high."

Younger pulled a legal-size envelope from his inside coat pocket and waved it in the air, saying, "I worked out the numbers on it, I worked it out all the way down the line." Younger pulled some paper from the envelope and unfolded it. It was two sheets of large-size bank stationery, written on with pen and ink in a cramped and spidery script.

Parker went over and sat on the sofa and looked. On the first sheet, the one Younger was pointing at, there was a long list, three items across:

1915	Louisville	12,000
1915	Sacramento	14,500
1916	Troy, N.Y.	9,000

It went on that way, and down at the bottom of the page the numbers on the right had been totaled up, and the final sum written in: 1,876,000.

Except for that final number, Parker recognized the handwriting; it was Joe Sheer's.

Younger was saying, "See, this is Joe Sheer's history, every robbery he was ever connected with, right from when he started in 1915 right up till when he retired. See, that's the date, and that's

His room was full of law. Apparently someone had killed Tiftus, here.

the city where the robbery was, and that's how much he got out of it. His cut, see? And down there at the bottom, that's how much he earned over his whole lifetime, almost two million dollars. That's a hell of a lot of money, isn't it? Almost two million dollars. Fifty-seven robberies in forty-three years. Almost two million dollars."

Parker nodded. It was what he'd thought; a fable. "What next?" he said.

"Simple arithmetic," Younger told him. "Just simple figuring, that's all."

"Show me."

Younger took his hands away from the second sheet. "All right," he said. "Here's the figures."

There were more numbers on this second sheet, but they weren't what caught Parker's eye. Besides the numbers there was a list of names, scattered down the right side of the paper. Loomis, McKay, Parker, Littlefield, Clinger . . . a long, long list of thirty or more names, all of them men Joe Sheer had worked with at one time or another.

But not in Joe's handwriting. "See that there? It wouldn't surprise me none if your name's down there. Don't think I ever bought that Willis name."

Parker looked at him, seeing him definitely for the first time as a dead man. "Let's get on with it," he said.

Tracing the numbers with his fingers, Younger said, "Sheer made one million, eight hundred seventy-six thousand dollars, right? In forty-three years. Now, we figure he spent twenty-five thousand a year, forty-three years, that's a million and seventy-five thousand dollars. You subtract that from what he made, you got eight hundred and one thousand dollars left over. Eight hundred thousand he never spent, Willis!"

Younger said, "Sheer showed me some bankbooks and mutual fund records and other stuff like that, just about a hundred and twenty thousand bucks worth. That's the money he had out in the open, to explain what he was living on. But the rest he had hidden away. He had to; he couldn't have explained it otherwise see? A hundred and twenty thousand from Eight hundred thousand, that's six hundred and eighty thousand dollard left over!

Parker got to his feet. It was the way he'd thought. Tiftus had figured Joe's goods closer to the truth, but Tiftus, too, hadn't been able to think more sensibly than a box of dough stashed away somewhere. That was what Tiftus would do, hide it in a mattress or bury it in the ground out by the old oak tree, but Joe Sheer had more sense; he invested it, in safe stocks and good mutual funds, and let the money work for him.

Parker lit a cigarette, and walked around the room, back and forth. He said, "You talked to Joe Sheer about this, huh?"

"Sure I did. Where you think I got all these figures?" Younger picked up the two sheets of paper again and folded them to put back in the envelope. "And the names," he said. "The figures and the names, all of them straight from Sheer."

"When you told him about the half million, what did he say?"

Younger smiled, remembering. "He tried to give me a lot of crap Willis," he said. "Just like you tried once or twice."

"What did he say?"

"He said he'd spent it all. He said the hundred and twenty thousand was all he had left."

"But you don't think so?"

"Come off it, Willis. Let me give you the proof. I put a little pressure on him, and he came up with the thousand bucks from the flour canister. Not only that, he told me he'd give me the whole hundred and twenty thousand, he'd write letters off and get it all back from the mutual funds and everywhere and give me the whole damn thing. Now, would he give me all that if he didn't have a hell of a lot more stashed away somewhere else?"

Parker nodded, seeing the whole thing.

Younger said, "If he hadn't of died, I'd of found out where the rest of it was."

That was a surprise. It meant Younger hadn't killed Joe after all. But Younger was still the trouble Joe had talked about in the letters, the trouble that had made Joe a stupid old man.

Everything, Joe had given Younger everything, his history, his friends, his savings, and all he'd done was make Younger want more. It was a good thing Joe died when he did, before he started giving Younger his friends' addresses.

Younger said, "I got suspicious a long time ago. Something about him, his solitude. So I made it my business to find out everything I could. The first part came through Washington. Sent the F.B.I. a set of his prints I picked up from his house when he was in Omaha once. Well, that was lucky. They told me his real name and how many jobs he was wanted for. They'd thought he was dead. I told them there was a minor burglary here, but that he wasn't around. Well, boy, from there on it was easy. It ended up the old man and I made a deal."

Younger said, "So I'm not the hick cop you thought I was, huh?"

Parker looked at him and shook his head. "No," he said.

"There's half a million," Younger said. "Half a million hidden away somewhere. isn't there, Willis? Isn't there?"

If it wasn't for the Willis name, he'd kill Younger right now and clear out of here. But there was Regan to think about, and the Willis name. Until this whole mess got cleared up, the only thing to do was play along with Younger. Grab the ball and run. He nodded and said, "There's half a million. Sheer was lying to you."

"I know damn well he was. And we'll find that dough, won't we? There's enough for both of us, and we'll find it."

"Sure we will," Parker told him.

Younger smiled, a big fat happy beaming round toothy stupid smile. "Sure we will," he said.

They spilt the job into two halves. Younger would look for whoever had killed Tiftus. The killer had to be found; otherwise, he could be off somewhere getting his hands on the money without anybody knowing about it.

Younger knew he couldn't trust Willis. He knew that Willis, as soon as he found the money, would try to get away with the whole thing. But Younger wasn't that dumb; he had men watching Willis all the time. He would know when Willis got his hands on the money, and a little while later his own hands would be on it.

All of it. Willis would try to double-cross him, wouldn't he? So there was no reason to share, none at all.

Younger walked back and forth in the field behind Joe Sheer's house; back and forth, his eyes on the weedy, uneven ground. He was looking for the shovel.

The way he had it figured, this was where the shovel would be. Maybe not back here exactly, but somewhere close by, close by. Because the killer *had* hit Willis with the shovel, but he *hadn't* hit Tiftus with it. The state police had finally done something useful; sent him a report on the murder weapon, which wasn't a shovel after all but was a heavy glass ashtray that had already been in the room when the killer got there.

What he couldn't understand was why the killer had taken the shovel away from Joe's place at all.

The only thing Younger could think was that he'd panicked.

What he needed was a lead, a starting point, and he didn't have one. He had no idea at all who the killer might be. If his theory that the shovel had been taken out of panic was right, then the killer was an amateur, not a professional like Willis or Tiftus. And if he was an

amateur, then he was probably a local citizen.

But who? Nobody knew the whole story here, nobody but Younger.

Somebody else Younger wanted to catch a corner of him, just an edge of him, just to get started. And the shovel was it.

Would he think to wipe his fingerprints from the shovel handle? Maybe, but maybe not.

So this was the thing to do; go over the ground himself, every inch of the field back here behind the old man's house. And if the shovel wasn't here, then start questioning the neighborhood.

"Hello, Captain! You looking for something?"

Younger looked up, startled, and there in front of him was a boy of about nineteen, tall, gangly, acned. It took Younger a second to break away from his own thoughts, and then he placed the boy; the Ricks boy from the house next door to Joe Sheer. The one Willis had been talking to the first night.

Younger said, "Hello, there." What was the boy's first name? Alfred, that was it. "Hello, there, Alfred."

Maybe I can help," the boy said. "If you lost something."

On the off chance, Younger said, "Did you see a man with a shovel out here yesterday?"

"Man with a shovel?" The boy frowned and shook his head. "I saw a *shovel* but I didn't wee—"

Younger said, "A shovel? Where?"

"Over there, by that red bush. "Is it still there, do you suppose? If it's still—

"*I* took them," the boy said. "I didn't think they belonged to anybody, just a—"

"You've got them? Where?"

"In the house, down cellar."

"Show me."

"Sure."

The boy led the way, back to his house and down into the cellar. The shovel and bag were on an old worktable down there.

Younger looked at them and smiled. They'd have the boy's prints all over them by now, but there might still be others they could use. At least this proved his theory; the killer had panicked, and run out across the fields carrying the bag and shovel. He was an amateur, probably a local citizen. He could be found.

Younger said, "I have to take these along, Alfred. They're evidence in a case I'm working on. When I'm done, I'll bring them back. Finders keepers. All right?"

The boy shrugged. "You can keep them," he said. "We've got a shovel of our own anyway."

Younger went upstairs and out the front door and headed for his Ford. Before he got there, Parker came out of Joe's house and across the lawn and said, "Where'd you get that stuff?"

"The kid next door found them."

"Oh."

"What about you?"

Parker shook his head. "No luck so far."

I don't think the money's in the house. We'd of found it by now."

I'll keep looking," Parker said.

Parker went back in the house. He knew Younger would keep himself busy for a while, have fun looking the shovel over for fingerprints. He might even dust the burlap bag.

Inactivity was making Parker irritable, testy. All he did was sit here in Joe Sheer's house and wait for that state cop, Regan, to come up with whoever killed Tiftus. And even then that might not ease the situation. The Willis cover might be loused up no matter what way things went here.

But maybe not. He knew more now than he'd known five minutes ago.

After Younger had driven away with the useless shovel and burlap bag, Parker went over to the side window in the living room and looked over at the house next door. Through the window there he could see another small living room like this one, but more crowded with furniture, and the furniture all older. He looked up, and saw bedroom windows on the second floor, overlooking this window and the window in Joe's kitche.

The kid was out on the porch again. Parker moved away from the window, across the room and out on the front porch. Only the width of a driveway separated this house from the one next door. Parker called to the kid, "Hey. Come over here a minute."

The kid looked at him. "Me?"

"Yeah, come here."

"What do you want?"

"I want to talk to you."

The kid looked around, but there wasn't anyone else in sight. He said, "I got to stay here and listen for the phone."

"This won't take long."

The kid didn't want to do it, but he couldn't come out with a flat refusal and he couldn't think of an excuse. He uhhhed a few times, and then he said, "All right. But then I gotta get back here and listen for the phone."

"Sure."

The kid came across the lawn and up on the porch. Parker held the door open for him. The kid wouldn't quite meet his eye. He went into the house, and Parker went in after him, shut the door, and said, "Why did you go to my room in the hotel?"

The kid turned around, wide-eyed and scared. "What? What do you mean?"

Parker shook his head. "Don't waste time. You went there and Tiftus caught you, and you slugged him. Same as you slugged me when you were in the cellar."

"I don't—I don't know what you're—"

"What I can't figure," Parker told him, "is what you went to my room for. You figure I already had the money?"

"Mister, I swear to you—"

Parker hit him, openhanded. "Don't tell lies," he said. "You're too young."

The kid was going to cry in a second. He put a shaking hand up to where his cheek was turning red, and he said "I don't know why you—"

"You're a watcher," Parker told him. "I've seen you on the porch, I've seen you at the window in the living room. You stand and watch."

"There's nothing wrong with that."

Parker said, "Younger was putting pressure on Joe, on the old guy that lived here. You watched. Sometimes, at night, you snuck over by a window here and listened."

The kid was shaking his head. His mouth was open, his eyes were wide open.

Parker said, "You believed that crap about the half million dollars. You're as dumb as Younger."

"B-but he, he did all those—" The kid stopped abruptly, and put his other hand up to his face, too. Both hands covered the lower half of his face, and above them he stared at Parker.

Parker nodded. "He did all those robberies. And spent it. Spent it faster than you or Younger could dream."

"I didn't—"

"You did. You were down there digging. You heard me come in, and you waited, and you clubbed me when I opened the cellar door, and you ran back home and hid in a closet. You were so scared you forgot to drop the shovel, that's why you had it to give to Younger. Afraid to hold on to it, so you told him you found it. Younger's dumb, but he'll catch on after a while."

Parker slapped him twice, forehand and backhand. The kid blubbered, and Parker said, "I want to know. I don't like things I can't figure."

The kid wailed, "You'll tell the police! You'll turn me in to the police!"

"No. I don't talk to the law."

The kid blinked, and blinked, and stared at Parker. "Do you mean that? Do you mean it?"

"I worked with Joe, in the old days. I don't talk to the law."

The kid rubbed his eyes with a trembling hand, and licked his dry lips. "I didn't mean to do any of it," he said. "Hit you, or that other man, or any of it. I just wanted the money."

"Why'd you go to my hotel room?"

"I wanted to know who you were. I forgot to look in your wallet when I knocked you out, and I was afraid to come back, because maybe you weren't still unconscious. I figured I had to know who you were, because of you searching the house and all. I didn't know, maybe you were with the FBI or something."

"How'd you find my room?"

"I was following Captain Younger, and he was following you. Before that, before I hit you."

"So you went in and Tiftus caught you there."

"He came in the window. I hid, behind the dresser, but he saw me. He started to holler and run, and I was scared, and I hit him with the ashtray. I didn't know that could kill him, honest, I just wanted to knock him out, I didn't know it could kill him."

The kid was trouble. He knew everything, he'd heard everything that Joe had told Younger. And he'd be grabbed; sooner or later he'd be grabbed. He'd done one moronic thing after another, even to giving Younger the shovel and burlap bag. Sooner or later Younger and Regan, more likely Regan, would get to the kid, and the kid would do nothing but talk. He'd talk three days straight, and not repeat himself once.

Parker shook his head. Another item to cover. He said, "There's nobody home at your place?"

"No. My mother's out—"

"All right. You got to clear out of town for a while. I'll give you some money."

"You will?" The kid lit up with hope.

"Write a note, so your mother doesn't get the law looking for you.

"Oh. Sure. That's easy."

"We'll do that first."

Parker took him to the kitchen and found pencil and paper, and the kid wrote the note. Parker read it. It would do. He said, "Move fast. Go next door, pack a few things, not much. Then come back here."

"Yes, sir."

The ten minutes the kid was gone were bad. Parker paced back and forth, back and forth. Too many things could go wrong.

But the kid came back, carrying a small satchel. "I'm packed," he said. "I left the note on the dining-room table."

"Good," Parker said, and hit him twice.

He buried him in the cellar in the hole the kid had dug himself.

Parker went out the back way keeping close to the houses, and went

a block and a half before coming out onto the street. Then he walked directly downtown.

He got into the hotel the same way he'd come out the first time; the fire escape around back. He remembered Tiftus' room number and knew the woman Rhonda would be in the room next door.

She opened the door right away when he knocked. "It's you," she said. "It's about time."

He stepped in and shut the door. She was wearing black stretch pants and a pink sweater and she was completely made up. He said, "Where were you going?"

"Nowhere. You told me to come here and stay put. I was beginning to think you forgot me."

She was being cute. She must figure he was here for sex. He said, "We both want out of this town, right?"

She nodded, and then shrugged her shoulders. "It ain't the sort of place I'm used to, let's put it that way."

"We can't go until the law gets whoever did for Tiftus, right?"

"That's me, baby," she said. "Not you. You're in the clear, remember? Your buddy cop give you an alibi."

"It's straight," he said. "I wouldn't kill Tiftus, I got no reason. Killing him just loused things."

I don't see why you got to stick around. *I* got to, because that cop, that Regan, he told me to. But you're in the clear."

"Not all the way," he said. "Not till Regan's satisfied."

"Listen," she said, "who's in charge around here, anyway? Is it Regan, or is it your buddy, the fat one?"

"Younger's in charge, but Regan's the cop."

"Well, that's just dandy. Are they ever gonna get the guy that did it?"

"No."

She hadn't expected the answer. She shook her head and said, "What? Why the hell not?"

"Because I got him," Parker told her. "It's a long story, you don't want to hear it. The point is, we've got to give Regan somebody else."

"Like who, for instance?"

"Anybody. Somebody not here any more."

"And he's supposed to swallow it?"

"Younger is, and he will. It's got to be just a good enough story so Younger can get away with accepting it and closing the case. Once Younger calls the case solved, there's nothing Regan can do any more. He's only in like on an advisory capacity, till they find out who did it."

Doubtfully she said, "All right, if you say so. How do we tell this story?"

"It depends. What did you tell Regan so far?"

She shrugged and waved her arms and said, "The first time, I told him the truth. The second time, I told him I made a mistake." She walked across the room and got herself a cigarette from the dresser.

"Get me one, too," he said. This was going to take a while.

She smoked a filter brand. She gave him one and he ripped the filter off it befor he took a light from the match she held up for him. She looked at him with brown eyes, steadily, while he lit his cigarette. She still thought he was there for sex.

He sat down in the leatherette chair and said, "Tell me what you told him the first time. Detail by detail. Tell me like I'm him and you're doing it just like you did."

"This is what I told him. Adolph and I come here on vacation, just passing through. Adolph saw you in the lobby when we came in, and said he knew you and he was going to say hello. I don't know what went on between you, but you beat him up and threatened to kill him. That's it."

"What about bringing him back to his room? What about running into you there?"

She shook her head. "No. I didn't say anything about that, I just did it straight and simple. You beat him up and he came back to the room afterwards and told me you were the one did it."

"You told Regan that? That Tiftus came back to the room afterwards and told you I beat him up?"

"Yes."

"How did you say Tiftus said it? Did you say he used my name, or said it was the guy he'd seen in the lobby that beat him up, or what?"

Details seemed to bother her. She was getting irritated, and now she shrugged her shoulders, blew cigarette smoke, and said, "How do I know? I didn't give the cop a play by play."

"All right, listen. This is what you told Regan: You and Tiftus came here, saw a guy in the lobby that Tiftus said he knew, Tiftus went away to see the guy and came back and said the guy beat him up. Right?"

She nodded. "Just what I said."

"All right. So what did you tell him the second time?"

"That you weren't the guy. When I first saw you, in that office there, I figured you'd done it, and I did like that guy whether you believe it or not, so that's why I fingered you like I did. But then I got to thinking, and you come up with the alibi and the buddy-buddy with the cop, so when I saw Regan again I told him I made a mistake, you weren't the guy after all."

"You told him I wasn't the guy Tiftus saw in the lobby."

"Right."

Parker thought it over. He'd already told Regan that Tiftus had gone to see him that morning, and that he'd seen Tiftus on the street a while later. He had to include that, plus what the woman had already told Regan, and make it all work out to a story that pointed off in some brand new direction.

After a while he said, "All right, we got a new story to tell Regan. We don't change the old story, we just add to it. You and Tiftus got here, saw a guy in in the lobby, Tiftus said he knew him, went away, came back, and said the guy beat him up and threatened to kill him. When you saw me you thought I was the guy, but you were wrong. The guy was tall and built like me, but younger, and he had blond hair. And what you remember is, Tiftus told you his name. When he saw the guy in the lobby he said, 'Why, there's Jimmy Chambers.' You got that? He said, 'Why, there's Jimmy Chambers.'"

She nodded. "Why, there's Jimmy Chambers," she said. "But I don't get the point."

"Don't worry about it. I'll get something else going on Jimmy Chambers from the other side, through Younger."

"But who is this Jimmy Chambers? Is that just a name you made up?"

"No. It's a guy with a record, Regan won't have any trouble finding out there's a real Jimmy Chambers, and Jimmy Chambers did know Tiftus, so everything's going to check. Chambers is a name Regan can check. And Chambers got killed in an explosion a few months ago and nobody official knows about it, so don't worry about getting him in trouble."

"Is that the truth?"

"Happened on a job we were both on. I don't sic the law on my own kind."

"All right," she said. "When do you want me to do this?"

"Tomorrow morning. At the funeral."

"It just occurs to me, like that?"

"No. You remembered it tonight, and you weren't going to say anything because you didn't think Regan trusted you. But you want to see your man

Rhonda looked at his gaze. "We both want out, right?" she said.

avenged, so you're going to tell him anyway."

"I hope he'll believe me," she said.

"Don't worry about it."

It was nearly midnight before Younger called him.

The first thing he said was, "You found it?"

"No. I want to talk to you."

"What about?"

"The money, and something else. Come on over here."

When Parker opened the door, Younger came in complaining. "You know it's after midnight? This better be worth it."

"Sit down, Younger, this won't take long."

The both sat down in the living room, and Parker said, "I want you to think about something. You're looking for the guy killed Tiftus. But Regan's looking for him, too. What if Regan comes up with him first?"

"I take him right away from him. I'm still in charge, Willis, I already told you that."

Parker shook his head. "No. You take him away after Regan tells you he's got him. Is Regan going to tell you right away?"

"He sure as hell better." Younger was insulted at the idea.

"Why?" Parker asked him. "What if he holds the guy an hour, six hours, questions him a little, and doesn't say anything to you till he's done with the guy. What do you do about it?"

"I could put in a complaint against him God damn it!"

"What would that mean to Regan? what would it mean to his bosses? Some hick little town police chief teed off because Regan didn't hold his hand and keep calling him on the phone."

It was true, and Younger had to know it. He tried to bluster, but it didn't work. He said finally, "What's the point? What difference does it make?"

"If Regan gets him first," Parker told him, "Regan will make him spill. You know he will. He thinks there's something going on, and then it's too late the whole thing's out in the open, and we don't stand a chance to get the money."

Younger took out a cigar and fooled with it in his hands but didn't unwrap or open it. He said, "So what can we do?"

"Get the case closed. Turn up a killer, so it gets Regan out of the picture."

"How do we do that? You mean frame somebody? We couldn't get away with it."

"We don't have to have a body." Parker told him, "just a name. What you go to do, you got to go straight down to headquarters and send off a teletype request to Washington, you want any information on a man named Jimmy Chambers, known to be an associate of a man named Adolph Tiftus."

"Jimmy Chambers? What the hell for?"

"Shut up and listen to me." Younger looked insulted again, but he didn't say any more, and Parker went right on, not noticing any looks Younger gave him. "Today, this afternoon, I told you something I'd been holding back. I told you something Tiftus said to me when I saw him in the street before he got killed. Remember my story with Regan, I saw Tiftus twice, the first time when he came to my hotel room and a little while later on the street."

Younger nodded. "I remember."

"All right. What he said to me when I ment him on the street, I saw he'd been in a fight and he said to me, 'Jimmy Chambers roughed me up.' I said to him, 'I didn't know he was in town,' and he said, 'I guess he came here for the funeral.' That's all. You got it?"

Younger repeated the dialogue, and said, "What's the point? Who the hell is this Chambers?"

"You'll get the answer tomorrow from Washington."

"Then what happens?"

"Then you decide Chambers killed Tiftus, and you thank Regan for helping, and you send him home."

"Just on your say-so?"

"No. There'll be more evidence, don't worry about it."

"What evidence?"

"Wait for it. You want to be able to act surprised when you get it. The important thing is, you send that request out tonight, as quick as you can get downtown, and you tell Regan about it first thing tomorrow morning. You got that? The first thing you see Regan tomorrow morning, you tell him about Chambers. It's important you do it right away."

"All right, all right. Is that all?"

"Yeah. Then, with Regan out of the way, we can look for the money and the killer ourselves."

"Yeah," said Younger, "what about the money? I'm getting closer to the killer all the time, I found the shovel and everything, but what about you? You're just sitting here."

"I've gone through this place," Parker told him. "Tomorrow afternoon, after Regan's out of the case, I think we better go down to Omaha, take a look at Joe's apartment there."

"I've already been through that apartment, Willis. If the money was there, I would have found it."

Parker shook his head. "I want to look at the place myself. You want me to go alone?"

"Not on your life," Younger told him.

Parker shrugged. "They we'll go together. We'll go in your car, that'll be best. Pick me up here around three o'clock."

"You think Regan will be out of the case by then?"

"Why not? You put a rush on the request to Washington, you get an answer tomorrow morning. Regan is out by noon."

"If he's out," Younger said, "I'll come by. If he isn't, I won't. That's the best I can say."

"That's good enough. Get downtown now and send that request off. You can tell Regan you sent it off this afternoon."

"Sure, I already got that."

Parker let him out, waited five minutes, and then went out the back door and down behind the houses again. He was going to need a gun tomorrow, and now was the time to get it.

Younger arrived at three o'clock on the button. Parker didn't wait for him to get out of his Ford and come ring the bell; as soon as he saw Younger pull to a stop at the curb he picked up his suitcase and walked out of the house.

When he opened the car door Younger said, "How come the suitcase?"

"We may have to stay over. We're getting a late start."

"You should have told me, I'd've packed a bag of my own."

Parker didn't want that. He said, "You can borrow from me. No problem." He tossed the suitcase onto the back seat and slid in beside Younger in front. He pulled the door shut and said, "Let's get out of here."

"Right."

Younger was pleased with himself. He said, "Everything went fine with Regan. That was good, when the Samuels woman started talking about Chambers, too. You worked that real well."

"She did it right, huh?"

"Listen, I almost believe her myself. A regular actress. The only thing, what happens when Chambers is picked up?"

"He won't be," Parker told him.

"You sound sure of it."

"I am."

After a while, out on the three-lane road that led to Omaha, Younger started again, saying, "You're from Miami, huh?"

"I live there sometimes."

"That's what I'm gonna do. Once I get my hands on that money, I'm clearing out of here. What do you think, Miami? Or would I do better out of the country, maybe go to the Riviera, or Acapulco?"

"One place is like another," Parker told him, but he knew Younger wouldn't be able to understand it.

He didn't. "Not with half a million dollars," he said.

"A quarter of a million," Parker reminded him.

Younger reacted like a kid caught playing hooky; guilty smile and all. "That's right," he said. "Thats right, you're right."

"Sure."

"You can trust me."

"No. I can't trust you, you know that And you can't trust me. We don't trust each other," Parker told him. "We can't, there's too much money in it. And that isn't any good. Watching each other all the time. We'll never get anywhere. The guy that killed Tiftus is still around someplace, remember."

"I'm getting close to him, Willis."

"That isn't the point."

"I know that. You're right, we got to be able to trust each other."

"That's what I say."

"But how?" Younger turned his head and glanced at Parker, and then faced front again. "I'll tell you the truth, Willis, you could swear on a stack of Bibles the sun was shining and I'd have to go out and look for myself. There's no way on earth you could make me trust you."

"There's one way."

"How?"

"I let you get something on me, so if I double-cross you it backfires."

Younger squinted at the road, trying to figure it out. "I don't get what you mean," he said.

Parker told him, "I write a note. I say, 'I killed Adolph Tiftus,' I sign my name to it. It's all in my handwriting, so you've got me cold. I give you the note, and you give it to a lawyer or a friend or somebody for safekeeping. You tell him, if anything happens to you they should give the note to the law. That way, you're safe. I don't dare touch you."

Younger nodded. "That makes sense," he said. "That isn't a bad idea at all. I could trust you after that."

"Sure."

"We'll do it, then," he said. "As soon as we get back to town."

"We can do it in Omaha, at Joe's apartment. The sooner we do it, the better for both of us."

Younger shrugged. "Okay, fine. I don't care. Only thing, what about me giving you an alibi?"

"I'll cover it in the note. Say I told you it was earlier than it was, and you didn't have a watch on you, something like that. The whole thing'll be worked out in the note."

"Good. That's a good idea."

"For you, too," Parker told him.

Younger looked startled. He glanced at Parker, and away. "What do you mean, me, too?"

"You write a note, too."

"What? That I killed Tiftus? It wouldn't make any sense."

"No, that you killed Joseph Shardin."

Younger now looked scared. "I didn't kill him! What the hell are you talking about, Willis, I didn't kill him!"

"I didn't kill Tiftus," Parker reminded him. "That is not the point. The point is to have something on you, like you'll have on me."

"But it don't make any sense. How's it gonna look?"

Parker said, "You write, 'I killed Joseph Shardin. I was trying to extort money from him, and I didn't mean to kill him.' And you sign your name. No, wait a second. Besides that, you write, 'Doctor Rayborn knows all about it.' Because he does, doesn't he?"

Younger glowered at the road. "If that bastard's been opening his mouth—"

"He didn't have to. I haven't seen him since he fixed up my face."

"I don't like it," Younger said. "I didn't kill the old man, why should I say I did?"

Parker told him, "You'll have my note about killing Tiftus, I'll have your note about killing Joe. That way, we're safe from each other."

Younger gnawed on his lower lip, and shook his head back and forth. "I don't like it," he said. "I just don't like it."

Sitting at the wheel, driving down the straight road, Younger chewed his lip and tried to get used to having only a quarter of a million dollars. That was the problem, and Parker knew it. Younger had been counting on the whole pie, and now he was having to shift his thinking, having to gear down to half a pie.

Half a pie in the sky.

With the outskirts of Omaha lumping up ahead of them, Younger finally nodded. "All right," he said. "It's the best way."

Parker knew what he meant. He meant he wasn't that sure anyway that he could get Parker before Parker got him.

"You're right," Parker told him.

Parker's note read:

> I killed Adolph Tiftus. He came in my room and we argued and I hit him with the ashtray. Then I went to Joe Shardin's house and saw Captain Younger and told him it was half an hour earlier than it was. I scared Rhonda Samuels into making up the story about Jim Chambers.
>
> Charles Willis

Younger read it and said, "Fine. That covers the whole thing."

They were sitting at the kitchen table in Joe Sheer's Omaha apartment. Parker had found pen and paper and had written his note first, to keep Younger from getting suspicious. Now he pushed the pen and the pad of paper across the desk and said, "Your turn."

"Sure," said Younger, but he kept holding Parker's note, and there was a thoughful look in his eye.

Parker told him, "Forget it. You still need me. You need me to find the dough, and you need me to help you when you find the guy that killed Tiftus."

"I didn't have any plans," Younger said. He put the note down, took the pen, and started to write. Parker watched him and waited.

This was a quiet neighborhood Joe had picked. There wasn't a sound coming in the kitchen window, not a sound anywhere but the ballpoint pen sliding over the paper as Younger wrote his suicide note.

When it was done, Parker took it and read it:

> I killed Joseph Shardin. I didn't mean to, I was trying to extort money from him and it was an accident. Dr. Rayborn knows all about it, he helped me cover it up. He had to, because I had something on him.
>
> Capt. Abner L. Younger

Younger said, "How is it?"

"Fine," said Parker, and took the .22 pistol out of his pocket. "Keep your palms flat on the table," he said.

Younger's eyes got bigger. He said, "What are you gonna do?"

Parker reached out for the note he'd written, crumpled it and stuffed it in his pocket. Then he got to his feet. "You don't move," he said. "You don't make a single move.

"You found it," Younger said. His voice was bitter and disgusted. "You found it. It was in the house there all the time."

"I didn't find a dollar," Parker told him. "Joe told you the truth. There wasn't any half million."

"You're lying."

Parker shook his head. "No more," he said. "There's no more reason to lie."

Younger raised his eyes and looked at Parker's face and saw what Parker meant. He said. "You can't do this. You can't get away with it."

Carefully, so he wouldn't wrinkle it, Parker picked up Younger's note and put it on top of the refrigerator, where it would be out of Younger's reach.

Younger said, "If there isn't any money, you don't have to kill me."

"I can't trust you," Parker told him. "I can't ever trust you. If I let you live, You'll always think the half million's around somewhere; you'll think I've got it."

"No. No, I won't, I'll—"

We'll talk about it," Parker promised. "But first I want your gun. I don't want you armed while we talk about it."

"We can talk about it," Younger said, nodding. "You're right, we can talk about it. There's always some other way to do things, you don't have to—"

"Your gun," Parker said. "Reach in under your coat and take it out and put it on the table. When you take it out, just use your thumb and first finger and just hold it by the butt. And move slow and careful."

"Sure thing, Willis. I won't try anything." Younger was sweating now, scared and eager, trying to find some reason to think he might be alive fifteen minutes from now. He took his pistol out the way Parker had told him, and put it down on the table.

It was a .32, a Smith & Wesson Model 30. Parker took a clean white handkerchief from his pocket and picked Younger's pistol up in his right hand. He held the .22 now in his left.

Younger's hands were still pressed palm down on the formica tabletop, but they were trembling anyway. He watched Parker, and he kept smiling. He was smiling. He was smiling with nerves, and with some stupid idea that a smile would show Parker he was really an all-right guy after all, and with fear. He said, "I believe you, Willis. There isn't any money. I believe you."

"Too late," Parker told him. He walked around the table and stuck the .32 up close against Younger's chest, at an angle the way it would be if Younger were holding the gun himself in his right hand. Younger's mouth opened, and his hands started to come up from the table to protect himself, and Parker pulled the trigger.

After that, it took less than five minutes to get everything arranged. He closed Younger's hand around the .32, he put the note back down on the table and wiped it with the cloth where he'd handled one corner, and he removed his prints from the few things he'd touched in the room. From then on, anything he touched he held with the handkerchief. He went through the apartment the way he'd gone through Joe's house, making sure there was nothing in there to lead to him or anyone else Joe knew from the old days. He got the envelope from Younger's pocket with the list of Joe's jobs and the names, and he burned it in an ashtray along with the note he'd written about killing Tiftus. He flushed the ashes down the toilet.

When he was done, everything was satisfactory. This should answer Regan's questions. Regan had wanted to know about Joseph Shardin, so here it was. Younger had been extorting the old man, and accidentally killed him. Three of Shardin's old friends had come to town for the funeral, one of them had killed the second, and the third didn't have anything to do with it. The third had maybe suspected what Younger had done to the old man, but he hadn't been able to prove anything so he hadn't said anything. When the investigation into the killing of Tiftus was done, this third man left. Younger, feeling remorse, went into Omaha to the old man's apartment there—proving he'd had the run of the old man's life and goods—and there he wrote a suicide note and killed himself.

Fine. The only thing left to do was get Rhonda Samuels out of town. If she were left there she might get sore and start blowing whistles.

Parker took one last look around and saw that everything was lone there. He left the apartment.

Parker went into one of the phone booths in the row and copied down the number. Then he walked across the terminal to the Western Union office on the other side. A loud metallic voice was calling out train departures.

In the Western Union office, Parker took a blank and made out a telegram to Rhonda Samuels, Sagamore Hotel, Sagamore, Nebraska. He gave her the number of the phone in the booth across the way and wrote: "Call me six o'clock from pay phone." He paid for the telegram, and then went out and across the terminal to the restaurant. At ten minutes to six he went and sat on the little stool in the phone booth.

She didn't call till five after the hour. Parker picked the receiver up on the first ring, and put it to his ear, but he didn't say anything. There was silence a few seconds, and then a voice said, hesitantly, "Hello?"

He recognized her. He said, "Yeah, it's me."

"Oh," she said. "There you are."

"Buy two tickets on the train to Omaha. Be sure you buy two."

"And you'll reimburse me, won't you?"

"Don't worry about it. Take the next train down here. One leaves there at six-twenty, it gets here quarter to seven."

"I'm not even packed yet."

"So pack. Remember, buy two tickets."

"I remember."

He hung up, and left the phone booth, and waited. At twenty to seven he got his suitcase from the locker where he'd stashed it, and at quarter of she came up the ramp from the tracks and he fell in beside her.

She said, "Don't tell me, let me guess. We came in together, right?"

"Right."

"Together all the way, right?"

"Right."

It was his suicide note on the table and now Capt. Younger knew it.

"So now what? Miami?"

"Tomorrow."

"What about tonight?"

"I got us a hotel room."

"Another hotel room," she said.

"This one's different," he said. He took her arm.

There were things Parker couldn't know, things that made the whole structure break apart.

The suicide note. It was a fine suicide note, except it wasn't accurate. When the law went to Dr. Rayborn, he denied everything for a while, and when he finally did break down he said that what he'd helped Younger cover up was a suicide, not a murder. Joseph Shardin had hanged himself, Rayborn said, and he wouldn't change the story. And that's the part Younger hadn't told Parker.

Regan was running the investigation this time, the whole thing was his, and he wasn't about to let go. It took time, but he got a court order to have Joseph Shardin dug up, and when an autopsy was done the finding was that Shardin had committed suicide after all, but that he had, at some recent time prior to the suicide, been severely tortured.

If the Shardin murder wasn't a murder, but was a suicide, then the Younger suicide wasn't a suicide, but was a murder.

And there were other things. A shovel in Younger's office, just an ordinary shovel. But what was it doing there? Regan took to prowling around the Shardin house, and after a while he noticed where a part of the cellar had been dug up and filled in again, and when he had it dug up again there was a body in there, and it turned out to be the teen-ager from next door, a nineteen-year-old boy who'd supposedly left a note and gone away on a trip a few days before.

It began to seem to Regan that Charles Willis was the key to the whole thing. But Willis was gone, and so was the Samuels woman. Still, Regan wanted to talk to them.

There were fingerprints in the hotel room Willis had occupied his first night that matched up with fingerprints in the Shardin house, where Willis had lived the rest of his stay in town. It took a while to get the fingerprints and match them up, but when Regan had two good ones he sent them off to Washington to see what he could find out about Charles Willis.

Everything would have worked fine if Younger really had killed Joe Sheer, but he hadn't, and from that it just kept rolling and rolling, and finished with an answer from Washington, saying the man called Charles Willis was really Ronald Casper, wanted in California for jailbreak and murder. Mug shots followed, but Parker had had plastic surgery done on his face since he'd served time as Ronald Casper, so when the mug shots didn't look like Charles Willis it slowed everybody down a little.

But not for long. Regan knew something was wrong somewhere along the line, but he didn't yet know what. He sent out another request; would the FBI office in Miami take a look for Charles Willis there? The address he'd given had probably been phony, of course, but just to be on the safe side somebody ought to check it.

Another surprise; the address wasn't phony after all.

Parker was waiting for the elevator when the manager came over and said, "Could I see you a minute? In my office."

"What's up?"

"It should be private." Freedman touched Parker's arm and said, softly, "It's important. Really."

"All right."

Freedman led the way to his office. In his office, he motioned Parker to sit down and then said, "Frankly, Mr. Willis, this is somewhat embarrassing. I don't quite know how to go about it."

"What's the problem?"

"Apparently," Freedman said, making vague gestures as though he wanted to minimize what he was saying, "apparently, you're in some sort of trouble. It's none of my business, tax trouble, I suppose, business trouble of some kind. It could happen to any of us, to me, to anybody."

It was almost two weeks since he'd come back from Sagamore. The woman he'd left down here had been gone by the time he'd come back, so he'd been keeping Rhonda around since then. As soon as Freedman said trouble, Parker knew it had to do with Sagamore, something had broken there. He said, "Why do you say I'm in trouble?"

"Two Federal agents came here looking for you."

It was Sagamore. He said, "What did they say?"

"Nothing, Mr. Willis. Only that they were looking for you."

"What did *you* say?"

Freedman spread his hands. "I have to cooperate. You're a businessman yourself, you understand the problem."

"Sure."

"I told them your room number, but that I didn't believe you were in. They said they'd wait in your room. I sent them up with a bellboy to let them in, and I've been watching for you ever since. Half an hour, I suppose. The least I can do is warn you. There are two of them, so I imagine they hope to catch you offguard, get you to say more than you should. I thought you should know, in case you want to contact your attorney, make any preparations."

They already had Rhonda. She'd hold out five minutes when she found out they were Federal. Parker said, "Thanks. I appreciate this."

"Not at all. Our positions could easily be reversed." Freedman smiled sadly. "Government doesn't understand business," he said.

Parker got to his feet. "Things I'd better do first," he said.

"Of course, of course. I hope this trouble won't — inconvenience you too badly."

"Maybe it won't. Thanks again."

"Any time."

Parker went back out to the lobby. Did they have another man down here? Did they have pictures of him? He didn't cross the lobby, but went the other way, through the bar and out the door on the other side and diagonally across to the hack stand. He didn't wait for the boy in the purple uniform to open the door for him, but did it himself and crowded into the back seat. "Cocoanut Grove," he said. "Bayshore Drive." The first address that came into his head, to get him away from here.

Riding away from the hotel, he wondered what had gone wrong. Well, it didn't matter. It had gone sour, that's all. The Charles Willis name was useless now, the whole cover shot.

It meant about sixty thousand to him, too, stashed away in bank accounts and hotel safes under the Willis name. He didn't dare go after any of that now. He had about a hundred on him, and that was it, that was all he had to get started on.

In Cocoanut Grove he left the cab and stole a car, a white Rambler station wagon. He pointed it north and started driving, leaving behind everything, the name he'd built up and the money he'd stashed and the whole pattern of life he'd developed.

Already he was thinking about what to do next. He's have to set up a new cover, but that would take a while; building it bit by bit and paper by paper till it had the texture of reality. In the meantime he had to find a place to hole up, and he had to find a score he could connect with. He was going to need cash, and soon, and a lot of it.

It would work itself out. He drove north.

END

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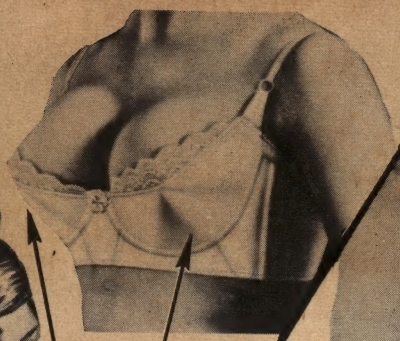

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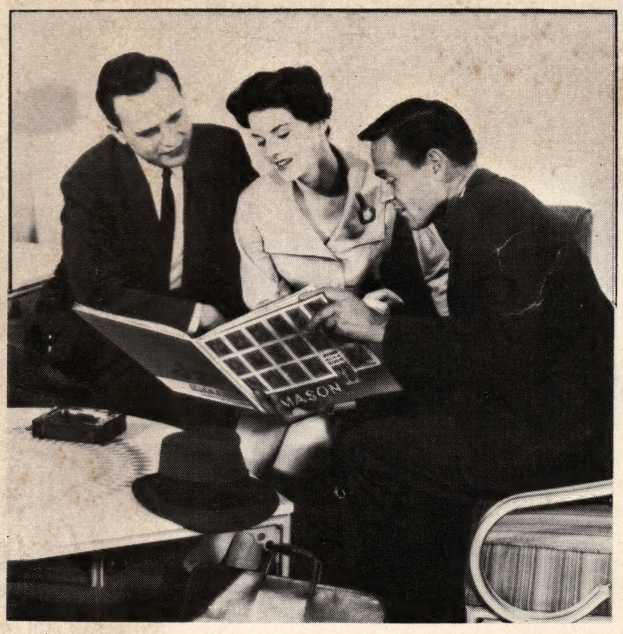

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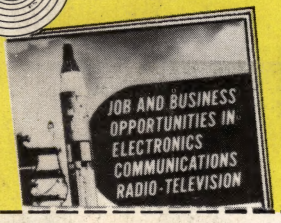

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